LITERARY
SOUVENIR

London
1833

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1833.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN.

1833.

THE

LITERARY SOUVENIR.

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THE PRINCE OF SPAIN'S VISIT TO CATALINA.

VIDE GIL BLAS

THE

LITERARY SOUVENIR.

EDITED BY

ALARIC A. WATTS.

I have song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN,
AND LONGMAN.

1833.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE LORD DOVER;

AS A MARK OF RESPECT FOR HIS PATRONAGE OF

BRITISH ART,

This Volume is respectfully Inscribed,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE "LITERARY SOUVENIR" presents, for the ninth time, its claim to a portion of the patronage bestowed upon works of its class. As its plan and arrangements differ but slightly from those of former years, the necessity for prefatory remark is in a great degree obviated.

For the permission to engrave the "Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina," by G. S. Newton, R.A., the proprietors of the work are indebted to the kindness of his Grace the Duke of Bedford. Their thanks are also due

to Colonel Hugh Baillie, for the loan of the Portrait of a Lady in a Cauchoise Dress, by the same artist.

The splendid composition, by Fragonard, of Francis I. receiving the honour of knighthood on the field of battle, at the hands of the Chevalier Bayard, has been engraved from the finished sketch of a picture which forms one of the *Plafonds* of that part of the Louvre, known, until lately, as the Gallery of Charles X.; and not as yet open to the public.

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SONNET.

ON SIR WALTER SCOTT'S QUITTING ABBOTSFORD FOR NAPLES.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power assembled there complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

THE PRAYER OF CHILDHOOD.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

WORDSWORTH.

I.

It is a sight the heart to thrill
With many a thought of early years;
It is a sight the eye to fill
With long disused, delicious tears;
It is a sight to look upon
With sighs for life's long erring road;—
To send us to a father's throne,
And lift our stubborn hearts to God!

II.

Oh! who can mark those faces mild,
Those upturned eyes of earnest love,
Nor long to be again a child,
Raising a sinless prayer above!
I gaze till every hallowed feeling
Of bygone years returns to me;
Once more I am an infant, kneeling
Beside my gentle mother's knee.

T. Uwins pinxt.

CHILDREN IN PRAYER.

Published for the Proprietors of the Literary Souvenir, Nov.r 1833

III.

Once more she bends—that gentle mother—
The guileless lips' devotions o'er;
Once more thy little arm, my brother,
Entwines my neck as heretofore!
Once more, as when our prayers ascended,
At morn and eve, a mingled strain;
Two young pure hearts together blended;
Ah! ne'er to be so pure again.

IV.

The world's cold clouds have dimmed that morrow,
Yet, gazing on this lovely scene,
Who would not turn from present sorrow,
To muse on peace that once had been!
They pray, untouched by care or ill,
With brows as calm as summer even;
Their eyes' clear depths retaining still
Some radiance from their native heaven:

V.

They pray,—upon those parted lips
Truth's simple spirit sits alone;
The world hath cast no dim eclipse
Betwixt them and their Maker's throne:

They pray,—and then the kind, "Good night,"
The loving kiss, shall end the prayer;
And theirs will be a slumber light,
With God's own blessing resting there.

VI.

Sweet innocents! and must it be
That this shall pass like morning dew;
Children of pale mortality,
Oh, must its curse be on ye too!
Shall weary day, and sleepless night,
Succeed the peace that fills ye now!
Shall sorrow cloud those eyes' soft light,
Those brows shall care's deep furrows plough!

VII.

Upon those bosom-temples' throne
Shall earth's foul spirits fix abode!
Shall life's wild path, advancing on,
But lead ye further from your God!
Dark thought and faithless—hence, away!
A holier trust be mine alone;
That God—He died for such as they—
Hath still the power to keep his own.

VIII.

Yes, far on waves of trouble tost,
Their lone and lowly bark may roam;
Yet know I they shall not be lost,
He whom they sought shall guide them home.
Pure and unsullied are they still,
But taint of earth is on their bloom;
And earth has paths that wind through ill,
And care, and anguish, to the tomb.

IX.

Yet view I even such lot on earth,
With hope that soars o'er coward fears:
Tears must they shed,—than worldling's mirth,
Oh! better, holier far are tears.
Then leave them to their Father's hand;
By Him their onward course be given;
Young pilgrims in a foreign land;
Yet destined heirs of rest in heaven!

Σ.

BEATRICE ADONY AND JULIUS ALVINZI.

"Dost thou think we shall know one another in the other world?"
"Yes, out of question." DUCHESS OF MALFY.

THERE is not in all Germany a more pleasant station for a regiment of horse, than the city of Salzburgh; capital of the province of that name, in the dominions of the house of Austria. Here, during the summer and autumn of 1795, lay the third regiment of Hungarian hussars. This corps had sustained a heavy loss during the campaign of the year previous, in Flanders, and was sent into garrison to be recruited and organised anew. Count Zichy, who commanded it, was a noble of the highest rank, of princely fortune, and of lavish expenditure; and being of a cheerful and social turn of mind, he promoted all the amusements of the place, and encouraged the gaiety of his officers. His second in command was so attentive that the instruction of the men was carried on in the

ablest manner; and in spite of his own idleness and devotion to pleasure, not one regiment in that military division enjoyed or deserved a better name. With the ladies of Salzburgh, the regiment was an especial favourite. Every week brought with it some concert or fête, or social pic-nic, in some one of those romantic spots with which that fine neighbourhood abounds.

The scenery around is grand and alpine — the narrow defiles and picturesque valleys are watered by mountain rivers, and at an easy distance from the city is the lone lake of Berchtolsgaden, lying beneath a lofty inaccessible alp of the most stern and majestic aspect. Need it be told how sweet upon that placid lake sounded the mellow horns of the Hungarian band; and may it not be left to fancy to image out how these parties, these scenes, and these sensations, gave birth to some abiding, and to very many passing loves.

Among the fair women of Salzburgh, the palm of beauty was yielded readily by all to Beatrice Adony, the only daughter of a respected statesman, long favoured at court, and then resident upon a private estate in the neighbourhood. He had retired from public affairs a few years before, when under deep affliction from the loss of a beloved wife; and lived a life of fond parental devotion with this lovely Beatrice, who was the image of her departed mother. He had directed all her studies; and with such judgment, that

he had imparted to her character a masculine strength, which elevated her above all the common dangers of that season of life, when woman passes forth into society. She was noble in her sentiments, frank and unaffected in her manners; and though conscious of fair looks, she received the homage which they brought, as though it were a tribute belonging, not to her, but to some created excellence without her, sitting silently upon her like the flowers in her breast; but Beatrice Adony was *all woman*, and from her lips there breathed

> Un Spirito soave, pien d'Amore,
> Che va dicendo all' Anima: "sospira."

The Count Zichy was a relation of Count Adony's, and a constant and welcome guest at his mansion, and Beatrice therefore attended many and most of the entertainments which the count and his officers gave to the society of Salzburgh during their stay. As she smiled no encouragement upon the attentions which the count seemed at first disposed to pay her, and as he was a cheerful manly-hearted creature, and though made of penetrable stuff, by no means a person to lose either appetite, society, or life, for love; he bestowed his gallantries elsewhere. She liked him for this all the better, and gave him in return that free-hearted sisterly friendship, which might be innocently suffered to grow out of their connexion and

intimacy. In fact, he was a most useful esquire to her; for under his brotherly wing, she was thoroughly sheltered in her intercourse with the officers of his regiment; and as she liked country rambles, and those happy dances that are got up without formal preparation — and also delighted in the fine music of his famous band, she generally softened and gladdened all those pleasant excursions which he was continually planning, with her sweet presence. All the regular conceited male coquettes were abashed and perplexed by manners so natural, that they could make nothing of her; while those more dangerous, but much to be blamed admirers, who stand apart with sighs and gazes, were baffled and made sad by the silent dignity of eyes serenely bright, that never looked upon their flattering worship with one ray of favour. Such was Beatrice Adony;—all the fair girls were fond of her, and proud of her—because she was no one's rival. They looked on her as a being of higher order; one, whose thoughts were chaste as the unsunned Alps. She was admired by them, meditated upon—but never envied.

Most true it was—Beatrice was of another and a higher order. She was "among them, not of them." She took part in those amusements which belong to the customs of her country; and filled that place and performed those customs, which her station in society demanded, with unaffected ease and grace. But while the trifles and pleasures of the passing day were to her

companions everything, they were to her little and unsatisfying. For the last few years of her mother's life, whose habits were meditative and devotional, she had daily listened to the gracious lessons of divine truth, and the closet of Beatrice Adony was hallowed by the eye that seeth in secret, and that often saw her there upon her knees.

It was on a fine day, in the early spring of 1796, that orders reached Salzburgh, for the march of these Hungarian Hussars. They were to traverse the Tyrol, and to join the army of Italy. They were to march at sunrise on the following morning; and Count Adony, collecting all the acquaintances of the corps in the town and neighbourhood, gave the Hungarian officers a farewell banquet and ball; preparations for which, in anticipation of their early departure, Beatrice had already directed. Therefore, though the assembly was gathered suddenly, yet all the elegant and tasteful arrangements were complete; and the effect was magical. Never, it was said, had there before been such a ball in Salzburgh. Many hearts beat happily; and some not the less so, for a soft sadness. Beatrice was the radiant queen of this fair festival; and it was strange to think that, from the presence of such a being, so many men were going to part without one lover's pang. — Amiable, affable, natural, and full of grace, she presided over this little court of love,—serene, unmoved, herself. Yet, any

thoughtful and suspicious observer would have said, that her heart was not quite at ease ;—for every now and then, as the night wore on, her eyes gave less attention to those who spoke with her; and her thoughts were evidently turning inwards with trouble. The supper was over,—the tastefully decorated table was deserted,—and the guests were again assembled in the ball-room. Fond partners, that might never dance with each other again, stood side by side,—hand locked in hand, and waited for the rising swell of the tender music, to which they were to dance their last waltz. Beatrice stood up with her cousin, Count Zichy, and deadly pale she looked. The Count and all others thought she had a head-ache, and would have had her sit down; but she persisted with a faint smile, in doing the last honours.

Just at this very moment a manly young officer, whose dress denoted that he had been on duty, and was ready again to mount and go forward, came in to make a report to the Colonel.

As the first bars of the music were heard, he stood aside, his cap in his hand, and looked on. Already however, a young brother-officer had run from his partner's side, to renew to him with all extravagance of gratitude, his thanks for having, by an exchange of duty, enabled him to enjoy a last, long parting with the girl he loved. The dance went forward, and Julius Alvinzi leaned cheerfully upon his sabre. Sud-

denly Count Zichy and his fair cousin broke out from the large circle, and setting to him, he was led off to the waltz movement, before he had time to ungird his sword. This, however, even as he danced, he gracefully effected; and afterwards for one tour of waltzing Beatrice Adony was the partner of Julius Alvinzi, quitting for the time her own.

This is a custom in Germany, so common, and seemed so natural and so kind a courtesy to Julius, under the particular circumstances of his late and short appearance at the ball, that neither himself, nor any one in the room, attached to it any other character than that of a pretty and gentle compliment. But if the ear of Julius had been quickened by the faintest spark of sympathy, he might have heard the very heart of Beatrice beat.

"You are tired?" said Julius, as the music suddenly ceased.

"Rather so," she replied.

He led her, faint, pale, and trembling, to a seat. Some colour returned to her cheek as she sat down; and with an open and cheerful air, she put out her hand to him, and said, "Farewell, Captain Alvinzi, all honour, and all happiness go with you." As he took her hand, he observed, for the first time, that pale changing of the cheek, which is so eloquent of love, and looking into her eyes, he felt his heart sink with a sweeter emotion than he had ever known before.

Swift as the arrow of light a conviction flashed upon his mind, that he, who had never dreamed of, who had never aspired to more than her passing notice, was the object of her love. Thus silently they parted, and Julius went out from her presence, sad, but happy. "Il est si doux aimer, et d'etre aimé." He felt that he was beloved. In half an hour, the noble gateway at Salzburgh, cut through the solid rock, rang to the loud echo of trampling hoofs, and Julius was riding under it with an advanced guard, and a few troop-serjeants, to prepare the quarters of the regiment, then mustering for their march.

In all the camps of Europe, a finer youth, or a nobler spirit, could nowhere have been found than Julius Alvinzi. Five years of military service, three of which had been spent in the toils, the watchings, and the combats of warfare,—had accomplished and perfected him in all points, as the zealous and enterprising leader of a squadron. Glory was his idol,—war his passion. His day-dreams overleaped the long interval of years, which of necessity separated him from high command; and as he built up the castle of his future fame, many were the victories which he won "in the name of God, and the Kaiser."—With this, the gallant war-cry of Austria, he had already in some few charges, led on his bold and bitter Hungarians; and two or three dashing affairs of outposts,—a daring and important reconnoissance,

most skilfully conducted,—and the surprise and capture of a French picquet, had already given him an established name for intelligence and enterprise. The softnesses of pleasure had never allured his fancy, or made effeminate his tastes. He had never as yet been entangled by the silken cords and flowery chains of true love; and he had escaped all the debasing tyranny of strong and agitating desires. There was a manliness about him, superior to low sensual enjoyment; and the imagery and language of vulgar voluptuousness found no cell in a well-stored, well-principled, and masculine mind, to receive or retain them. He was a happy, handsome, hardy soldier; knowing his duty—loving it —and always performing it with honour. Such was the man whom Beatrice Adony, with a quick perception of true nobility of character, had silently observed during the stay of the Hungarians at Salzburgh, and her love for him was a secret—

The only jewel of her speechless thoughts.

How strange is the birth—how quick the growth, of this mysterious passion! Julius Alvinzi had only dined twice at the Count Adony's, and only once before the parting waltz had he danced with the lady Beatrice; for he was not often present at the balls or parties; and when he came, was always late and careless, like a man impelled by no strong partiality, and generally took a partner from among those girls sitting out whose hands none had been eager to secure.

It was thus, in the full lustihood of life, and in all the bloom of high hope and promise, that in one of those severe actions which took place in the summer of 1796, on the plains of Mantua, Julius Alvinzi led his brave squadron into battle. The brigade to which he belonged, was brought forward by the veteran Wurmser at a very anxious moment, and by their devoted courage, saved a column of Austrian infantry from being enveloped and cut off by the French. The Hungarians charged with such vigour and success, that they not only overthrew the body of horse opposed to them, but they possessed themselves of a battery of field-pieces which endeavoured to cover their retreat; and which continued to vomit forth grape with a deadly fury till the horses' heads of the leading squadron, under Alvinzi, reached the very muzzles of the cannon.

The Austrians were, however, compelled finally to retreat that same evening from the ground which they had so resolutely contested: the movement was made in fine order, and they carried off all their wounded in safety. Upon a crowded waggon lay Julius Alvinzi—living indeed—but a living wreck, and his recovery despaired of. He had been wounded in six places, and lay motionless and insensible; his servant walking by his side, in silent trouble. As the remains of his regiment marched slowly back upon Mantua, and passed the convoy of the wounded close to the gates,

you might have heard the name of Alvinzi singled out by the men for more deep and particular lamentation. He had been their friend, their pride, their example: and their eyes were turned upon the waggon on which he lay, with an expression of sadness too stern and severe for tears.

The news of this disastrous battle was communicated to Count Adony at Salzburgh, in a letter from his cousin the Count Zichy. Beatrice and her father were sitting in his library, after night fall, each occupied with a book, under the calm soft light of a lamp which hung a little above them, when this letter was brought in. He read it eagerly and rapidly to himself; and then, with a grateful exclamation for the safety of Zichy and those officers with whom he was more especially acquainted, he again read it aloud to Beatrice. It ran as follows:—

"My dear and honoured Cousin,

"We are all doing our best; but I am sorry to say we are losing every thing except our honour. Fortune is with these Frenchmen: of six hundred swords, with which I marched from Salzburgh ten weeks ago, only two hundred and twenty remain to me. We lost, in the battle of yesterday, nearly three hundred killed and wounded. I never saw our men fight better: the enemy opposed to us were fairly beaten at the sword's point; and we took a battery of

twelve guns,which tried to cover their discomfiture; but we conquered only to retire. I have not a word to say against old Wurmser: he is a clear-headed, tough-hearted veteran, but these French generals are too young for him. I am quite well, but had a narrow escape; two horses were killed under me, and a grape shot passed through my cap.

"Tell dear Beatrice, I have got that engraving of the Madonna del Rosario of Domenichino, which she wanted. I picked it up at Verona; thanks to poor Alvinzi, by the way. Though you neither of you saw or knew much of this youth, you have so often heard me speak of his worth, that you will be sorry for me when I tell you that I have lost him; and in him my best and most zealous officer. He is covered with wounds, and cannot live through the night; the noble fellow was struck down within a yard of the enemy's guns. Of others, whom you may remember, Kreiner, Zetter, and Hartmann, are killed; and several are wounded; Kalmann and Hettinger very severely. You shall hear from me again soon; but matters look very unpromising.

"Your faithful and loving Cousin,

"Casimir Zichy."

"Read the letter again, father," said Beatrice with a tone such as he had never heard from her before; "read it again," she cried, "pray read it again: 'my best and

most zealous officer,' is it not so? 'covered with wounds, and cannot live through the night,' is it not so? Father—I loved this Alvinzi. Ah! yes, I loved him well—now better than ever;—but I knew it would be thus the very day on which I first saw him: read it again, pray do!" and with a still bewilderment of eye, she took it from her trembling father, and read it slowly to herself. "Give me this letter, father," and she put it in her bosom; and there it lay, there it lay through a long and nervous illness, which mercifully terminated in her death. For a long time she was enabled to govern and control her feelings, and was silent, and to outward seeming resigned. She often remarked to her father, that she could, and did say daily upon her knees—"Thy will be done"—but that tears always followed that sincere but mournful exercise. However her frame at last gave way—she sunk into great weakness of body, and her mind became affected.

Her father watched her with unceasing solicitude throughout her sufferings; but he was often driven from her chamber by the agony of his emotions, as she read over the fatal letter, or sung, which she did continually, that mournful song of Thecla.

The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There 's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call Thy child away—
I've lived and loved; and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.

Such was the early and melancholy close of a young life of the loveliest promise. The severe and sudden horror struck hard upon her fine mind, and drove it mournfully astray. Her heart was so broken that she could not live on. But Julius Alvinzi did not then or so perish: for seventeen weeks he lay upon a hospital bed in Mantua, helpless as an infant, and finally recovered so much of health as gave him again the common promise of life. He was afterwards sent to pass the long period of his convalescence at Venice; but the Julius Alvinzi who rode forth from Salzburgh, was no longer to be recognised: crippled in his limbs—his fine countenance disfigured by deep and unsightly scars, his complexion pale, his hair turned grey with suffering. He had already stepped on twenty years in as many weeks, and he was already to the eye a worn and broken down officer of veterans. He could not stir a pace without crutches; and his hip had been so shattered and distorted, that it was painful to see him move. It was well that Beatrice was in her grave; no doubt she would have exhibited the noble constancy of a pure, angelic, and true love; but she was spared that longer and heavier trial.

Alvinzi, like a stricken deer, betook himself, with decayed hopes and an aching bosom, to a retired valley near Burgersdorf, about ten miles from Vienna. Here he took a small fishing cottage, near a lone and lovely stream which flowed across a few velvet meadows, amid

deep dells and still woods; and here he threw himself on the beautiful bosom of nature, as on that of a mother. Here, for the first time, he was made acquainted, by a letter and a pacquet from the aged and desolate Adony, of the melancholy end of the lovely Beatrice. The pacquet contained a small cross, which she had always worn,—her miniature,—and her Psalter.

The traveller who may now wander into the little valley near Burgersdorf, where Alvinzi dwelt, will find the cypress planted upon his grave the day after his funeral, only three years' growth;—and if he go and sit under the tree beneath which Alvinzi reposed his withered and broken frame for thirty summers, will perhaps agree with the narrator of this mournful story, that mercy was mingled in his bitter cup, and that

> Society is all but rude,
> To that delicious solitude.

The peasants of that valley tell, with a superstitious awe, that Alvinzi was wont to discourse for hours together with departed spirits: and that they have stolen near his tree at sunset, and in the gloom of the evening, and by moonlight, and have distinctly heard him talking with some one, whom he called "Beatrice."

A LYRIC OF THE HEART.

WRITTEN BENEATH A PORTRAIT.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
  Nor take one ray of light from thee;
For in my fancy thou dost share
  The gift of immortality.

WORDSWORTH.

I.

Thou wert fair when first we met,
  As a youthful Poet's dream;
Thou art lovely still, but yet,
  Where, oh where's the vernal gleam
That around thy footsteps hung,
When our hearts and hopes were young?

II.

Thou wert joyous as the bird,
When its first wild flight it tries ;
And thy slightest whispered word.
Breathed the mirth of summer skies ;
Thou art silent now when glad ;
Serious ever—sometimes sad !

III.

Thou didst love, in other years,
Songs of light and joyous flow ;
But the strains that stir thy tears,
Are thy cherished pastime now :
Thou hast learned to gather gladness
From the very springs of sadness !

IV.

Yes, thy blue eye's changing light,
Shot a keener radiance then ;
And thy smile, once dazzling bright,
Ne'er can be so bright again !
Let each faithless grace depart,
Spring can never leave thy heart !

V.

It is warm as ever, still ;
Fond and faithful to the core ;
Withering sorrow cannot chill,
Would it ne'er might wring it more !
Years may dim the rose of youth,
So they spare the bosom's truth !

VI.

Time, and his twin sister, Care,
  Have but lightly touched thy brow;
And the lines imprinted there,
  Never lovelier seemed than now;
For they breathe the spell refined,
Of a sorrow-chastened mind!

VII.

Wherefore, then, should I repine,
  That thou art not as of old,
Since maturer gifts are thine;
  Precious treasures—wealth untold;—
Charms, thy youth could never know;
Graces, time alone bestow!

VIII.

If we are not what we were,
  We have not endured in vain;
Since the present hour is fair,
  Why evoke the past again?
Am not I, and art not thou,
Calmer—wiser—happier now!

SOCIETY.

BY THOMAS MAUDE.

Punctual at six, at Tristram's door I knock—
The well-lit hall reverberates to the shock.
Pass we the muster, and (not passed so soon)
The banquet pass—and lo, the bright saloon!
Where female forms the vision charm anew,
And fragrant lymphs the claret's warmth subdue.

The lights are set, soft sylphic forms surround
The harpsichord—and notes prelusive sound.
Now essenced bores, all listless and inert,
The soft settees unwillingly desert,
And flutter mid the girls and music books,
With all the mild blue devils in their looks.

But lo! two sister paragons of charms
Draw the white gloves from off the whiter arms;
While round with hesitating looks they turn
To maids that envy, and to sparks that burn;
And, whispering each the other in low tone,
While either takes the seat prescribed her own,
Down (ah! with palpitating hearts) they sit,
And charm the audience with their new duet.

Hark! ere the last shake yet hath ceased to thrill
The polished hearts that bound responsive still,
Swells plaintive from the chords a Scottish air;
Float soft the mingling words—"My heart is sair!"
"Oh! hon for somebody!" breathes wildly sweet
From lips with all youth's balmy dews replete.
See Scotus now! He writhes in well-bred pain—
What tortures Scotus in that soothing strain?*
The air—the words—ah, coxcomb, can it be?
Pho! we forget—the man 's from Italy!
Piquing himself on his fastidious taste,
He likes nought (save in morals) but what 's chaste;

* The reader will remember Captain Clutterbuck's complaint. "The club at Kennaquhair," says he, "are turned fastidious since Catalani visited the Abbey. My 'Poortith Cauld,' has been received both poorly and coldly, and the 'Banks of Bonnie Doon' have been positively coughed down. *Tempora mutantur.*"—See Introductory Epistle to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, p. 35.

Yet his chaste notions are so strangely fine,
That *what* he likes 't would puzzle to divine.
Play him a tune—it has a thousand faults;
Recite a celebrated verse—it halts;
Shew him a statue—here 's a flaw, and there;
A picture—it has too much gloom or glare;
A print display—a medal—just the same!
Scotus cries "pish!" and still finds much to blame.
On such a thing's conceit 't were vain to waste
Your time or thought: just leave it to its taste.

"Good gracious, sir!" exclaims the charming fair,
"Society, and we uncensured there!
Have we no faults? no little trifling specks?
You over-rate or under-rate the sex."

"Ah, I 'm too young—too dazzled—to espy
Motes in the sunshine of a female eye."

"Come, come—we give you leave to criticise:
Tell us our faults—and never mind our eyes."

Set on then, and have at you, pretty dunce!
I 'll make a dash at the whole sex at once—
On what are all your little dear hearts bent,
From fifteen upwards? An establishment.

Yet different notions different ranks possess—
The minimum with each is more or less.

Some girls require (as adjuncts to the spark
Quite indispensable) a coach and park:
Some think a coach enough, and will dispense
With park and hall—the manor and ring-fence.
Some think a liveried footman ample test
Of sound establishment, and spare the rest.
Some think three maids enough, without a man;
While cottage girls accept—a bed and warming-pan.*

For ten long years the fair Clotilda sighed—
Constant at county balls—to be a bride.
Kind heaven at length accorded her desire,
And linked her to a booby, brutal squire;
One of the wiser few, in these bright days,
Who still prefer a fox-brush to the bays.
Now to her wish is dear Clotilda blest—
Heading a table—like a matron drest;
Paying her visits in her own landau—
Her spouse quite manageable, rich and raw.
Love she feels none—but what has love to do
With marriage! Aren't her coach and liveries new?

* I have observed that a warming-pan is an indispensable piece of the humblest cottage furniture. No day-labourer would think of marrying without one.

Is not her husband's family old and good?
Are not his fool's veins warmed with gentle blood?

Melissa is a dame of milkier sort;
The breeding of fat children is her forte.
Happy in wedlock doubtless; yet she cares
Less for her caro sposo than his heirs.
Her husband is a kind good soul, be sure—
A piece of useful household furniture:
And, go where e'er he may, he always hears
His wife's domestic virtues in his ears.
Yet sure that paragon neglects her spouse,
Thus to his chits transferring half her vows;
And e'en those chits, so chubby and so sweet,
She treats but as old maids their pug-pets treat.
She never cares to form the nobler part,
The mind to enlighten, or to weed the heart:
She lets the young idea blindly shoot
E'en as it may, and bear its wilding fruit.
Her whole solicitude—oh precious whole
That touches not one temper of the soul!—
Her whole solicitude, what?—but to keep
Her children brisk in waking—sound in sleep—
Merry at play, with rosy cheeks and tongues,
Limbs firm and fat, and ah! those strenuous lungs.
Her whole delight to hear this called like Pa,
And that esteemed the image of Mamma!

At all desserts to have them swarming down,
Staining with orange dye my lady's gown,
Putting each fop in a confounded fright,
Wedged in on either hand, to left and right!

Now glows the square; and chariots by the score
Blaze through the gravel to my lady's door.
Now coxcomb lackeys give the word along,
And usher drones amid the buzzing throng.
Phew! what a crush! you bow, you smile, you stare,
Glance round on half the world assembled there;
Then make your exit, if too fond of ease,
And thank your stars that you 've survived the squeeze.

Is this not to your taste? then as a crony,
Go to Miss Humdrum's conversazione.
My lady's rout set converse at defiance—
But there you 'll taste the very cream of science.
Talk! you may talk of books both old and new,
And pick the scandals from each tart review;
Successive cups of stimulating tea—
Souchong and green, mixed matrimonially—
Will, like old Falstaff's sherris-sack to wit,
"Ascend you to the brain," and brighten it;*

* "A good sherris-sack," quoth the merry knight, "hath a twofold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it, &c."—*Second Part of King Henry IV.*

While azure ancles, peeping from below
The circling flounces, aid each mental throe:
Talk! you may criticise—and mingle looks
With fair sweet faces, while you sentence books.
Reviews will be reviewed—their secret tricks
Exposed—the party-spite of politics—
The private grudges, friendships, envies, all—
Quarterly, Monthly, Weekly, great and small!
And then, if you 're for listening, la! you 'll hear
Such good things said—so prettily—O dear!
Still not content? Perhaps you hold (with Moore)*
That blushing lips with roses scented o'er
Should never, young Love's glowing soul to damp,
Smell—not of gas, indeed, but—of the lamp.
Keep but your counsel close, young gentleman!
Or you 'll be brained with some confounded fan.

Go now, and play the elegant buffoon
Where light and music fill the gay saloon;
Where fashion breathes her own celestial air,
And adds new graces to the jewelled fair;

* See Mr. Moore's Epistles, Odes, and other Poems, volume ii.

"Never mind how the pedagogue proses—
You want not antiquity's stamp;
The lip that 's so scented with roses,
O, never need smell of the lamp!"

Go, yet preserve an indolence of ease—
Surest, when least solicitous, to please.
Lazily bend your saucy eyes on each
Fair face with some soft nothing of a speech;
Shew off your figure in the light quadrille,
Yet in the mazy dance lisp nonsense still;
Or with some melting waltzer, ripe in bloom,
Hop in lascivious contact round the room;
Balance your partner in a graceful curve;
And point the shapely leg's elastic nerve;
So shall bright eyes on your performance dwell,
And beardless fops aspire, ambitious to excel.

FRANCIS I.

RECEIVING KNIGHTHOOD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, FROM THE HANDS OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

After the battle of Marignan, the king, who had killed many with his own hand, and performed feats of great valour, determined, in the spirit of that chivalry which was then almost extinct, to receive knighthood from the hands of the Chevalier Bayard. This he accordingly did on the spot, and afterwards knighted many of his followers.

I.

The battle-din is over,
And the battle-fire is cold,
And a thousand tales are acting there,
Which never shall be told;
And pain is writ in characters
Love tries in vain to spell,
Where pulse-throbs, low and far between,
Are like a passing-bell!

Fra.Stothard pinx.t W. Greatbatch sculpt

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD, CONFERRING KNIGHTHOOD ON FRANCIS I.

Published for the Proprietors of the Literary Souvenir, Nov.r 1832

II.

The sturdy soldier's battle-shout,
Is now a child-like wail,
And his snowy vest is crimson-dyed,
While his crimson cheek is pale;
And painfully—oh! painfully,
The shout of triumph swells,
Along a field whose every sod
Is busy with farewells!

III.

The battle-shock is over,
And the mourners sit apart,
And few the actors gathered round
Each drama of the heart;—
Oh! heavy tales of Marignan
Went down from sire to son,
But of its thousand episodes
The world was told but *one!*

IV.

Amid the blaze of tapers tall,
That light the holy sign,
But cannot quench the scent of blood,
Within that warrior-shrine,—

'Mid banners that are waving yet,
As in the battle-breeze,
And forms that serve (the king—not God)
Upon their bended knees,—

V.

'Mid gentle hearts, that learn to hear
The silken page's tale,
Whose *troth-plight* mingles in their ear,
With yonder widow's wail;
The monarch, with his war-vow stands,
(Hark to that dying cry!)
And the white-robed priest, with upraised hands,
(What curse goes groaning by!)

VI.

And there, upon that bloody field,
And with religion's kiss,
The promise-covenant is sealed
Of many fields like this!
Oh, mitred priest!—the priests of old
Put ashes on the head,
Amid earth's plagues,—and stood *between*
The living and the dead!

VII.

'Mid hecatombs of slain,
The king becomes a knight,
And girds the sword he swears to stain,
In many another fight;
While the dying soldier, at the door,
Collects his labouring breath,
To hear the vow that dedicates
His orphan boy to death!

VIII.

The maiden through the curtain-fold,
Looks wan and wildly in,
Her brother by the tent lies cold,
Her lover sits within!—
Oh! that all earth's bad pageantries,
Like this, were banished far!
The age of Chivalry is gone,—
Why not the age of War!

ON A PICTURE,

REPRESENTING AN ITALIAN CONTADINA AND HER FAMILY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

Not for the myrtle, and not for the vine,
Whose grape, like a gem, is the sunbeam's shrine;
And not for the deep blue heaven, that showers
Joy on thy spirit, like light on the flowers;
And not for the breath of the citron-trees,
Fair Peasant! I call thee not blest for these.

II.

Not for the beauty spread over thy brow,
Though round thee a gleam, as of spring, it throw;
And not for the lustre that laughs from thine eye,
Like a dark stream's flash to the summer sky,
Though the south in its riches nought lovelier sees—
Fair Peasant! I call thee not blest for these!

III.

But for these breathing and loving things—
For the boy's fond arm that around thee clings;
For the sunny cheek on thy lap that glows,
In the peace of a trusting child's repose;
For the hearts whose home is thy gentle breast—
Oh! richly I call thee, and deeply blest!

A MORNING IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

Fair scene for Childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive Youth to stray in;
For Manhood to enjoy his strength,
And Age to wear away in.—WORDSWORTH.

AMONG the many and heavy charges which our travelled countrymen are apt to bring against their native land,—one of the most common, and certainly the most plausible, is, that we have none of that delightful out-of-door kind of existence, which is so highly valued and so rationally enjoyed by our Continental neighbours.

For the absence of these cheap pleasures, which are there shared in common both by the rich and the poor, the nature of our climate is usually made chargeable; and certainly we are, in this particular,

far less happily circumstanced than they. And yet I think it may be fairly questioned whether the dissimilarity of our habits in this respect, is not rather the result of the different *character* of our minds and feelings, than of any atmospheric impediment; and whether this national distinction may not be briefly summed up in two words, namely, the *diffusiveness* of the French, and the *exclusiveness* of the English character.

It would, I think, be a matter of no great difficulty, to assign a sufficient reason for this want of sympathy in the inhabitants of two nations placed by nature itself in such close approximation, did the discussion of such a question form any part of my present object. It is enough that such discrepancy does exist, and that its influence is perceptible in every thing that has relation to the two countries. No sooner do we step across the Channel, than we see the result of this expansiveness of feeling, if I may be allowed the expression, in the very face of the country itself. In the manners of the people; in their domestic relations; in their habits of business; in their business of pleasure; in their institutions—royal, scientific, domestic, and even religious. In all these their expansiveness of spirit is apparent, and forms a singular contrast to the more selfish characteristics of our own country,—in which we are accustomed to carry our spirit of exclusiveness into the very temple of God himself; where the closely curtained pew seems to utter words, which

with a slight variation we might adopt as our national motto as it regards each other; 'Stand off, for I am holier than thou.'

It is from this want of geniality in ourselves, I think, rather than from any want of geniality in our climate, that our public gardens present so different a spectacle from those on the Continent. It is true that ours cannot boast the groves of orange-trees, the marble fountains, the antique statues of the Tuileries,—but then they are not disgraced by that mixture of the mean and the magnificent, which is there so apparent;—where the huxter's stall derives its support from the walls of a Royal palace; and seats which would disgrace the humblest cottage, are provided for the repose of its *belles dames*, under the very eyes of the Muses and Graces themselves! In extent, the gardens of Paris will bear no comparison with those of our own metropolis; neither in natural advantages, if we rank among them the seclusion which that extent affords—in their affluence of noble forest trees—nor in their eligibility as places of promenade, when we compare the arid sand of the Champs Elysees and Tuileries, with the emerald greensward and well-rolled gravel-walks of our own parks and gardens. Truly they require nothing save to be peopled by an equal number of happy faces, to make them eclipse not only these, but the far-famed *Sans Souci* of other days.

I have been led to make these reflections on calling

to mind the deserted appearance which our own Kensington gardens presented on one of the most delightful days of the early part of July. That any of the *élite* of the fashionable world should be there at such a time, was not of course to be expected; for the number of weeks had already expired, in which the fickle goddess has pronounced it admissible in any of her votaries to be seen within their walls. Still this cause of exemption applies comparatively to few people, since a large body of the aristocracy still exist,

> Who have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
> To its idolatries a patient knee;

and who, as they can derive no consequence from its smiles, can well afford to be indifferent to its frowns. Whilst the class immediately below them, whose situation in life leaves the disposal of their time at their own command, cannot be supposed to be much influenced by the dicta of a power to whom they profess no allegiance. No! a deeper cause exists; and for its solution we are compelled to revert to the principle with which we set out; namely,—that we *are* an exclusive people. We are not gregarious; in fact, we *do* find it difficult to persuade ourselves to enjoy even the pure air of heaven in common with our fellow creatures.

That these delightful gardens, the gracious bequest of her Majesty Queen Charlotte, of happy memory, to

her loyal subjects, were not entirely without visitors on the morning in question, I am bound to admit; but their numbers were comparatively few. However, that any presented themselves at such a period was evidence that to some persons at least, the beautiful lines of Gray were applicable,

> The common air, the sun, the skies,
> To them seemed opening Paradise:

And I confess the similarity of taste thus manifested invested mere strangers with a something more of interest than one is apt to bestow on such chance encounters in the every-day scenes of life. That my benevolent wish of seeing many happy parties was ungratified, was no reason why I should undervalue the source of pleasure that did present itself, even though it might be of a less elevated character. I therefore determined to extract such amusement as was within my reach, by taxing my ingenuity to read the histories of the few individuals I encountered on this occasion,— in which pleasant task I invite the gentle reader to accompany me.

The first group that taxed my ingenuity in this way, was a very agreeable one, well calculated to win the sympathy of the coldest heart;—one too, whose story it required no Œdipus to solve. It consisted of three persons—a young lady, a young child, and a female servant. That the lady was of gentle birth and gentle

feeling, every look and movement denoted; that she was scarcely twenty years of age, I could have fancied; but that she was under twenty-three, I was certain;—for her countenance still retained the beautiful transparency of complexion which rarely survives that age. She carried in her hand that scare-crow of modern invention, yclept an infant's doll. That she was mother to the fair child, was very obvious. And that the fair child was the sum and substance of all her thoughts, appeared to me to be equally so. I read it in her soft eyes, which seemed to grow liquid with tenderness, as ever and anon she turned to talk to and to play with it. I traced it, in the extreme plainness of her own attire, and in the redundancy of ornament on that of her child. That one so gifted by nature should be unsusceptible of vanity, could scarcely be expected; but if the feeling did exist, most assuredly it was not of a personal nature,—in short, it was difficult to look upon the twain, and not to believe that

> Her whole rich sum of happiness was there.

It was a beautiful picture in itself; but a shudder stole over me, as I contemplated the possibility that so precious a freight should be ventured in so frail a bark, and I was fast verging towards

> That mood, when pleasant thoughts
> Bring sad thoughts to the mind,

when my reveries were agreeably interrupted by a

light laugh, and in a few moments the second group of my *dramatis personæ* appeared upon the stage.

This also consisted of a family party, in the persons of three sisters and a brother. The young ladies appeared to be between the ages of eight and twelve, whilst the youth might possibly have seen fifteen or sixteen summers. He carried on his person the badge of his future destiny; and I fancied that he occasionally eyed the very becoming uniform in which he was invested, with a feeling of no small complacency, as though it had been but newly assumed; whilst the eyes of his young sisters, turned now on him, and now on myself, seemed to say, "See you not that my brother is a man now; and belongs to the East India 'College,' and that ere long he will become a great traveller, and confer honour and renown upon us all: feel you no interest in him?" I know not whether I was correct in thus interpreting their looks, but I know that I did feel a peculiar interest in his behalf, when I observed the kind manner with which he conversed with the juniors of his family — it was so unlike school-boy tactics in general: and I fervently blessed the spirit of reform that could induce a great boy thus to condescend to a little girl, and more especially when that little girl was his own sister; and this feeling of good-will was still farther confirmed when, a few minutes afterwards, I saw him produce two or three paper kites of miniature dimensions, and proceed to

the task of instructing his young companions in the art and mystery of flying them! The kites themselves, I am sorry to confess, were but of clumsy manufacture; and despite the great trouble he gave himself, and the multitudinous directions he poured into the ears of the little girls, the fluttering playthings obstinately refused to second their exertions—they *would* not rise, or if they did ascend a few feet from the ground, it was only to fall down again with a leaden weight upon the grass. There was, however, just enough of the promise of success to induce the zealous and inexperienced to persevere, although to an eye unpractised as mine it was quite evident that no perseverance could be crowned with success. The toys were, to say the least, ill-favoured, ill-balanced, and ill-constructed; and I could scarcely conceive the possibility of this fact having escaped the keen observation of the tyro before me. Yet such seemed to be the case, for he was evidently in earnest in encouraging his sisters not to despair of success. A breeze, he assured them, would soon spring up, if they would have patience, when the kites would rise of themselves to so great an elevation as to be almost imperceptible. That their want of success did not arise from any lack of wind to carry the matter was very certain; and at length, impatient of witnessing these futile attempts at amusement, I prepared to depart, and on passing by the party, I distinctly heard the youth assure his doubting audience "that success

was certain, if they would only have patience;" and furthermore, I learned that this "was always the way with kites at first!" with sundry other encouraging observations of the like nature, which observations, I confess, impressed me with a higher idea of the zeal than of the veracity of the speaker. There was something very odd in all this,—the youth could by no possibility derive amusement from so childish a waste of time; and yet there was an earnestness in his manner, which precluded a belief that he was wantonly trifling with the credulity of his sisters. I was completely puzzled, and quite unable to solve the mystery. At length I arrived at the decision, that these kites had been furtively introduced into the hallowed precincts of the queen's garden, and that, on the principle that stolen waters are sweetest, this circumstance had invested the sport with a sort of factitious interest, quite independent of itself.

I cannot say that this solution of the enigma was very satisfactory to my own mind. I was, however, compelled to adopt it, for want of a better; and I was well pleased, when, on turning into another path of the gardens, I descried, at a short distance, another subject for conjecture, in the person of a solitary lady, who was seated, with the immoveable appearance of a statue, in the corner of one of the garden seats.

I confess I was a little discouraged in making this my third essay. There seemed so few data on which

to venture even a conjecture; however, a poet, on whose word I am accustomed implicitly to rely, has declared,—

> O, gentle reader, you may find
> A tale in every thing.

I therefore took courage, and advanced, and on a nearer approach, discovered that the lady in question was certainly not an English woman. This her *tournure* proclaimed in a moment. That she was a foreigner, was certain; and the next question which presented itself was, of what country? A native of France, perhaps,—thought I. But no, that would not do,—for a Frenchwoman has a piquant air, even when in a state of repose. An Italian, then, said I. But no, the figure before me had nothing of the languishing air which is said to belong to the natives of a southern clime. There was something in her appearance, betwixt both; and as a Swiss is between the two, both in country and character, a Swiss therefore, I resolved that she should be. As I approached the spot where she was sitting, I had an opportunity of observing her countenance. It was one of those which, without being remarkable for beauty, make an instantaneous and favourable impression on the mind, and seem to dare you to forget them. She could not be called handsome, and she was still farther removed from what is understood by the word pretty. She did not hear my approach, though I purposely

made a slight noise; but a second glance at her features revealed to me the cause of her abstraction. "Her thoughts were where her heart was—far away!" her eyes seemed fixed on me, and yet I fancy that she did not see me. Her features wore that peculiar expression, which observation has led me to believe the untutored countenance always does assume, when the mind is occupied with pleasant thoughts, namely, that of an attentive listener! And listening, I well believe she was, to the soft whispers of hope, which promised that she should not always remain an alien in the land of strangers: that the time was approaching when the period of her weary servitude would expire: that she would yet return to her native country, and meet the welcome of the hearts that best loved her: that a time would arrive when the talents she now exercised on behalf of the rich man's children, should be exercised, and win their best reward in smiles, far more precious to her heart than the rich man's gold.

I am not sure that I was correct in thus reading her inward thoughts; but that I was so in reading her outward circumstances seemed probable,—for the seat she had chosen commanded a full view, though at a short distance, of the young kite-flyers;—and in this belief I was still further confirmed, when on reaching the end of the walk, and turning to retrace my steps, my eyes encountered the young cadet, in rapid and eager conversation with the lady in ques-

tion. What the subject-matter under discussion was I could only guess; but on approaching the pair, a manifest alteration had taken place in the appearance of both parties. There was something very like ill-suppressed mirth dancing in the eyes of the lady, and something very like ill-suppressed tears glistening in the eyes of the gentleman;—the fact was evident—and the mystery of the kite-flying satisfactorily explained. The youth was the victim of an incipient attachment, and the object of his adoration was the governess of his sisters; but as it is well known, that little children have quick ears and nimble tongues, it was deemed expedient to beguile them a short distance from the side of their instructress, that an opportunity might thus be afforded him of declaring his passion! Hence his exhortation to the children "to have patience."

The thing was quite evident; and I should have felt great compassion for the sufferer, had I not been well aware that this is one of those epidemics to which all mankind are subject; and that it is never known to prove fatal when experienced at so early an age. The object of all this devotion was no party to the pleasant farce, I felt assured, — for there did not exist a single shade of young-ladyism about her; and when I remarked the quiet self-possession of her manner, and heard her calm soft voice calling on the children to join her, I felt that the case of the lover

was hopeless. However, the choice argued well for his taste in general — for the first love of a boy of talent is usually bestowed on a woman of twice his age. It was not difficult to foresee the end of the matter. The fever would last all the vacation, and might possibly extend to the second week of the next "half year." It would die a natural death, and the memory of its folly would be buried with it.

The morning was drawing to a conclusion, and I was beginning to tire of my comparative solitude; I therefore resolved to confine my perambulations to the neighbourhood of the gate to which my friend's carriage had been ordered, although on looking at my watch, I found that the time had scarcely arrived at which it might be expected. To beguile its tedium, I began carelessly to observe the various equipages that presented themselves, drawing a parallel in my own mind between their probable numbers at different seasons of the year. Among the few equestrians in the circle, I remarked especially one fashionable-looking woman; she was unattended save by a groom and an Italian greyhound. My observation was more particularly attracted to her from the circumstance of her riding at a pace somewhat too rapid, as I thought, to be quite *comme il faut;* I was rather surprised than gratified, when after whirling some half dozen times round the ring, I saw her advance towards the garden, and proceed to dismount; and after throwing the rein on the

neck of the noble steed, and addressing a few words to the servant, she entered the gardens.

I cannot say that the impression made on my mind at a first glance, was very favourable. There was something cold, and hard, and masculine about her; it was a trifle (but the habit of mind is shown as effectually in trifles, as in things of moment), and I observed that she bestowed no mark of favour on the noble animal from which she had just dismounted, though he pawed the ground, and arched his neck, as if he were accustomed to receive, and conscious of deserving, some token of consideration at her hands. As for the beautiful Italian greyhound that had accompanied her in her ride, and which manifested an equal desire to attend her in her walk, he received an order in a stern voice, to "stand back," which mandate not meeting with instant attention, a slight stroke of the whip enforced obedience. There was something not quite agreeable in all this; and yet as she passed me, and the wind blew aside her veil, I could discover nothing of the Amazon in her countenance. On the contrary, she looked singularly feminine, despite her half masculine attire. I was not much elated by this discovery; I did not like the idea of a favourite theory being dispersed by a breath of wind; more especially as evidence was not wanting that my impression was on the whole correct. For the lady seemed to entertain as strong a predilection for rapid walking as quick

riding; she passed me several times, and I remarked a fever spot on her brow, and a tremulous motion about her lips, which argued something of an unquiet mind. I had read of persons

> Walking their troubled spirits down;

and certes, if such a malady were to be thus dispelled, and she were its victim, she appeared in a very fair way of achieving a victory.

I had reached the extreme end of the walk, when on turning round, I observed that another pedestrian had been added to our number, in the person of a fashionable-looking man. I hardly knew why, but I could not help connecting his sudden appearance with that of the lady, whose manifestation of chagrin, if I were correct, was at once sufficiently accounted for; a "tryst" which the gentleman is the last to remember, is certainly anything but complimentary.

Such was my inference:—after all, I was right in my unfavourable impressions, for there is something peculiarly undignified in a clandestine interview; it argues a deficiency of moral courage; there is a want of delicacy about it; no person ought to be ashamed of avowing that which they are not afraid to do. I had just arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, when the parties met; and certainly, if they were lovers, their meeting was anything but cordial. They did not shake hands; all the common courtesies of mere ac-

quaintanceship seemed dispensed with by mutual consent; the fair one continued her walk, and the gentleman turned and accompanied her, and in a few minutes the parties were in close conversation. I had no inclination to play the eaves-dropper, or to subject myself to the anathemas of the squire, or to be regarded as an intruder by the dame. I therefore took a chair as far removed from the parties in question as possible, consistently with commanding a view of the gate, and I became the witness of as pretty a pantomime as heart could desire.

The parties continued their promenade and their colloquy, which certainly appeared of deep interest to themselves. It was accompanied by frequent gestures of asseveration on the part of the gentleman, which appeared to be received with an air of affected nonchalance on the part of the lady, whose assumed indifference, by the way, seemed strangely contradicted by the nervous agitation with which she occasionally struck the folds of her riding-habit. At length she almost stopped, and turning to her companion, uttered a few words—of what nature I was of course entirely ignorant; but they produced a marked effect on the manner of the hearer. He drew himself up to his full height, with something of the air of one who disdains reply to an unworthy accusation: they pursued their walk in silence for a considerable time, and at length seated themselves at a short distance from the place I

occupied. I was rather uneasy; and began to fear that the lady had gone a little too far. Ah! soliloquised I, it will require no little skill to lure the bird back to its accustomed jesses; and I was proportionably relieved on observing both parties tracing lines in the sand with their riding whips. This spoke of a better understanding and a milder temperature. By degrees the twain, who when they sat down, occupied the extreme corners of a seat, approximated; the gentleman changed his place for one close beside the lady; and when they rose, he took her hand and drew her arm within his, and retained it too, without any manifestation of displeasure on the part of the object thus unceremoniously treated.

In a few minutes I had the satisfaction of observing the greyhound (that ill-used animal) bound across the fosse that separates the garden from the park, and meet with a most cordial welcome at his lady's hand. Whether, with the instinct of his kind, he had perceived her change of mood, or whether the presence of a well known patron ensured him a better reception, I know not; but certainly his gambols were received with any thing but coldness. No stern "stand back," repressed his frolics! No stroke of the whip was even menaced—he walked where dogs are forbidden to walk—nay, where it is death to dogs to be seen; and he did all this with perfect impunity!

After a few more turns, in which the steps of the

party had nearly subsided into a loiter, I had the pleasure of again seeing the lady's face. The fever spot had vanished—the tremulous motion of the lip was exchanged for a bland smile; she looked more feminine than ever; and I wondered how I could ever have fancied there was ought of the Amazon about her. As for the suspicion of a clandestine interview, I was ashamed of myself for entertaining so unworthy a thought. They were affianced lovers—there was no concealment in the matter—

> A something light as air, a look,
> A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
> A love the tempest never shook,
> A word, a breath, like this had shaken.

The fair one had passed a sleepless night, and rode out early to get rid of its evidence on her person. Her betrothed had suffered from a like malady, and had sought the same remedy. They happened to meet,—the causes of offence were mutually explained and forgiven,—the groom was summoned, and the horses brought round;—a delicately gloved hand was presented, a slender foot placed upon it, and in a moment the lady was in her saddle. The good steed received at her hands such a measure of caresses as fully made up in my mind for all former neglects. In conclusion, I had the felicity of seeing the pair ride side by side, at a pace manifesting all due respect for the *bienseance* of equestrian exercise, and nothing remained to

be regretted, save the destruction of my favourite theory of the infallibility of first impressions.

On the whole I was well pleased with my day's adventure, and felt anxious to quit the gardens with as light a spirit as I had entered them; but it was ordained that the wish of my "coward heart" should not be gratified, and I soon discovered the impossibility of becoming the faithful historian of even a "morning" without having to bear witness to the existence of those darker shades of the "mingled yarn" of which human life is composed. The story shall be told in few words —I would that I could honestly omit it altogether.

I had not long bade a mental adieu to the happy equestrians, when on casually looking towards the entrance, I was a little surprised to see one of that class of humanity whom Otway characterises as the "lazy vermin of the hall," in open defiance of the well-known regulations of the "woods and forests," pass the Argus-eyed porter unchallenged, and boldly advance towards the first seat that presented itself. As the offender did not wear the royal livery, I was beginning to charge the powers that be with something of laxness in the administration of their affairs; when the servant having carefully spread a large travelling cloak returned to the carriage, and after assisting a tall and elegant-looking young man to descend, proceeded to guide his steps to the seat in question. The gentleman thus conducted was evidently in the very last stage of decline,

and was accompanied by an elderly lady to whom he bore a strong personal resemblance. The Widow of the City of Nain flashed on my mind the moment I beheld her. And the young man, too,—the object of so much care and attention, surely the words of Scripture described him also,—"He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." No sooner was the invalid seated, the drapery wrapped carefully round him, and the servant dispatched to the carriage for an ottoman for his feet, than in reply to some question of the lady, the word "better" reached my ears. Oh! it was dreadful to look upon that attenuate form, and listen to that mockery of comfort; and yet it did comfort the heart to which it was addressed. She took his burning hand in hers,—it was pale and delicate as a woman's, save where the blue veins too visibly wandered, — she gazed on the countenance on which the fever spot was burning, and she smiled, for hope whispered her, that he should not surely die! and both spoke cheerfully, and an affectionate contest ensued, in which I could gather that the invalid entreated his companion to leave him awhile and take some needful exercise beneath the shade of the trees. The affectionate request was long withstood, and at length complied with as it appeared, rather in deference to the wishes of the speaker, than in accordance with her own. At length she departed, and the smile faded from the face of the sufferer, as he watched her receding form.

A slight expression of anguish succeeded—the result as it seemed of the shadowing forth in his own mind of the picture of that desolation of lot which must be hers when he should have departed hence to be no more seen. The cloud, however, soon passed away; and after drawing from his pocket a small purple bound volume, the invalid essayed to read. But no! it would not do,—he closed the book, and looked out on the cloudless heavens, on the waving trees, and upon the green earth, as though he were taking his last leave of them all. There was no appearance in his countenance of sorrow, neither of joy; but a profound expression of inward peace—his eyes, fearfully bright and dazzling, were fixed upon the sky, as though he would pierce its unknown depths, and drag to light their mysteries—now and then his lips slightly moved, as if in unison with some mental aspiration. Was I correct in thus interpreting it?—"When I go down to the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for THY rod and thy staff they comfort me." Yes! that these words, or words of a similar import, were his soul's stay at that moment, I have the most steadfast belief—and my heart swelled with gratitude, as I called to mind the sure promises of Him "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

In a short time the lady returned from her solitary walk. I arose to depart, for I could not bear to witness the meeting of those whom it seemed but too probable were in this world about to be separated for ever.

Other parties presented themselves, but I had no longer eye or ear for the common-places of life. In a few minutes the carriage appeared, and I sought in change of scene, relief from the weight of depression that affected me :—

> Upon the shews of life,
> Pleasure and care and strife,
> Mine eyes seemed gazing but could nought behold,
> Save one close-curtained room,
> Where through the still sad gloom
> A face seemed shining that must soon be cold.

This is the brief record of a few hours passed in Kensington Gardens, at a period when an oracle of the 'Town' has assured his readers, that nothing was to be seen there, save "nursery maids, and bread-and-butter misses!" To a fitter hand I leave the more popular task of representing its appearance on a fashionable day during the full season!

TIMOUR'S DEATH-BED.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Timour Beg (Lord Timour), or Timour Lenk (Lame Timour —whence the corruption of Tamerlane), was born in the Tartar province of Mawur u Nuhur, the ancient Transoxiana, in 1336. Defeated by the Uzbeks, he fled from his country, with his wife and seven companions. He was detained two months in captivity by a pretended friend, and on being liberated led a vagrant life. Encouraged by a vision, he returned to his native soil; expelled the Uzbeks, and put to death a treacherous brother-in-law. In 1370, the voice of the Tartar Diet seated him on the throne of Zagatai, and he established his government in Samarcand. After this period, he proceeded in the career of conquest with astonishing rapidity. He reunited Karizme and Kaundahaur to Zagatai—subdued Persia—exacted tribute from Ormuz—and proceeded as a conqueror along the whole course of the Tigris and Euphrates. The pursuit of a Mogul prince led him into the tributary provinces of Russia, where he captured a duke of the reigning family on the ruins of his capital. He burnt Serai, Azoph, and Astrachan; then marched with 100,000 horse against Mahmood the Indian emperor, whom he overthrew; and having taken Delhi, abandoned it to pillage and massacre. Returning to Samarcand, he proclaimed a seven years' expedition into Western Asia. In 1400, he reduced Goorgistaun (Georgia), and invading Syria took Haleb (Aleppo); where, while the streets were flowing with blood, and his soldiers collecting human heads to build a triumphal pyramid,

Timour held a conference with the doctors of law, protesting that he was not a man of blood, but an enemy to unbelievers, and all who practised iniquity! Damascus, defended by the sultan of Egypt, fell before him and became the scene of great slaughter. After a siege of forty days, Bagdad surrendered to his arms,—he razed all the buildings of the city except those devoted to religion and charity, and erected a pyramid of 90,000 skulls to record his victory. Armenia and Anatolia next submitted to him, and he routed the celebrated Turkish sultan Bajazet, surnamed Yeldûrrûm (the Thunderbolt), on the plains of Angora, at the head of an army of 400,000 men. His sway extended from the Irtisch and Volga to the Persian Gulf, from the Ganges to the Archipelago,—and the want of shipping alone barred his entrance into Europe. At the head of 200,000 veterans, he set out in winter on an expedition to China; but falling sick on the route, died at the camp of Otrar, on the 1st of April, 1405, leaving his vast dominions to his son Mohammed Jehaungeer, to whom he exacted an oath of obedience from his Ameers (military chiefs). The Institutes of Timour remain a monument of his political sagacity and skill in war.

I.

"Ungird the saddle from his back,
And set my war-steed free—
No more to slaughter, or the sack,
Shall he be urged by me!
Our circle in the field is run,
Quick comes a long release—
The Prophet calls his faithful son,
Cathay may rest in peace!"
Thus spake in his tent, midst his mighty ones lying,
Timour Beg, the world's master, whose great soul was flying.

II.

"My wives, my sons, my chiefs, draw near!
Draw near, but not to weep—
Some fleeting hours you linger here,
While with my sires I sleep.
Time-bowed, and battle-shaken now,
Ere claims the dust its own,
I 'd tell the heir of empires how
Rose Timour to his throne"—
Then all, with hushed lips, 'round the royal couch gather,
And Prince Jehaungeer bendeth low to his father.

III.

"The Uzbeks forced me from my home,
Some forty years ago—
The fallen, find where e'er they roam
Few friends and many a foe.
And I was fallen,—comrades seven,
With my dear wife Alzai,
Were all that cleaved to me when driven
From my loved land away!
Save one—the just Allah! whose sun, every morrow,
Showers gifts that make gladsome the dull track of sorrow.

IV.

" In the Kharizmian waste, at night,
Encamped beside a well,
Three of my band in sudden flight,
Off from my fortunes fell;
Those knaves of Khorassaun despaired
Of Timour's waning star,
And reckless how the exile fared,
They turned their reins afar—
'T is thus, in life's tempest, the baseness we cherish
Gives its back to the storm-cloud, and leaves us to perish.

V.

" A friend! ay true, I had a friend,
To win me to remain,—
What did the bosom-brother lend?
A dungeon-vault and chain!
Braving the worst, I snatched a sword,
And bursting through the guard,
I asked that hospitable lord,
If such were my reward?
Then shame moved the breast of the chief fickle-hearted,
And he said, ' Go in peace! ' so the captive departed.

VI.

" I went in peace—small cause to fear,
For wolfish men had I,
The robber spares the lone fakeer
Whose pleasure-cup is dry.
The arrow from the Thunderer's bow
The blast that shakes the sea,
Strikes not the peasant's dwelling low,
Rends not th' up-rooted tree.
Though no hand held to Timour the morsel he needed,
His way in the desert was safe and unheeded.

VII.

" Now list, Prince Jehaungeer, list all—
Upon a hill I stood
At midnight, and began to call
On God, in humble mood—
' Do with him as thou wilt,' I cried,—
' Thy creature of the dust
Forsakes his dreams of earthly pride,
To Thee confines his trust'—
Soft smiles seemed to lighten the dim face of heaven,
And sleep to the eye of the watcher was given.

VIII.

"Again I felt awake—a voice
Swelled solemn in mine ear:
It said, 'O Munsour's son, rejoice!
Blest is the prayer sincere—
On, on! the lights that live on high,
Salute thee with a sign,
That Honour, Power, and Victory,
Are henceforth to be thine!'
The voice died away and the bright stars shone brighter,
While a grief-burthened spirit grew lighter and lighter.

IX.

"I swam the Jihon on the morn—
That Tartar stream is strong;
Yet, buoyant, as young hope, was borne
Lame Timour's frame along.
The 'Voice' had stirred my soul, Ameers,
With danger-daring fire,
And earth seemed won, when seventy spears
Hailed me their battle-sire!
The fugitive's banner by men was surrounded,
Whose hearts in their hands were, when War's trumpet sounded.

X.

" What followed?—Ruin to the foe
That held my lands in thrall—
To trait'rous kindred, overthrow—
To true hearts triumph all.
The winds of desolation swept,
Like chaff, dark hate's array,
And soon the wandering outcast kept
Sole rule o'er Zagatai!
And day after day, his dominion extended,
And his soul blessed the Lord, who his servant befriended.

XI.

" My grey-haired comrades 'round the bed—
Your lion-looks to me
Are tablets stern, of scenes long sped,—
Of strife and victory.
Where Indus rolls his mighty course,
Where Obi shrinks in snow,
The clang of our unconquered horse,
Pealed to the guilty—wo!
The Mongols went forth like the earth-quake, to level
The domes where the godless delighted to revel.

XII.

"Kharizmé—Kaundahaur—Iraun—
The shores the Caspian laves—
The pastures of the Toorkoomaun—
Goorgistaun's mountain caves—
Imperial Delhi's golden towers,
The Syrian's mellow vale,
Turned not our bridles back—thy powers,
O Allah! must prevail!
'Let the dogs drink their gore who refuse to adore Him!'
Was the cry of the Khaun, with the Koraun before him.

XIII.

"The Pagan slave—the Nazarene,
Alone, I humbled not;
Purged were those Moslem shrines unclean,
Where Islaum was forgot.
Ask Haleb—Baughdaud's ghastly heap—
Down-trodden Yeldùrrûm—
Did Timour, the Avenger, sleep
Upon his march of doom?
His soul sought not blood, but the mandate was given
To deal on the faithless the judgment of Heaven.

XIV.

"Angel of Death! thy dusky wings
Fling their chill shadows near;
The realms of seven-and-twenty kings
I yield to Jehaungeer.
Spotless the robe of empire wear,
My son. Now, Ameers brave!
Swear fealty to the Khaun,—then bear
An old man to his grave."
Timour Beg speaks no more; and his people, who gather,
All pale, round his tent, call in vain on their father.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF NATURE.

I.

The mountain breeze! the fresh—the free!
Oh! bring the arrowy breeze to me!
Be mine, the breathing heights to stem
The hill's empurpling diadem;—
To seek—to meet—the rushing flow
That thrills my heart, and cools my brow:
And feel my bosom gladly bound,
To catch its soul-inspiring sound.

II.

Keep wealth! thy domes and halls of pride,
Thy teeming vales, and gardens wide!
Keep pomp! thy gauds, thy pleasures rare,
Thy flowers, that wreathe the brow of Care!
Be mine the strength—the power to fly
Where care and sorrow come not nigh;—
To seek the glen, the mountain lone,
Where nature's heart is all mine own.

III.

Ay, earth has many a galling chain,
That binds me down to grief and pain;—
And cold, and harsh the world I view;
And kindred hearts are far and few.
But Nature!—thee!—through good—through ill—
I seek—I bless—unchanging still;—
Alike in calm, and tempest wild,
Thou hold'st communion with thy child.

IV.

Oh! can I press the mountain sod,
By mortal footsteps rarely trod;
Or plunge mid wilds and forests green,
Where sordid dreams have never been;
Or meet—by far and lonely seas—
Heaven's own—its pure—its blessed breeze,—
Nor feel my bosom inly burn,
And peace, and hope, and joy return?

V

Oh! can I lift to yonder sky
A lonely and adoring eye,—
When scoffing worldlings none are near,
To aim the jest, or point the sneer;—
Its million glories can I view—
Its mighty clouds—its melting blue,—
Nor spite of pain and anguish, feel
Their holy influence o'er me steal?

VI.

And when the tide of feeling strong,
The yielding spirit bears along,—
When the full heart is swelling high,
With dreams that meet not mortal eye,
Yet held in cold and stern control,
That shake and rend the inmost soul;—
Then, Nature! then—the world I flee,
To pour, unchecked, that soul to thee!

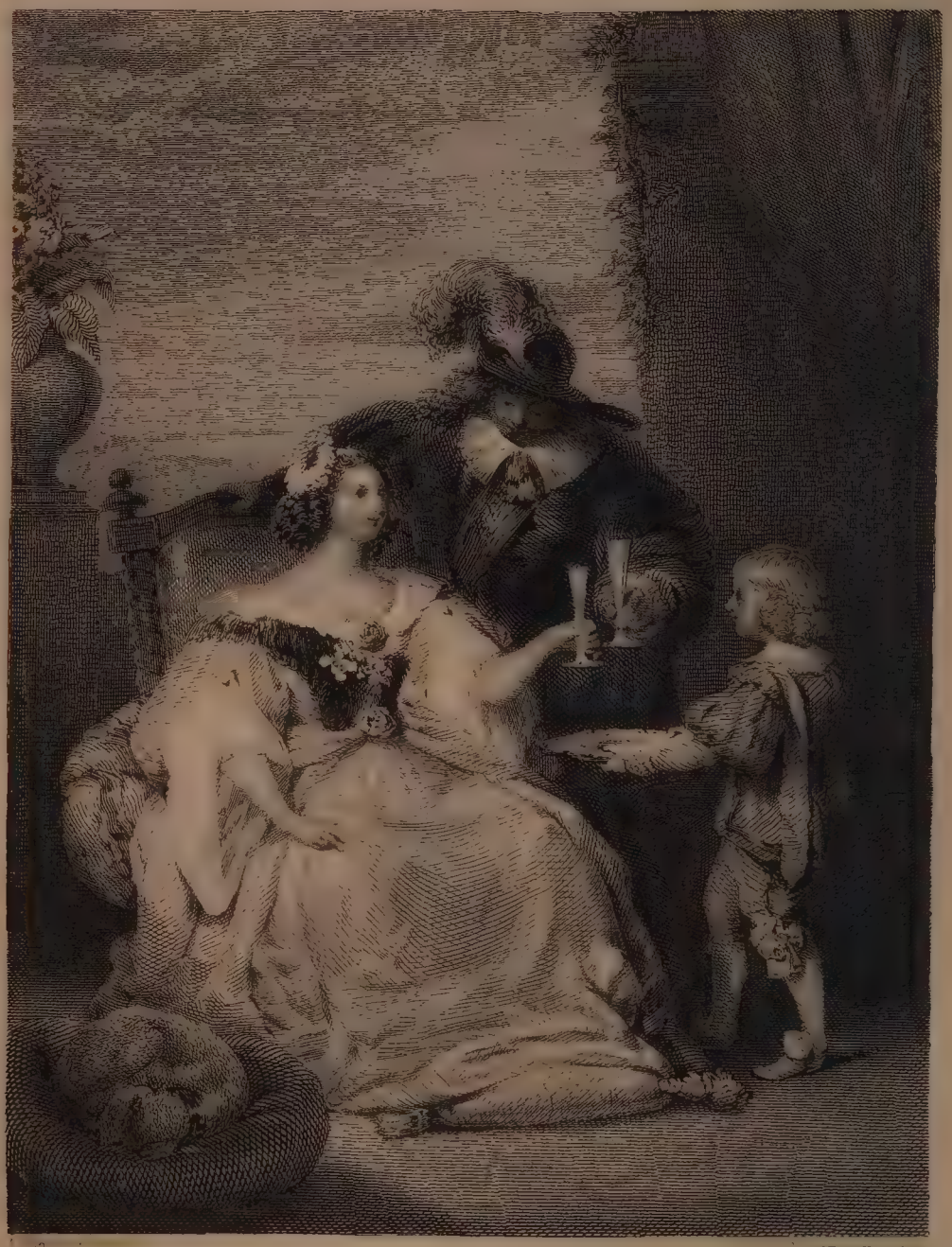
VII.

Reviver thou of visions fled!
Of early joys long vanished!
Entwined with thee, they are not gone,
To sleep in dull oblivion:
Thy magic touch aside can roll
The blinding mists that dim the soul,
And oft—in colder years—renew
Its bright first loves—the warm—the true.

VIII.

Dear, dear to me, through every scene,
Through storm, through sunshine, hast thou been;
All else hath changed, save only thou;
Bright wert thou aye; and bright art now.
Oh! still on *thine*, *my* burning breast
Shall lay its throbbings wild to rest;
Nor feel care's chilling weight, while free
In thine own realms, to worship thee!

Σ.



A DUTCH FAMILY GROUP

THE PLEDGE.

A SONG.

I.

Come, pledge me! see the sparkling glass
With ruby foam-bells shine!
They bid us snatch them ere they pass:
Come pledge me in the wine!

II.

When I behold thy smiling lips
To that bright draught incline,
Methinks young Love his pinions dips
With them to meet the wine.

III.

The kind good wish those lips express,
Warm from the heart benign,
It hath a tenfold power to bless,
Breathed o'er the mantling wine.

IV.

And hark! with sweet and silvery clink,
Thy glass rings clear on mine!
Of hearts accordant thus we think,
While pledging in the wine.

V.

To fish, the streams,—to flowers supply
Their dew-drops clear and fine,—
Give Nectar to the God's on high;
My share be rosy wine!

VI.

Then quaff life's joys, while sparkling up,
They bid thee make them thine,—
And let thy red lip kiss the cup,
To pledge thy love in wine.

THE MARSH-MAIDEN.

A TALE OF THE PALATINATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF FRENCH HISTORY."

I had followed the course of the Rhine from its sources among the Alps, and had been carried through lake Constance on its shoulders. I had bared my bosom to the spray of its waters, as they tumbled roaring over the rocks of Laufen; and contemplated with scarcely less interest, the smaller cataract of Rheinfelden, called Hœllhacken: but as yet I had not been tempted to take more than a traveller's glance as I hurried along. At Basel, however—or Basle, as the French write the word—I stopped involuntarily. I sent for the *blanchisseuse*, cursing, affectedly, the filthy world; and for the shoemaker, deploring the instability of mundane things; and then set out, in the spirit of a fox-hunter, to retrace my steps for two leagues.

The cause of this effect lay almost equi-distant between Rheinfelden and Basel. I do not know how it was—for I am no antiquary, and no scholar, in the proper sense of the term—bnt the village of Augst, set down here, on the ruins of the ancient Roman colony of Augusta Rauracorum, touched me strangely: The colony was trodden down by the "Scourge of God" in his devastating progress, and to-day there are to be seen only some insignificant remains rising among the modern houses of the village. Among these are the vestiges of an early Roman aqueduct, extending to a considerable distance in the direction of Basel; and if tradition may be believed, there was effected by this means, after the works fell into ruin, a subterranean communication between the two towns, to which is attached a very extraordinary story. The tradition avers, that the wealth of both places was concealed in the middle of this vast vault, and guarded by enchantment. This is very well—every body believes in enchantment; and the word leaves room for the imagination of all to extend at pleasure without distressing itself. But then the story goes further, and says that the treasure was guarded, compulsorily, by a princess, half serpent, half woman; who could only be disenchanted by three kisses bestowed upon her lips by a young man at once brave, devout, and chaste. There is the awkwardness of going too much into detail. You can only suit one class of imaginations,

and the rest are annoyed at being left out. The character of the hero, besides, for whom the adventure was reserved, has become somewhat scarce in these latter days.

While wandering among the ruins of the aqueduct, and musing upon the treasures of that antique world of which it is the monument, I observed a cavern-like hole, apparently newly formed, either by the accidental fall, or wilful overthrow of part of one of the walls. It looked like an invitation! my heart beat wildly, and before my thoughts had time to turn themselves, I found myself groping in utter darkness in the *Heidenloch*, as the aqueduct is called by the natives, or Pagans' Hole.

I had not travelled many steps from the entrance, however, when I had reason to repent my precipitation. The crumbling stones gave way behind me, and one falling on my shoulder, seated me unceremoniously in the Turkish fashion, on the pavement of the vault. When I opened my eyes, for somehow or other they had closed themselves at the crash, I found that I was no longer in darkness, a great part of the roof having fallen in; and I saw seated before me, as if in imitation of my own posture—a human figure!

In using the word figure, I mean it as a figure wherewithal to convey to the reader an idea of mystery and romance. It was nothing more, notwithstanding, than a man a few years younger than myself, dressed

in modern, not to say fashionable costume, and staring at me with a mixture of surprise and alarm. Having sat in silence for some time, like a couple of bronzes, the stranger proved himself to be no ghost, by speaking first.

"Where were you going, my friend?" said he.

"To look for the treasure of the Serpent-lady.—And you?"

"That was precisely my own object," answered he gravely: "Having observed a small aperture in the wall, I widened it sufficiently to make it serve as a door, and might by this time have been in the presence of the enchanted princess, had you not come in so incautiously as to bring the roof down about our ears." There was a languid smile upon the stranger's lip as he alluded to the tradition; but I saw at the same time in his eye a gleam of that sort of enthusiasm, which takes romance for the gospel of its mundane faith and happiness.

It may be supposed that an acquaintance commenced in so singular a manner, had some chance of ripening into intimacy; and indeed, after hunting for antiquities together for a week, I think I may say that I gained more of the confidence of Ernest Wald than he had lately bestowed upon any other human being. He lived at Basel, in a style which led me to believe that he was exceedingly poor; but upon one occasion when I was in pressing want of money for a bank bill, he

opened his desk, and handed me the amount without hesitation.

"You surprise me, my friend," said I: "I thought you were wholly without resources—and in fact I was on the point of advising you seriously to come with me to London, where your talents will, in all probability, stand you in more stead than they appear to do in Basel."

"I thank you!" he replied, grasping my hand; "truly, warmly, I thank you; and the time may come, soon, very soon, when we shall be sitting at your fire-side together, as closely as when we first met in the Heidenloch. Wild as you may imagine the thought to be, I have had a feeling, an impression on my mind, ever since I saw you first, that you were destined to do me some lasting, some inestimable service; and where should this take place, if not in your own country, since there is no likelihood of our ever meeting in mine again? As yet, however, I have other wishes, other plans, other duties. Why should I not tell you all?" and his fine face flushed crimson like a girl's. "My friend, you have often pitied my sadness, and been surprised at my penuriousness: this is the secret—and I feel you are not of those who would treat it with ridicule or contempt.

"I loved, and was beloved, and my mistress became my betrothed bride, when sudden ruin fell upon the fortunes of my family. *She* remained faithful for a

time; but at length either her affections wavered, or the restraint imposed by her mercenary father, became more severe. One dark and stormy evening, as I sate ruminating on a project I had formed, of coming to Basel to push my fortune, I received a hasty note from her, by my own servant, whom I had sent to reconnoitre, demanding to see me at the place of our stolen meetings, at an appointed hour. She knew how deeply anxious I was to have an interview with her before leaving the country; but still this communication seemed strange. There was no possibility of my reaching the rendezvous in so short a time, except by taking a route which was imminently dangerous even by day-light; and as I had deferred my journey on her account for at least a month, another day, or another week, could not have been of extraordinary consequence. It was my duty, however, as well as my inclination to obey, whatever might be the danger; and I prepared to set out instantly, first sending a hurried reply to her by the bearer, containing these words: 'If this paper, which will go round by the common highway, reaches you first, you may conclude that I have lost my life in the attempt to signalise my love.'

"I gained the place of meeting in safety long before my servant could possibly have arrived; but, owing to the darkness of the night, some minutes later than the appointed time. She was not there. Even five minutes' grace had been too much for her to give—

after having exposed me to the chance, nay, the probability of losing my life! God knows, that I should have been only too ready to believe explanation possible; but alas! I ascertained that there was a light in her window—that she had retired for the night—and that her father, the only one of the family whose observation she had cause to fear, had been absent the whole evening, and was not expected home till the next day.

"I cannot describe to you my feelings. In the agony of the moment, I determined to return the way I had come, for the purpose of tempting my fate; but pride persuaded me to go round by the public road, so that I might turn back my servant, and thus prevent her from having the satisfaction of knowing that I had exposed my life for her at all. And yet as I proceeded, a kind of shame rose in my mind. I dreaded to meet the man's eye, lest I should read in it pity or mockery; and when at length I heard footsteps in the dark and lonely road, I turned aside, and concealed myself behind a tree till the messenger had passed. That very night I set out for Basel, where I have now been nearly a year. I have made a tolerable sum of money, part of it the treasure of the Serpent-Lady; which sold well, even in the small quantities in which I found it, as specimens of antiquity. It is my purpose to return home on the anniversary of my departure; to see her that night for the last time; and

then, if—nonsense, there can be no *if* in the question—and then to sell my small remaining property, and set out for England."

Such was the little story of Ernest Wald; and you may either sigh or smile at it, as you please. For my part, being past my days of "calf-love," the impression it made at the time would in all probability have been effaced, like that of other interesting incidents one meets with in travelling, had not the circumstances been recalled some time after in a manner still more striking than had been my meeting with the hero.

I left my friend at Basel, and proceeded along the Rhine to Strasbourg; where it was my intention to cross the river, for the purpose of visiting Baden, Karlsruhe, Heidelberg, and the other great towns on the right bank. On a sudden, however, it occurred to me, that it would be a pity to lose the opportunity presenting itself for the first time, of traversing the ancient Palatinate, now Rhenish Bavaria, on the left bank of the Rhine; and I persuaded myself that it would be time enough next year, to see the petty duchies on the other side of the river. Accordingly, at a minute's warning,—without thinking twice of the affair,—I changed the whole plan of my journey, abandoned the pursuit on which I had left England, and presently found myself rattling in a public vehicle through the Palatinate.

It is by no means my intention to describe the journey; but I may observe, that the ground near the river is in many places extremely marshy. The Rhine is said, at some early period, to have formed here a vast lake; and from the nature of the soil, the tradition does not seem to be improbable. It may have been owing perhaps to the miasma, that I suffered in the midst of the journey, an attack of a disease which I flattered myself had been subdued by change of air and diet. This was brought on by a residence at Sligo in Ireland, where the atmosphere is perpetually saturated with moisture, and where from the same reason, the cholera is at this moment making more frightful ravages than in any other place in the empire. The most inconvenient symptom, is a total inability to remain in any but a horizontal posture, without experiencing a nervous affection of the most distressing nature; and I no sooner felt the approach of the malady than I descended from the diligence, and taking my baggage into a little village inn, went to bed.

On the second day I arose from my bed, better, but still languid, and somewhat nervous. There cannot be conceived a situation more dismal than that of this village. The Rhine, though near, is invisible; the country around is one immense morass, and the only features of the picturesque, are some bare eminences at a distance with water gleaming between, beneath

which, if tradition may be believed, repose the ruins of a city. Seen dimly through the mist that rises perpetually from this abode of desolation and death, there are woods, and groves, and one or two old castles; but they confer only the distant pleasures of hope, for the morass (so called *par excellence*, where all is a morass) is impassable even to foot travellers, who, as well as the diligence, must make a circuit of many miles to avoid it.

In such horror is this spot held by the simple people among whom I found myself, that the land which borders the morass, even where it becomes firm enough to receive cultivation, is still in a state of nature. They say that if necessary they would rather reap their corn in a church-yard; and they account for the flitting lights that are usually seen in such places, by a thousand stories too ghastly, and too absurd for repetition.

On the third evening, while undressing for bed in my lonely chamber, a young lad, the son of the host, knocked at the door.

"Look, master," said he, "you laugh at our death-lights; but only throw open your shutters, and you shall see one!"

"I do not laugh at them," replied I; "they are merely natural appearances, although the ignorant among my own countrymen tell a thousand foolish tales of them under the name of "Will o' the Wisp,"

and the French more poetically dub them "Filles du Marais."* I did, however, as I was bid; and throwing open the shutter, looked out into the gloom. Having mentioned the desolate appearance of the scene even in the day-time, it may be imagined that when beheld by the faint glimpses of a moon struggling at once with fog and twilight, there was nothing very seducing in the view. Presently the moon was wholly obscured by the drifting clouds, and all was dark in the direction of the morass.

"Look, look," said the boy suddenly, "there is the Marsh-maiden!" and a small glimmering light, did indeed appear flitting in the distance. Sometimes it was seen, sometimes lost; but it never skipped like the *ignis fatuus* to a very considerable distance. If it was possible to have believed that it could have been held by any human hand, the zig-zag manner of its progress might have been accounted for by the inequality of the ground. I was startled, I confess, by the peculiarity, and looked round, in growing interest, in search of some other wandering visitors of the night.

"Does it always come alone?" demanded I, of the lad.

"This one does," was the reply; "there are others sometimes seen hop-skip-and-jumping from pool to pool, and from ridge to ridge; but they are smaller, and soon vanish. This one was the queen of the

* Marsh Maidens.

buried city!" I threw on my coat hastily, and snatched up my hat.

"Come with me," said I, "and show me the way across these fields to the brink of the morass."

"I show you the way? Not if—"

"Not if I were to give you a five-franc piece?"

"Not if you were to give me five hundred Napoleons!"

"Well, good night!" and I went out alone.

It was by this time so dark that I could not discern the boundary of the morass on the nearer side, from the shadows that surrounded it; but it seemed to me that the light, which was now stationary, must have approached almost close to the edge. I stood still for a moment—half hoping, half fearing, to see it bound away again towards the interior; but it did not move, it seemed as fixed as a star. The disk of the moon was faintly seen through the dark pall that overshadowed her, and flung a dim sepulchral light over the scene: the night-wind, moaning as it passed, seemed to have borne from the abyss before me the damp exhalations of a charnel-house; my breath at last was impeded by the cold and heavy atmosphere, and my nervous sensations returned with new force.

Blushing at my folly, and endeavouring to excuse it as well as I could by the consideration that I was still an invalid, I went on. I was now near the brink of the morass—when the light suddenly disappeared.

"Blockhead!" cried I, "it *is* an *ignis fatuus!*"—but the moon, half raising her spectral face at the moment, disclosed a pile of mossy earth between me and the place where the Marsh-maiden had stood. The morass lay before me in its full extent, and a more frightful scene I think I never beheld. Pools of black water glimmered every where along the surface; here yawned a pit, that resembled some gigantic grave, and there rose a pile of earth like a sepulchral monument. Even the more solid eminences were so broken and undermined by the water with which they were saturated, that their general outline gave the idea of the roofs of a city, when seen from one of its towers; and it was probably from this appearance that the tradition already alluded to, had derived its origin. At all events, there was no possibility of either man or beast finding a path across; and the light, therefore, notwithstanding the peculiarity I had observed, must either have been one of the phenomena so common in marshy grounds—or a lamp borne by a spirit!

I had now gained the base of the ridge, or mound, which stood between me and the spot which was to end my speculations. The ground was already soft and muddy, and I had some difficulty in keeping my footing, while coasting round the eminence. At length I passed the last projecting corner, and the mysterious light was close beside me; but the moon having been again enveloped in the drifting clouds, I

saw nothing else for some moments. There seemed to me, however, to be something resembling a halo round it. My heart sickened before I was conscious of any feeling of apprehension; and when the pale planet of the night rose, slow and faint, once more upon the scene, I felt my blood run cold, as I beheld distinctly a female figure standing erect and motionless before me, like a statue of white marble.

It must not be understood that I saw the Appearance at once. First it came like an impression—a consciousness—strange, fearful, and indefinite, such as we have in dreams; then gradually it emerged, like some spectral form, from the bosom of the darkness; and then its outlines sharpened in the moonlight, till they attained the precision and rigidity of marble. That moment I shall never forget! The pride of manly courage—the stoicism of philosophy—the yearnings of young romance, with all its noble daring, and lofty resolutions—whither had they fled? I sprang forward, not in heroism, but in the desperation of astonishment and terror, till I was within grasp of the figure—and yet it did not move.

The face was like that of a corpse in the beginning of its sleep, during the moment in which the angel of death lingers to contemplate the beauty which it is his mission to destroy. The eyes were open and fixed, with a starry tranquillity, upon some object in the distance; a small paper lantern hung by her side, and

the hand which held it I could see was as colourless as the white garment on which it lay.

The Shape, I say, did not move; it seemed unconscious of my presence; and yet as I gazed, my heart grew calm, and my senses returned. There was something so touching in those still meek features, that the fountains of pity in my bosom were opened; there was life in their very paleness, for life is wherever there is suffering and sorrow. "Yes," cried I, "mysterious wanderer though thou be! thou art yet a child of earth—thou art a woman, and a sister!"

She moved her head at my voice, and her eyes rested on mine for an instant; then putting her finger on her lip, as if enjoining silence, she pointed to the distant object, whatever it might be, on which she gazed. I looked in the direction indicated, but could see nothing. An impenetrable shadow covered the whole country around us; and the glimpses of the moon were now so faint, that if the pools of the marsh had not added to the light by the reflection, or at least afforded points of observation to the eye, I should scarcely have been able to discern the peculiarities of the surface on which I stood. My momentary terror had given way to a vague sympathy, and this was now growing into awe. Her white arm, when extended in the doubtful light, had seemed transparent. The marble-like distinctness of her outline had melted away; and, at length, instead of the speculations with which I had

unceasingly employed my thoughts and the organs of my senses, on her form, and character, and history—there only remained an indefinite but oppressive conviction, that I stood at this moment, without knowing how or why, in the darkness of night, on one of the wildest spots of the Palatinate, by the brink of a trackless and desolate morass,—and that a shape was beside me, resembling a girl dressed in white, as pale as death, and as silent as the grave, sometimes growing into distinctness, sometimes fading into gloom!

I endeavoured for some moments to persuade myself that I was either in a dream, or under the influence of some of the illusions of disease; but there was nothing dream-like in the circumstances around me, except their vagueness and mystery, and I knew that my nervous malady had never been accompanied by any aberration of mind. It was time, however, to act; for if I *thought* more, I should become either a child or a madman.

"For whom do you wait?" said I; and the words came from me, unconsciously, with the suddenness, and almost the loudness of a shout.

"Hush! hush!" whispered the figure, "He is coming!"

"*Who* is coming? Why do you wait? How came you here? Who, and what, and whence, in the name of the most holy heaven, are you?"

"I am a maid," replied the figure thus adjured,

"who once had a lover; and I am doomed to wander here for a sin I committed."

"Doomed! sin!"

"Yes. I was about to be forced into a marriage by my father, and determined to fly while he was absent from the castle. In the hurry and alarm of the moment, I sent for my lover, conjuring him to be with me at the hour of flight. Alas! I forgot that, had he the speed of the red deer, he could not have kept so near an appointment, except by crossing the marsh. The night was dark and gusty—I never saw him more!"

My heart throbbed wildly as the story of Ernest Wald flashed upon my mind. I had had an impression that he was of the country on the other side of the Rhine; but was it possible to believe that circumstances so remarkable could be only a coincidence? And yet by this time—and I endeavoured to remember the date accurately—he must have returned. If he was a living man he would have seen his mistress on the day of which their year of separation expired. The Marsh-maiden had relapsed into an attitude of watching, and the moonlight, which was now stronger, disclosed with tolerable distinctness her death-like face and long white raiment. The idea occurred to me of a beautiful and virgin corpse, in its grave dress.

"Do you believe your lover to be dead?" said I, softly.

"Alas, I know it too well! I am doomed to wander

till I meet him, for he alone can give me rest. This night is the anniversary of his death; and I must watch for him till the dawn. He is not here—nor there—nor there. Come, I will show you where his body lies!" and she was about, as I imagined, to step backwards into a pond of black thick water.

"Hold!" cried I, endeavouring to seize her arm; but she withdrew it, and raised her paper lamp to my face in apparent astonishment. Another step would have been fatal—and I pronounced, with the solemnity of a spell, the name of Ernest Wald! A long wild scream broke from her lips at the word, and rung far over the dismal abyss.

"That is the name!" she shrieked. "It is he! it is he!" and then, dropping her voice suddenly, and looking up with a smile, as if of blandishment, in my face, "Come," she whispered, "and I will show you where he lies—give me your hand!" I shrunk back aghast; and in an instant, with a laugh that pierced my very brain, she sprang over the pond of black water.

I can no more explain my conduct than I could repeat it. I do not know what were the ideas which flashed across my mind. I do not remember whether I measured the gulf with my eye before darting across; but the next moment I stood beside her on the black, crumbling, quivering, tottering sod.

"Well done!" cried the Marsh-maiden; and as I

felt my footing give way, with a desperate effort I cleared the next pool.

"Well done! well done!" repeated the Marsh-maiden. There was no time to think—to stand still would have been madness—to turn, death. Mingling, besides, with my terror, there now arose a strange feeling of exultation at her words of applause; and as I bounded after the flying phantom, a maniac pride took possession of my heart. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the dreams of this intoxication. I was in the wake of a spirit, and I knew that her goblin-light was to lead me to destruction. The words rung in my ears, and seemed to be repeated by myriads of voices from every corner of the marsh. The toads put up their heads and laughed at me as I passed; the spotted serpent looked round at me as he wriggled hastily out of my way. On swept the spectral maid, her lantern swinging to and fro in the wind, as she continued to shriek, "Well done! well done!"

> Tramp, tramp, across the land we speed—
> Splash, splash, across the sea—
> Hurrah! the dead can ride,
> Dost fear to ride with me?

On a sudden she disappeared, and I fell to the ground.

My first feelings, as I lay prostrate grasping the wet sod that seemed to melt in my grasp, were of awe and terror. The sulky splashing and gurgling of the

waters were in my ear. The reeling of the frail and fearful vessel on which I floated, indicated that it was unconnected with any bottom; and my thoughts lost themselves in fathoming the loathsome gulf over which I hung, and into which I was about to descend. I raised my head, and looked round in despair. A universal croak, like hoarse laughter at my humiliation, arose from the foul denizens of the marsh; the snakes fixed their eyes in deep hatred upon mine; and the beetles and tadpoles gamboled in grotesque triumph around me.

At this moment I heard again the voice of the Marsh-maiden. It was hollow and sepulchral, as if it came from beneath the surface; and looking onward in a horizontal direction, I saw on a level with myself the faint halo of her lamp above the sod.

"He is here!" she cried; "we are at our journey's end—come on! well done!" and as if compelled by enchantment, I sprang furiously upon my feet and darted forward, feeling the sod on which I had lain, part in fragments as I spurned it from me. The bank on which I now found myself, though tremulous like the rest, felt more secure, and I bounded recklessly towards the light. The next moment, however, the moon escaped providentially from the drifting clouds, and threw a steady gleam upon the scene. A single step more would have plunged me into a gulf in which hope itself could not live for an instant.

This was a deep pit, about five yards in diameter, and half filled with black thick water. The sides projected towards the top, as if the part more exposed to the poisonous fluid had been eaten away—all except in one spot where the bank had fallen down, and hung shelving several feet over the surface.

On the edge of this bank stood the Marsh-maiden, holding her lamp down to the water as if looking for some object, and bending forward like a being at once unsusceptible of fear, and unattainable by danger. Closer and closer she neared the brink—further and further she hung over the gulf—muttering without interval, "He is here! he is here! he is here!" till at length I could see pieces of the sod detaching themselves beneath her feet, and sinking into the thick and slimy wave. It may be that my human feelings had returned with the increase of light, or on the providential escape I had just had; but at this moment a cry of warning broke, almost unconsciously from my lips. Dangerous mentor! she looked up at the word; a larger fragment gave way in the motion; and I saw her sinking into the abyss. Without the hesitation of a second, I sprung down upon the bank beside her, caught her in my arms, and dragged her away from the brink. But the additional weight was fatal; for the whole mass on which we stood detached itself from the side of the pit, and plunged slowly and sullenly into the water.

With a mighty roll, the obscene wave rose almost to the lip, on the opposite side of the chasm; but while I, by clambering up the precipice (the fallen bank having grounded near the side), and digging hands and feet into the soft mud, prepared for the re-action, it was with the utmost difficulty I could retain my slight burthen in my grasp, so intently did she watch for the secrets which might be disclosed by the motion of the tide. At the second roll, although the fluid in the middle was blacker and thicker, there was no other appearance; at the third I felt the Marsh-maiden sink lifeless in my arms—and looking down in terror, I saw a human hand stretched towards us, out of the now almost calm water, with the fingers curved, either in beckoning or grasping. It was no illusion! It neither came suddenly nor so disappeared: but having remained distinctly visible for upwards of a minute, it descended gradually into the deep from whence it had arisen.

By almost unconscious efforts I gained the summit of the bank, with the lifeless maiden in my arms. The moon, travelling through the gusty sky, was sometimes apparent, and sometimes wholly hidden; and the shadows of the clouds chased one another like spectres along the bosom of the marsh. By and by, one, two, and three small flitting lights appeared and disappeared, glancing from bank to bank, and from pool to pool; and my imagination placed them in fitting hands.

Unearthly voices then began to call and answer from every point of the desolate morass; and at length a multitudinous sound, as if of sobbing, shook the air.

I felt that this was disease, and strove to overcome it. I raised the pale, cold, lovely form in my arms; and, looking round as if to threaten the imaginary dangers by which I was environed, prepared to inquire whether escape was possible.

To leap, however, with such a burthen in my arms, would have been impossible; and a rotting plank therefore, lying near, which had perhaps been formerly used as a bridge over one of the pools, was a most welcome object. I planted it wherever I found it necessary, and when I had passed, drew it after me. If it is remembered that I could only remove one of my burthens at a time, and that this part of the morass is nothing more than a cluster of half-floating islands, it may be understood how difficult and tedious was the task I had undertaken. The poor girl, however, gave signs of returning animation, and I pursued the labour as energetically as the exhaustion consequent on my previous excitement permitted; and at length, to shorten a story already too long, I was fully rewarded for my zeal, on arriving at the brink of the morass, on the opposite side from the village where I lodged, and seeing her open her eyes.

"My name is Matilda Liebenstein," said she, faintly, "the road that you see close by, will lead us to my

father's house; conduct me thither, but depart not till I recover strength enough to converse with you—for the last time." When we had gained the house, it was with much difficulty I could get the servants to hear me, or hearing, to open the door. But when at length they saw my companion face to face, great and unaffected was their surprise, on recognising their young mistress.

"She has been on the marsh again!" I heard one of them remark aside. "I suspected that all was not right, because she looked so sad and pale; but who could have thought that so good, and gentle, and civil spoken a young lady, was stark mad?"

As soon as it was day-light, a messenger came to me from Matilda, who desired to see me instantly. This was cruelly provoking. It was my earnest desire to have ascertained in the first place (if such was the fact!) that the corpse was that of a stranger; and then, presenting myself before the sufferer, to awaken her, for the second time, to new life, by communicating the intelligence that Ernest was alive. What could I now say? It would be the height of cruelty under the circumstances, to give her a gleam of hope; for I knew too much of the character of Ernest Wald, and his unchangeable resolves, to believe that if he was a living man he would have failed in his purpose of seeing his mistress on the last unhappy night. Might he not have recognised her lamp on the morass,

and perished in the attempt to join her? The hand I had seen, I recollected perfectly, was as unchanged as if the owner had not been dead an hour!

My interview with the unhappy young lady was painful in the extreme. She could tell me, however, little but what I already knew, or had correctly guessed. No sooner, it appeared, had she dispatched the fatal message for her lover, than the idea flashed upon her mind that he would require to come by the morass; and she knew enough of his devoted love and daring courage, to be well aware that he would not shrink from the peril. She waited at the place of meeting, almost in a state of frenzy, till the castle clock had tolled the hour; and then, flying to the morass, screamed her lover's name till she lost her senses. From this moment she had been subject to the fits of lunacy that are termed monomania. The striking of a particular hour — a certain aspect of the skies at night — anything that recalled forcibly the event, awakened an uncontrollable desire to go to meet her lover on the marsh. I left her for the present, with the conviction on her mind that the dead hand we had seen was her lover's, extended towards her by supernatural power, as a sign and a warning of her approaching death.

At length we arrived within sight of the pit.— The dreadful hole seemed indeed a fitting receptacle for everything abhorrent to human nature; and I shuddered at the sight of the thick, black, slimy

waters, reflecting as tranquilly the light of the morning sky, as if they did not contain a corpse. The domestics seemed to be impressed with awe, and their directions to each other were given in whispers. When about to throw down their grapples, a slight stir took place in the middle of the surface, and the next moment a toad put up its hideous head to reconnoitre, and then dived down and disappeared. This slight circumstance shook the nerves of the boldest among them, and it was with trembling hands and beating hearts that they went on with their task.

The dead body eluded their search for some time, but at length it was announced that some ponderous object was attached to one of the hooks. The united efforts of the men raised it gradually to the surface. The hair, seen below the water, was the colour of Ernest Wald's, and my heart sickened. The face then gleamed through the half-transparent fluid—and my sight grew dim. The corpse, in fine, was raised with a sudden jirk, and seemed to stand erect in the water—it was the corpse of a stranger!

"It is Hugo!" cried the men, gazing in horror upon the dead face of a comrade of their own. "It is the servant of the young baron, who was to have been married to our mistress!"

"Bring the body," said I, "to the castle:" and turning back on the instant, I sprang like a greyhound from bank to bank, till I had cleared the morass. It

now was explained. The man, who was a daring young fellow, instead of going round by the public road, had taken the more dangerous route, either to signalize his zeal, or in the mere wantonness of youthful courage. The neighbours, of course, supposed that he had followed his master, and no inquiry was ever made into his fate.

I now determined to state plainly to Matilda the facts so far as I knew them,—but I must draw a veil over our interview, and spare the reader the description of feelings which he can easily imagine. From the very abyss of despair, her imagination bounded to the extreme of hope. She would listen to no caution. A thousand circumstances might have occurred to detain her lover. He was even now only a few hours beyond the appointed time. I became alarmed for her intellects!

"Hush! hark! he shall come! He is in the avenue—he is on the stairs—he is in the room! Oh, my poor heart! He is surely here — I feel that he is in the room! Ernest, Ernest!"

"Matilda! oh, my Matilda!" It was the voice of Ernest Wald. He had glided into the room unnoticed except by the mysterious sympathies of love, and unable longer to control his feelings, appeared like a spirit summoned by magic, and clasped her in his arms.

It was *his* voice which the night before had swelled the burthen of the sounds my distempered imagination

reckoned supernatural—it was *his* friendship that had kindled the lights, which mingled with the small meteors of the marsh. Passing through the village in the evening, on his way to Matilda's house, he had learned from the inhabitants, who were gathered in a knot about the inn door, that an English stranger had been decoyed away by the spectre-lights, and drowned in the marsh. At the word "English," he ran to the room which had been mine, and to his surprise and horror recognised my portmanteau. It was fortunate for all parties, that he confined his search to the borders of the morass, never imagining for a moment that a person acquainted, as he supposed me to be, with the common phenomena of nature, would be mad enough to venture into the interior, in pursuit of an ignis fatuus. Had he been early enough to have seen us, and to have followed the strange chase—had the meeting and recognition taken place among the crumbling, melting islands of the morass, the destruction of all three would probably have been the consequence.

Matilda's father is now dead; and by a judicious application of his small means, her husband continues draining, year after year, a considerable portion of the marsh. When the whole of that extensive tract is brought under cultivation, it is supposed that Ernest Wald will be one of the richest proprietors in this district of the Palatinate.

W. Daniell, R.A. pinxt.

NEGROES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

THE ISLES OF THE SEA FAIRIES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Among the isles of the golden mist
I lived for many a year;
And all that chanced unto me there,
'T is well that ye should hear.

I dwelt in a hall of silvery pearl,
With rainbow light inlaid;
I sate on a throne, as old as the sea,
Of the ruby coral made.

The old carbuncle lit the dome,
Where I was sworn a king;
And my crown was wrought of the pale sea gold,
And so was my fairy ring.

And she who was set on my right hand,
As the morning star was fair;
She was clothed in a robe of shadowy light,
And veiled by her golden hair.

They made me king of the Fairy Isles
That lie in the golden mist,
Where the coral rocks, and the silvery sand,
By singing waves are kissed.

Far off, in the ocean solitudes,
They lie—a glorious seven!
Like a beautiful group of sister stars,
In the untraced heights of heaven.

For the mariner sails them round about,
But he comes not them anigh;
They are hid far off in a secret place
Of the sea's immensity.

Oh beautiful isles, where there comes no death,
Where no winter enters in,
And their fairy race, like the lily flowers,
Do neither toil nor spin!

Oh beautiful isles, where the coral rocks,
Like an ancient temple stand,
Like a temple of wondrous workmanship
For a lofty worship planned!

The heights of heaven do roof it in,
O'erspanned like an azure bow;
And its floor is the living waves of light,
That cover the depths below.

The unsunned depths of the ancient sea,
Where the emerald caverns lie,
Where an earlier race of the fairy kings
Made their great treasury.

Oh beautiful isles! when the waning moon
Sinks down from the vales of earth,
She rises upon those fairy seas,
And gives to their daylight birth.

There comes no cloud to dim her rays,
She shines forth pure and bright;
The silver moon she shines by day,
And the golden mist by night!

Oh beautiful isles! and a fairy race,
As the dream of a poet, fair,
Now hold the place by a charmed spell,
That has power o'er sea and air.

Their boats are made of the large pearl-shell
That the waters cast to land;
With carved prows more richly wrought
Than the work of mortal hand.

They skim along the silver waves
Without or sail or oar;
Wherever the fairy voyager would,
The pearl ship comes to shore.

They taught me the song which is their speech,
A tone of love divine;
They sat me down at their banquet board,
And poured me out fairy wine.

The wine of the old sea vintage red,
That was made long years ago,
More rich than the blood in kingly veins,
Yet pure and cool as snow.

I loved that idle life for a time;
But when that time was by,
I pined again for another change,
And for human sympathy.

They brought me then a glorious form,
And gave her for my bride;
I looked on her, and I straight forgot
That I was to earth allied.

I snatched the crown they offered me;
I forgot what I had been—
I snatched the crown, to be a king,
That she might be a queen.

For many a year and more, I dwelt
In those isles of soft delight;
Where all was kind and beautiful,
With neither death nor night.

We danced on the sands when the silver moon
Through the coral arches gleamed,
And pathways broad of glittering light
O'er the azure waters streamed;

Then shot forth many a pearly boat,
Like stars across the sea;
And songs were sung, and shells were blown,
That set wild music free.

For many a year and more, I dwelt
With neither thought nor care,
Till I forgot almost my speech,
Forgot both creed and prayer.

At length it chanced that as my boat
Went on its charmed way,
I came unto the veil of mist
Which round the Seven Isles lay.

Even then it was a sabbath morn,
And a ship was passing by,
And I heard a hundred voices raise
A sound of psalmody.

A mighty love came o'er my heart,
A yearning toward my kind,
And unwillingly I spoke aloud
The impulse of my mind.

"Oh take me hence, ye Christian men!"
I cried, in spiritual want,
And anon the golden mist gave way,
That had been like adamant.

The little boat wherein I sate,
Seemed all to melt away;
And I was left upon the sea,
Like Peter in dismay.

Those Christian mariners, amazed,
Looked on me in affright;
Some cried, I was an evil ghost,
And some a water-sprite!

But the chaplain seized the vessel's boat,
With mercy prompt and boon,
And took me up into the ship
As I fell into a swoon.

As one that in delirious dreams,
Strange things doth hear and see;
So passed before my mind the shapes
Of this bright heresy.

In vain I told the mariners;
No man to me would list:
They jested at the fairy isles,
And at the golden mist.

They swore I was a shipwrecked man
  Tossed on the dreary main;
And pitied me because my fate
  Had crazed my 'wildered brain.

At length when I perceived how dull
  The minds of men had grown,
I locked these things within my soul
  For my own thought alone.

And soon a wondrous thing I saw:
  I now was old and grey,
A man of three-score years and ten,
  A weak man in decay.

And yesterday, and I was young!
  Time did not leave a trace
Upon my form, while I abode
  Within the charmed place.

I trembled at the fearful work
  Of three-score years and ten;
I asked for love—but I had grown
  An alien among men.

I passed among the busy crowds,
  I marked their care and pain,
And how they waste their manhood's strength,
  To make but little gain.

I saw besotted men mistake
For gold, unworthy clay;
And many more, who sell their souls
For the pleasures of a day.

I saw how years on years roll on
As a tale that has been told,
And then at last they start, like me,
To find that they are old.

Said I, "these men laugh me to scorn;
My wisdom they resist:
But they themselves abide like me
Within a golden mist!"

Oh up, and save yourselves! even now
The ship goes hurrying by,
And I hear the hymn of the souls redeemed,
Who are bound for eternity!

THE

JACOBITE EXILE AND HIS HOUND.

In the cause of right engaged,
  Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
  But the heavens denied success.
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
  Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us,
  But a world without a friend.

BURNS.

AMONG the heroic and unfortunate Scottish gentlemen, who, after the total failure of the last fatal attempt in favour of the Stuart family, in 1745-6, were driven to seek on a foreign soil that protection, and those means of subsistence, which their own oppressed and unhappy country no longer afforded them, it may be remembered by the reader acquainted with the history of the times, that a number were enrolled in the service of Louis the Fifteenth. Faithful unto the end,—the last adherents of a cause with whose narrative of

daring valour and chivalrous self-devotion closes the latest page of our country's romantic history,—they carried into the bosom of a stranger land that ardour of loyalty which had once animated them in their own; and still cherished, to gild the hours of exile, the dreams of future victory and of future glory, which had thrown sunshine over the toils and privations of their Highland campaigns.

It was in the autumn of the year 1748, that Lord Ogilvie, the commander of one of these regiments, was stationed with it at Boulogne. During his residence there, his attention was much attracted by a young man, a sous-lieutenant in the corps, of the name of Patrick Kerr. The regards of Lord Ogilvie were first directed to this young subaltern by a trifling circumstance, but one which excited at once his interest and his curiosity. Kerr, who seemed to be a person of somewhat melancholy and reserved habits, and one who took little interest in the usual pursuits of his brother officers, and mingled with them no more than necessity enjoined, was in the frequent habit of taking solitary walks, especially along the coast; on which occasions his constant companion was a large shaggy dog, of the old Scottish deer-hound breed, now almost extinct. This animal, a very fine specimen of a race, at once powerful and sagacious in no common degree, was indeed the inseparable attendant of his young master, who seemed to bear towards him an attachment pro-

portioned in strength to the indifference with which he regarded most of those around him; which indifference, however strange to say, did not prevent him from being rather a favourite with the regiment. His brother officers had invariably found him good-hearted and friendly when his services were required, and they could not avoid perceiving that his disinclination to mingle much in their society arose less from sullenness, than from a deep-seated and unconquerable sadness. This, to men who had all of them suffered much in the late transactions,—who were all of them exiled from their native land,—many of them from the beloved hereditary possessions of ancient races, and some from ties dearer and holier far,—was a very sufficient excuse for unsociability. It was therefore with extreme zeal and warmth that they espoused his cause on the occasion alluded to; which was no other than a quarrel between him and some inhabitant of the town, who had struck, or in some manner attempted to injure his dog; and on whom Kerr, in return, had been with difficulty withheld from inflicting summary chastisement. By the mediation of Lord Ogilvie, however, the affair, after considerable trouble, was at length accommodated. In the course of his mediatorial exertions, his lordship was much struck by an observation of the young soldier, referring to the injury offered to his canine friend: "My lord," he said, with some emotion, "I am not, I hope, a man much disposed to pick quar-

rels, or resent fancied affronts: though there lives not the human being who dare cast the shadow of impeachment on my courage. But this dog!—by heaven! my lord, I had rather the fellow had struck myself: I could have forgiven him sooner."

This circumstance, as has been already stated, awakened at once the curiosity and the interest of his lordship. To his inquiries respecting Kerr in the regiment, he could obtain no satisfactory answer; but such were the sentiments with which his young brother in exile had inspired him, that he was not to be deterred by the apparent difficulty of its attainment, from his object of gaining his confidence. His attempt was at first unsuccessful; though more so, as it seemed, from its being met by that species of melancholy apathy, which so often leads those who suffer from some incurable grief to shrink alike from disclosure and from what they feel to be vain consolation of their associates, than from ingratitude or insensibility to their kindness. But there are few hearts so deadened by the pressure of sorrow, as to remain for ever closed against the voice of friendly sympathy, more especially when that voice has been for years a strange sound to them; and it was not very long after the incident recorded above, that Lord Ogilvie, in the course of a confidential conversation, drew from the lips of Patrick Kerr the following narrative of his early life.

"You would not, my lord," said he, as he laid his

hand upon the large head of his shaggy companion, "you would not have felt so much surprise at, what must then have appeared, my extravagant indignation at the affront offered to my poor old Comhal, had you known the many causes I have to love him better, and trust him more completely, than I can do the greater part of the human race. He has been my playfellow first, and then my friend, since I was twelve years old; and unlike many friends of my own species, he only stuck to me the more firmly that I was in distress and hardship, and loved me the better that I had few save him to love me.

"My father, my lord, was a gentleman possessed of an ancient, though not very extensive, landed property in Roxburghshire. He was a man who had always professed Whig principles, and an attachment to the Hanoverian dynasty; but he married the daughter of a Jacobite, a man of the most enthusiastic loyalty; and from the lessons of my mother, during my infancy, I first imbibed the attachment to our own gallant Stuarts, which I shall carry to the grave with me unimpaired.

"That was the only topic on which I ever heard my father and mother disagree; and it was consequently one on which they avoided entering whenever it was possible. On all other subjects they had but one mind; for they lived on terms of the greatest confidence and affection. But somehow or other, it

was always my mother's opinion that had the most weight with me; though I might have found it difficult to give a reason for this preference: and although she would not willingly or intentionally have counteracted my father's wishes, yet Jacobitism was with her too completely a sentiment of her heart,—it was too much entwined with every feeling, and every thought in her mind, for her to be able to avoid instilling it into me.

"When I was about ten years of age, my mother's only brother died, and left his two orphan children to my father's guardianship, his wife having been some time deceased. His landed property, which was in the same county with my father's, and not many miles distant, went to his son, then an infant of three years old; his daughter, three years her brother's senior, was but slenderly portioned. Both became inmates of our house; and I, an only child, welcomed the arrival of a companion so young, so sweet, and innocent as my little cousin, Phemy Herries, with all the warmth of infantine delight. Yes, she was always the same dear, kind-hearted little thing, that—" The young soldier paused abruptly: "Excuse me, my lord," he added, after an effort, and turning away his head as he spoke, "I did not think I had been so weak; but there are some things which it is hard to forget, little reason as one may have to wish to recollect them.

"My father did not, as was usual with parents of his means, send me to Edinburgh to school. I used to

study with the parish schoolmaster, who was a very good classical scholar. In consequence of this residence at home, Phemy and I were constant companions, whenever I was disengaged from my tasks. All our amusements were in common. I sometimes dream yet of the green woody glens, and the wild braes about my father's house, where we used to wander together. It is a strange thing that a man should try all day to banish certain thoughts from his mind, until he partly succeeds in forgetting them; and that no sooner are his eyes closed in sleep than they all return again more distinctly than ever, as if to mock his endeavours, and to teach him the impossibility of forgetting. There is one deep black pool of the river, near my father's house, far down in the hollow of a glen, overhung by hazel bushes. Seldom a night passes, but I see that pool in my dreams. Phemy and I used to go to it in the autumn to gather nuts; and one day, when I was about thirteen, we were there together, clambering about the rocks and trees. My poor Comhal had followed us. He is old and grey now; but at that time he was a young dog, scarce come to his full growth, and he frolicked after us wherever we went. Phemy was a light, heedless little creature; her foot slipped in catching at a branch that hung far over the water, and before I could reach the spot, she had fallen backward into the water. I shouted at the top of my voice for help; but

no human creature was near; and long ere I could even have scrambled down to the water-side, from the height where I stood, she must have perished in the eddies;—but my faithful Comhal no sooner saw her sink than he plunged in after her, and in three minutes time, not longer, he was scrambling up the bank, holding the skirt of her dress firmly between his teeth. Ah!—blessings on him!—I had always liked him well; but from that day I loved him better than any creature but my father and mother and Phemy. I little thought then, that I should live to see him the only relic left to me of that home, and its cherished inmates.

"A year and a half after this event my mother died. An hour before she expired, as Phemy and I were standing weeping by her bed-side, she took our hands and joined them together, bidding God bless us; and she told me to be an elder brother and a protector to Phemy, and never to forget or forsake her. These were almost the last words she uttered.

"My father was for a time inconsolable. But some men, my lord, forget things more easily than others can do: so it was with him. I do not think a year from my mother's death had elapsed, when he married a second wife. This lady was a very different person from my mother. She was the widow of an Edinburgh writer, who had come, after her husband's death, to settle in her native town of Kelso, with an

only son, a boy some months younger than myself. Not only was Mrs. Wardlaw a woman in every respect inferior to my father in birth, but one whose artful manners were employed to disguise a host of bad qualities. But these manners imposed upon my father, as they had done upon other persons before him, and she became his wife, and brought her son home to our house with her.

"I need not say that my indignation was great; not more at the insult to my mother's memory, than at the unsuitableness of the connexion. But what of that? I had no remedy but submission; and so long as I had Phemy to condole with me, the light spirit of youth prevented my dwelling deeply on the circumstance. It had previously been settled that I was to be sent to Edinburgh the ensuing winter, to study at the college, as I should then be sixteen years of age; but during the two months which intervened between the coming home of my stepmother and my departure, I found her all smiles and graciousness, and her son Hugh, apparently disposed to be very companionable with me; although there was a lurking tone in her voice, and a furtive glance in her eye, which sometimes seemed strangely to contradict her hurried words and smiles, casting a character of artifice over all that she said and did; while a supple and cunning pliability appeared in her manner that invincibly repelled my liking. I abhorred from my childhood every thing

that was not straightforward and manly. However, we went on tolerably well together. There was no obstacle thrown in the way of my intercourse with Phemy, and that was all I cared for.

"I set out for Edinburgh in November, and there remained in lodgings during the whole session of the college; while Hugh Wardlaw staid at home, and attended the grammar-school at Kelso during the week, boarding with his mother's relations; and on Saturdays my pony was sent to bring him home to our house. I returned thither myself in the summer; and I had not been long there when I began to experience a sensible alteration in my father's behaviour towards me. My stepmother was all smiles as formerly; but it did not escape my notice that my father was now completely under her management; nor could I help attributing to her a behaviour in him so different from what I had ever before experienced; a harshness, a captiousness, and fault-finding in the veriest trifles, not more new than painful and irritating to my feelings. In proportion, too, as I had declined in favour, Hugh Wardlaw seemed to have advanced. My father could do nothing without him; and the supple villain assumed a patronising and protecting tone towards me, and took it upon himself frequently in my father's presence, to honour me by his advice, more especially if it were on any subject which he knew to be displeasing to me, in a manner that very often went near

to drive me frantic. And all this time, while I became daily made more sensible, by a thousand little nameless things, that there was a line begun to be drawn for me in my father's home, beyond which I must not and could not pass—all this time, while I was daily becoming more of a stranger in my own natural home,—with so much art was it managed, that it was impossible for me to seize upon any occasion of testifying my resentment. Twenty times in a day have I endeavoured to provoke Wardlaw, only that I might have the gratification of thrashing him soundly; but it seemed that the caitiff had not enough of a man in his nature to make him sensible to affronts. The most insulting speech, the most cutting sneer, never raised a shade of colour in his white immoveable visage;—never excited so much of indignant feeling as to make him draw back his round shoulders, and erect himself to look a person in the face. He looked, in good sooth, like the creeping wretch that he was. He would work like a mole under your very feet, and never let you feel his machinations till the ground gave way beneath you. As to his mother, I never entered her presence that I was not received with courtesy, where very elaborateness betrayed it to be hollow, and with smiles — smiles — smiles! That woman could have smiled in your face, while she held a dagger to stab you to the heart.

"I had no comfort but my little bonny blue-eyed

Phemy, — her young brother Charley, and my poor Comhal. Phemy and Charley too, felt what it was to be orphans then. They had never felt it before. They, too, knew by that time, what neglect and unkindness were. I could not but see that; — and to see it, without being able to remedy it — without even having the power of testifying what I felt! you may conceive, my lord, what my sensations were. I cannot describe them. And poor Comhal!—he was my dog; and that was a sufficient reason why my stepmother should hate him. Gradually she had procured the dismissal of all the old servants about the premises; everybody who had loved my mother, or remembered the old order of things:—she had scanned and curtailed every expense; she had reduced every thing in the house to a scale consistent with her own narrow education and her covetousness of money; and poor Comhal, I doubt not, would have shared the fate of other dependents, but that was the only point on which she had found my father inflexible. My mother had been fond of Comhal; — and although he permitted his second wife to prejudice his mind against the beloved son of his first,—to turn off her old servants, and disturb all her arrangements, — he would not suffer her to make away with a favourite dog! But, as his energy in resisting her will did not extend further than a prohibition, that gave him little trouble — for my father was an exceedingly in-

dolent man, and his indolence was the secret of that influence which his wife had acquired over him; my poor dog's commons would have been but short, had it not been for the care of Phemy. She watched over his comforts;—for when I was gone, he was almost her only friend. While I remained at Braeside, he was our constant companion in our walks and wanderings.—Comhal detested Wardlaw: he used to erect the hair on his back, and utter a low growl whenever the fellow came near him. I loved him better, if possible, for this proof of sagacity. That winter, when I returned to Edinburgh, I commended him to the care and protection of Phemy; and she promised through her tears, to be kind to him for my sake.

"Wardlaw was sent to Glasgow College, for he had an uncle there, — some low Whig writer, — and he was to lodge with him. It was a great happiness to me to be free of him so long. During that winter, my stepmother presented my father with a son, from whose arrival I augured no good to myself; and the result has proved that I was under no mistake.

"In short, my lord, not to weary you, that summer was just some degrees worse than the last; and but that I found my dear little Phemy sweeter and lovelier than ever, I would not have remained at home a week. But for her sake I stayed, and we were as inseparable as formerly. The following winter brought me an account of the death of poor little Charley

Herries, from some childish fever. I lamented it deeply, for I had been much attached to the little fellow, who was a very fine boy; and I grieved for the blank that his loss must leave in Phemy's comforts. She sent me a letter—poor girl!—in which she expressed to me her innocent sorrow and lamentation for her brother's death; but, alas! neither she nor I could guess all the cause that we should hereafter have to rue it.

"My next college vacation gave me a clearer idea of the consequences of Phemy's heiress-ship of her brother's estate, and the accumulated rents of his long minority. I found, to my astonishment, that there was no longer to be the same unrestrained intercourse as formerly between her and me. Phemy, no more the neglected girl, who was constantly made to feel her own dependent situation, and allowed to wander unreproved wherever she liked, was now a particular favourite with my step-mother; and as such, was restrained from her former liberty, and confined to the house, in order to attend to her education, and to become skilful in all those devices of needlework with which women learn to while away their time. It was in vain for her to make her escape, as she often did,—poor thing! In some way or other, she was so watched, that she never could be five minutes alone with me. But there was another member of the family towards whom there was no such caution observed.

Instead of Phemy's being, as formerly, confided on all occasions to my charge,—it was now—'Hugh will take care of Phemy!—Hugh will do this and that for Phemy!'—or sometimes—'Hugh would do any thing for Phemy; he is so much attached to her!' And then the oaf had the insolence to fix his great dull eyes upon her with a look of admiration, and to be at all times at her elbow, so that she could not stir without him. Oh, yes! I understood it all. Phemy's estate was a very convenient thing for Mr. Hugh Wardlaw. It was a cunning method of going to work, to persuade a child under fifteen, that he was dying for love of her! A rare device, in truth! And my father's being her guardian, presented no obstacle to their wishes; for he would not have taken the trouble of opposing foul play, even if he had remarked it. While I—who would have poured forth my heart's blood for Phemy when she had not a farthing in the world,—I!—But I must be calm, if I can.

"This state of things could not long endure; and I brought it, through my own agency, to a very unexpected termination. I was wandering about the woods one day, with poor Comhal, when Wardlaw came along the narrow path behind us, with his gun in his hand. He had been shooting. Comhal was in his way—and, like a brute as he was, he raised his foot to thrust him aside. The noble beast showed all his teeth, and growled fiercely, as he turned round

upon him; and I turned my head just in time to see the dastard,—the contemptible dastard,—point the muzzle of his gun towards the head of my brave hound, and lay his finger on the trigger. I had tried his strength—in another instant the gun was whirling through the air, far down into the glen; and in another instant, he followed it. I seized him by the throat,—and thrust him down the steep bank with my foot. I could have done it, in the strength of my long-repressed scorn and passion, had he been the Wallace wight himself.

"I returned home, fully expecting to be called upon to give the fellow—craven as he was,—the satisfaction of a gentleman. I thought he could do no less. What, my lord, do you suppose was the satisfaction of which he availed himself? *He went and told his mother!* Yes—ha, ha, ha!—he told his mother! Excuse me, my lord. There is little humour in my composition, heaven knows,—and there was little laughter in the affair for me;—but I believe I should laugh upon my death-bed, if I thought of that.

"You may easily imagine the sequel. A fine tragic story was conveyed to my father. My stepmother wept before him for her dear son, who had to keep his bed, from the bruises he had received in his descent down the brae; but yet she begged that he would take no notice of it to me—she could not bear to be the means of mischief. Her prayers met with the atten-

tion she anticipated. I was summoned to my father's presence; commanded to offer the most abject apology; refused to do it,—and was desired to leave the house for ever.

"I had no wish to remain in it. My preparations were soon made. Poor Phemy broke, almost by force, from her restraint, and rushed to my room all drowned in tears, to implore me to stay. I kissed and clasped her to my heart; I implored her not to forget me, or to suffer my enemies to injure me in her estimation; and I told her, for my sake, to take care of Comhal. I then tore myself away.

"My father was under the necessity of affording me the means of support in Edinburgh, where I proceeded, as I had always intended, to apply myself to the study of the law. Had he not been obliged to maintain me, I am sure my kind friend at home would have induced him to withdraw the somewhat scanty allowance he doled out to me; but unluckily for her, the law was on my side. I could not bear the thought of appearing undutiful to my father; and I wrote to him, not long after I had left the house, telling him the whole story; and while I assured him that I felt it to be better that I should leave his house, than remain in it on the terms of the last two years, yet entreating for a few lines from his hand to acquit me of the charge of ingratitude towards him. More there was, a great deal, to the same purpose; but I

suppose it was never allowed to reach him, for I received no answer to it. And this was my last intercourse with my family for the space of three years. The villain Wardlaw came to Edinburgh, and was bound apprentice to a writer; but he and I passed each other, when we met, without recognition. I sometimes heard of the proceedings at Braeside from our minister's son, who was in Edinburgh studying divinity. He informed me that things were going on with them in the usual way; and that my father began to look older, and rather to decline in health; intelligence which did not a little afflict me, when I thought of the terms to which the treachery of others had brought us. I was also told by the same young man, that the influence of my stepmother seemed to augment every day, and that it was believed that she could do any thing with my father. To this was added, that Phemy Herries had grown up the loveliest girl in the whole country-side; but that she was kept unaccountably secluded, and prevented from mixing with her equals in the neighbourhood, never even coming to church without my stepmother accompanying her; while Wardlaw, who spent every leisure moment that he could command at Braeside, was the only young man who ever entered the house; and that a report began to spread that the heiress and he were to be married. This news was no more than I had expected, but it very nearly drove me out of my senses. Ren-

dered almost desperate, I resolved to write a letter to Phemy, and intrust it to the care of the young divinity-student, William Moir. I did so; and on his next visit to his father, he found means to slip it into her hand one day, coming out of church. The week passed, and he heard nothing from her; but on the following Sabbath he again joined them as they walked down the church-yard; and my stepmother's attention being attracted for the moment, Phemy hastily turned round to him, and said, in a low hurried voice, "Tell my dear cousin Patrick from me, Willie, that I shall never forget him,—never! But bid him for God's sake write no more letters to me, and be satisfied that I keep the love of him in my heart. I am too closely watched to dare write to him; and if it were discovered that *he* wrote to me—" At that moment my stepmother turned round towards them, and Phemy durst say no more; nor could William Moir ever obtain speech of her afterwards. Yet slender as the consolation was that he brought me, it was very precious to me. My poor Phemy! Little had my mother thought when she blessed us on her death-bed——But I must go on with my story.

"Well, my lord, I need not remind you of a time that I dare be sworn, you have as little forgotten as I have, the glorious Forty-five. I joined the Prince's army, God bless him!—on the same day with Colquhoun Grant, who was an intimate friend of mine. You

remember Colquhoun Grant, my lord? He that chased Hawley's cowardly loons all the way from Preston into the very Netherbow Port of Edinburgh, up to the Castle gates, and then galloped out again, with never a man that durst stop him. I fought in the Prince's body-guard, side by side with Grant. God send him a happier deliverance from his troubles than mine has been!* There is no need to linger over these stories. You, my lord, know them all as well as I do; and the subject is not a very pleasant one to any of us. It is quite enough to say, that I went with the army into England, and returned with it again to Scotland.

"The day following our arrival at Glasgow, just as it was beginning to grow dusky, and a bitter cold winter-day it was, I was passing through a narrow street, to reach the house in which I was quartered, when on a sudden I heard my name softly pronounced. I stopped short, and looked up and down the street, but not a living creature was in sight. 'Look up,' then said the voice, 'look up, Patrick Kerr.' I raised my head with a sudden start, for there was something in the tone that I knew. A window just above me was open, and a female figure leaning out of it, wrapped in a silk plaid. She removed its folds from her face as I obeyed her desire; and, changed as she was since I had seen her last, dim as the light was growing, I recognised her in an instant,—my own darling Phemy!

* The prayer, as the Scottish reader knows, was heard, in the case of the gallant man alluded to.

"Astonishment and delight rendered me speechless. She spoke again, in a soft whisper, and told me that my stepmother had come to Glasgow, to attend the death-bed of her brother, and had brought her along with her; fearful, as Phemy supposed, of leaving her alone at Braeside, with her uncle. I besought her to tell me news of my father,—of the usage she herself had received,—of all that I had so long wished to hear; but she told me that she durst not at that moment, as she expected her aunt back immediately. She entreated me, for her sake and my own, not to stay. She shed tears, poor girl! and begged me not to remain with her then—happy as it made her to see me once more. Since our army had entered Glasgow, so fearful was my stepmother of her meeting me, whom she knew to be in it, that she had forbidden her so much as to stir from the house; and Phemy dared not disobey her. But she added, that the woman was much from home, with her sick brother; and if I would return on the morrow, at an hour she named, if all were safe, she would try, when she saw me from the window, to prevail upon the people of the house to let her admit me for a short time; 'for oh! Patrick,' said she, 'I have much—much to tell you; but go now—go, for my sake.'

"I went. What else could I do? But I slept none that night; and I thought the day would never break; and when it had broken, I thought the hour of my

appointment would never come. It came at last, though; as all hours do, whether we want them or not;—and, not to delay my story, Phemy's contrivance had secured us the means of a short hour's undisturbed conversation. I hardly know how she managed it; but women have a wonderful sort of invention about them in these things. I can hardly bear, my lord, to look back to that conversation: mournful as it was, there was a happiness in that—that—in short, it was *the last* happy hour I ever passed; for the thought of it now, when all is over, is sometimes more than I can stand, without fairly making a fool of myself.

"Yet it was sad enough," continued Kerr, after a moment's pause. "Phemy had nothing but sore news for me. What between his own prejudices, and his wife's misrepresentations, my father had been so exasperated at my joining the *Rebels*, as he was pleased to call them, that he would not hear my name mentioned, and bestowed all his affection on Hugh Wardlaw and on his wife's son; while, such was the art of the woman, that she would not even leave Phemy alone with him, lest she should plead my cause. Poor Phemy herself, was watched just as I had been informed, like a prisoner; and I extorted from her a confession, that the object of all this watching was to force her into a marriage with Wardlaw. 'But, Patrick,' she exclaimed, seeing my indignation and alarm, 'you do not so far misjudge me, surely, as to think that their

plans will succeed? You know, as long as I am a minor, I must continue to live with my uncle; but wait till I be one-and-twenty, and then my estate will be my own, and nobody will have a right to control me.'

"'Ah, Phemy!' said I, 'many a thing may happen before that time.'

"'Many a thing, Patrick,' answered she,—and she drew up her white neck like a swan, and looked me in the face with her bright blue eye,—'many a thing may happen, but not that thing. I am not the creature that you would think me. Do *you* believe I would marry Hugh Wardlaw? Your very hound would judge me better, if he could speak to say so! Poor Comhal does not think, I 'll answer for him, that the hand that feeds and fondles him every day for his master's sake, would ever clasp that of Hugh Wardlaw.'

"Could I think it? No, no; I never did. I clasped her to my heart, and kissed away the proud tears that had risen to her eyes; and was happy, for the time, at any rate. At last we parted; and just before she bade me farewell, Phemy took the white cockade from my bonnet, and placing it in her bosom, replaced it with another, which she had made herself for me. It was all she had to give: it is blood-stained, and weather-beaten, and faded, now—like our cause and my hopes—but I wear it next my heart yet. It will only leave me at my dying-day. I have a lock of her

bonny brown hair, too;—and she *had* one of mine; but whether she still has it——Well, I will never part with hers, any way.

"We thought, when we parted, that we might contrive to have another meeting; but we never had. The next day, when I went into the street, to look up at the windows of her lodgings, they were open and deserted-looking. I inquired of the people in the house, and found that my stepmother and Phemy had departed at break of day: it is probable that the woman had discovered some clue to our meeting. I returned to my quarters, with a heart that our poor Prince himself need not have envied me,—it was so sunk and desolate. But I had nothing for it, save patience and the hope of better days. I kept that hope as long as I could.

"I need not dwell, my lord, on the events of that melancholy winter, far less on the closing scene of all. None of us are likely to forget the 16th of April, 1746. When it was all at an end, on that bitter day, I contrived, with some difficulty, to make my escape to the hill. I had received a slight wound, but that was of little consequence, luckily, for I had no time to attend to it. I led a life of wandering and hardship for weeks, while endeavouring to reach the Lowlands; in the course of which attempt at escape, I had to skulk in the most deserted and solitary places, for fear of the incarnate devils of soldiers, who were scouring the

country, and committing deeds that make my blood boil with fury, when I think of it yet. I frequently passed days without food of any kind, and very narrowly escaped being taken several times. But it shames me to speak of these things. What right had I to murmur? The son of my king was far worse off than I; and blood has dyed their accursed English scaffolds, of many a one that was nobler, and better, and loftier, than ever I was. These were the days when the vanquished had the honours, and the victors the shame.

"Obscure as I was, if I had possessed friends in my father's house, a few months' hiding might have served to make my name be forgotten; for you know, my lord, there were few ministers who would read the infamous proclamation which commanded them and their parishioners to deliver up the rebels among them to government; and though there were hundreds taken, both in Scotland and in Ireland, and in the Isle of Man, and driven like sheep to the Southron shambles, yet many effected their escape, or remained in concealment among their friends, till the storm blew over. But I had no friends: there was no one at home that would have sheltered me, save one, who durst not and could not. I felt that my only safety would be to endeavour to reach the nearest seaport in the Lowlands, thence to embark for this country; and that was the course on which I determined. Now

that all our hopes were overthrown, it was a matter of little consequence to me whither I went. France could not be a colder soil to me than my own Scotland had proved. But there was one thing that I could not leave my country without doing. Rebel as I was considered, wandering among lone hills and wild glens, with a price upon my head if I were discovered, I could not fly, perhaps for ever, from my native land, and not bid farewell to Phemy. I resolved, at all hazards, to look upon the dwelling of my father yet once more before I went.

"After extreme difficulties and terrible hardships, I at length arrived on the ground of Braeside. The house stands in a solitary spot, at the foot of a hill, overlooking a steep bank that slopes down to the river; it is surrounded on all sides by wood; but there is no other residence within a mile of it. The nearest human habitation is a small cottage, which was tenanted, at that time, by a widow-woman and her sons, of the name of Peddie. Andrew Peddie was a lad about my own age, and we had played together many a day when we were children. I thought I might trust myself to him; and I presented myself before his eyes and his old mother's, late at night, just when they were opening the Bible to begin their evening exercise. They did not recognise me at first. Little wonder! I was more like a ghost, I fancy, than a man. What with starvation, and want of sleep, and exposure to the

weather, I must have worn a wild look. And then my Highland dress, (for though a Lowlander, my friendship for Colquhoun Grant had brought me into John Roy Stewart's regiment), my Highland dress was all ragged and stained. Besides all that, I had left them a boy, and I returned a war-worn man, though not a very old one. But when I had disclosed myself to them, if you had seen the welcome they gave me! My lord, it raised my opinion of human nature. They were Whigs, and I a Jacobite; they knew that a price was on the head of every follower of the Prince; they knew they were liable to death, by the savage Cumberland's proclamation at Perth, if they concealed or assisted me; and yet, had I been a triumphant conqueror of their own party, they could not have received me with greater joy or warmer kindness. They insisted on my remaining with them that night; and Andrew promised to bring me on the morrow to a sure place of concealment, where I might lie hid till he conveyed a message from me to Phemy, and brought her to the spot. This, he assured me, was a necessary precaution; for Wardlaw, who was at present at my father's, had been one of the most active in enforcing the measures of coercion, and had already assisted the soldiery, who had passed through, or were still in the neighbourhood, in apprehending several rebels. I learned from Andrew, likewise, that my father was very ill. This intelligence filled me with agony. I half resolved, at

whatever cost, to see him once again, and to implore his blessing; but I deferred taking any definitive step, till I should meet Phemy on the following day.

"I knelt down beside my faithful friends, and united with them in their evening worship; and there was something so tranquilizing to my mind in this long-disused rite, that I believe it greatly served to compose me into the peaceful sleep that I enjoyed under their roof, in the first bed that I had lain on since we had marched out of Inverness, on the 14th of April, to bivouac in Culloden Parks.

"Long before day-break I was wakened by Andrew Peddie. We partook of a plentiful breakfast of porridge and milk; and the honest lad, having with some difficulty prevailed upon me to accept from him some articles of dress, necessary to disguise my appearance, and to take a grey lowland plaid in exchange for my own ragged tartan one, we set forth together for the destined place of my concealment,—a deep, dark cove, far down in the glen, among the trees, about a mile from my father's house. I entered it, and Andrew closed up its opening with branches and dried sticks, and left me there, promising to take my message to Phemy at the earliest hour that he could venture to approach the house without suspicion.

"Some hours passed slowly on; and from the place of concealment I watched the grey light of dawn gradually brightening and brightening among the trees,

till at last long lines of sunshine pierced through them, turning the leaves and stems that they touched to gold. The birds had been wakening up by degrees, first with a low twittering noise, and then with a louder note; but the moment those bright beams found their way into the deep woody glen—what a joyful burst of song there rose from every tree and every bough! It was the gladdest chorus I ever heard. I lay within the mouth of the cave, and listened to it, and thought what a strange thing it was that the glorious sun, and the beautiful world in which these poor innocent creatures were rejoicing with such thankful hearts, should bear such a different aspect to man, who was formed in God's own image, and intended to be the lord of all. And then I looked back to many a bright summer-morning in these woods long ago, and remembered how they used to ring to Comhal's deep bark, and to my own merry voice,—and now I durst not show my face among them! The thought made me very melancholy; but I tried to keep up the good heart I had done all along, and hope for better times to come; and then, as the hours wore on, and the sun rose higher, and sent brighter rays into the glen, I forgot all these thoughts together, and remembered nothing but that I should see Phemy. I was convinced that she would come the first moment that she could escape unobserved; and I listened, and watched every sound, and started up a hundred times, thinking I heard the

rustling of feet approaching through the wood; but it was sure to be nothing but some bird hopping among the long grass, or a hare limping past the cave: so then I lay down again, and stretched myself out, determined not to listen, but to let them come upon me unobserved; and thus I would remain perhaps for five minutes, when some louder rustle would startle me up again, convinced that this time I could not be mistaken. Still the hours wore on; the sun began to decline away round to the west, as I supposed, from the alteration in the lights and shadows, but nobody came; neither Phemy nor Andrew. Nobody came. Then my heart began to sink like lead; and I thought I knew not what. And then a fierce, burning, quivering sort of thrill ran from my heart down through all my limbs; and I would start up, resolved to endure it no longer, but to rush out, and go to the house myself. I felt as if I could not rest another instant in the cave. But that was madness; so I sat down again, and stretched out my feet, and remained perfectly still, while my heart beat, and my head burned, and I hardly knew where I was, or what I felt, or any thing, but that I was miserable and forsaken. My manhood never was so near deserting me as during that long, weary, fearful day of suspense and torture.

"I think the sun was set, or nearly so, when at last a foot approached my hiding-place; the boughs were pushed away, and Andrew — Andrew alone — stood

before me. He had brought some food, but I could not eat; I could scarce speak to ask the news which my heart told me were no good ones. I heard them time enough. He had watched, and waited, and loitered about the house all the morning; but he could catch no glance of Phemy. He learned from the servants that my father was very ill; that he had had a fit of apoplexy, and was not expected to live. At last he gathered resolution from the despair he was in, and catching hold of a woman servant whom he met going to the well, he implored her to go to Miss Herries, and beg her to speak to him for a minute. The woman went, but never came back; nor did Phemy attend the summons. He waited nearly half an hour, and then in desperation entered the house. He found no one in the kitchen but a little girl, and her he desired to go up stairs to Miss Herries, and entreat her, for the love of God, to come and speak to him on a matter of life and death. But he warned her to deliver the message privately. She went; but, as Andrew feared, the message, whether or not delivered to Phemy, reached other ears besides; for in less than ten minutes my stepmother and Wardlaw entered the kitchen together, and commanded him instantly to leave the house, and to tell those who sent him that 'Miss Herries would not come at their bidding; that she was soon to be Mr. Wardlaw's lady, and would attend the beck of no one.'

"At these last words I started up like a madman. Phemy the wife of Wardlaw! My father on his death-bed! By heaven!" I exclaimed, "come what may, I *will* go to the house myself."

"'Lords'-sake, sir!' interposed Andrew, 'ye sall gang nae sic gate. Has Wardlaw no been after me the haill day, to watch where I was gaun? I deustna leuk near ye till this blessed moment, fa fear o'm. An' I but cam een noo, to warn ye to tak the bent; fa' as sure 's death I seed him saddlin' the black powney to ride awa', for twae o' thae deevils o' sodgers that is quartered at Jeddart to catch the Prince's men. I ken fine they 've gotten an inkling that it 's you that 's here, and they wat weel there 's nane o' yer ain fock wad help to tak ye. Ye maun e'en gang, sir, as lang 's the coast's clear.'

"But I would listen neither to remonstrance nor entreaty. I just begged the honest fellow to return home, and save my conscience from the sin of involving him in my misfortunes; and I promised him that I would be as prudent as circumstances admitted; but go I must, and would. It was with the utmost difficulty that I could prevail upon him to leave me; but at last the thought of his old mother overcame him, and he went. I parted in him with my last friend. No matter; it was fit it should be so.

"The shadows of evening were deepening fast, when I emerged from the road, and stood upon the green-

sward before my father's house. Every thing was just as I had left it. I could have been womanly enough to shed tears, when I looked at the old walls again, for my heart was swelling high within me. But I had no time. I approached and tried the front door. When I had last closed it behind me, lock or bolt had never shut it; we should have considered the presence of either a slur on our name for hospitality. Now it was firmly locked and barred, and would not give way for me. I turned from it to a window, the window of the little room that used to be mine. I believe it too was bolted; but with a desperate wrench I forced it up, climbed on the sill, and leapt down into the chamber. All was darkness and emptiness there. I think they had turned it into a sort of lumber-room, for I stumbled against broken chairs, and other useless articles, as I groped my way to the door. At last I laid my hand on the lock; it turned, and I found myself in the little hall, which, in like manner, was still and silent; though I heard a distant murmur of voices from the kitchen, the door of which was beyond that at which I had entered. I crossed to the narrow turnpike stair at the other side, by which all the upper apartments of the house were gained, and began to ascend. At the top of the first landing were two doors, one leading to the dining-room, the other, opposite it, to my father's chamber, and between was a window looking out to the wood. A light glimmered

beneath the door of the room. I paused a moment; then, with desperate resolution, pushed it open, and entered the chamber.

"So softly had the door turned on its hinges, that for a moment nobody saw me. I stood unobserved upon the threshold, and surveyed the scene. The curtains of the bed were drawn back, and upon it lay my father, more like a breathing corpse than a living man, pale, withered, and attenuated. My stepmother sat on a chair beside the bed, and at her feet stood a little boy, her son. A female servant, whom I remembered about the house, was standing at the fire. On a sudden the latter raised her head, looked towards me, and uttered a piercing scream. It was echoed by her mistress, as she started up in terror, and while the child yelled and clung to her, hiding his face. *My father heard it not.* And none of them knew me at first,—not one of them. I stood on that threshold a stranger. No, not to every one there; *one* there was that had not forgotten me: my Comhal, my poor old Comhal! who was lying couched in a dark corner of the apartment, *he* knew his master in an instant. He sprung to me, and leapt upon my breast, and licked my face and hands, and howled in an ecstasy of gladness; and I clasped him round the neck, and kissed him as I would have done a human being. He was the only living thing that had not forsaken me.

"Disengaging myself from him, I stepped forward,

and stood before my stepmother. The other woman fled from the room, and the child ran after her. We two were left alone with my dying father. 'Woman,' said I, in a low stern voice, 'do you know me?'

"She had quailed before me for a moment—only a moment. Her natural hardihood soon returned; she laughed with a bitter expression of scorn. 'Know you?' she said, 'Oh, ay, surely I know you, Patrick Kerr.' And while she spoke, she moved to the door, whispered something to a person whom I heard ascending the stairs, and who quickly ran down again; then locking it, put the key into her pocket, and returned to her seat. 'Are you come to attend your cousin Phemy's marriage?' asked she, 'or to open your father's will, that makes my son the heir to his estate? Ha, ha, ha!'

"'Woman,' I exclaimed, 'do not tempt a desperate man. Go, go instantly, and bring Phemy Herries here to me, that I may hear that contradicted by her own lips, before I bid her farewell. I come for no other purpose. Keep your dirty spoil: I will never claim it from your son; but go and bring Phemy to me.'

"'You had better go yourself,' she replied with a sneer; 'better go yourself, and get the same answer that your messenger got to-day. Phemy will hold no communion with you; she is my son's betrothed wife.'

"I grasped her arm with my hand. 'Go,' said I,

'go instantly! I will—I *will* see Phemy before I leave this spot.'

"'You will probably leave it sooner than you think,' she replied. 'Phemy you shall never see more. Unhand me.'

"I did,—to spring to the door. It was fast locked, and defied my desperate efforts. She laughed again.

"'It will open time enough,' said she: 'Phemy will not come to you, though I went and prayed her on my knees to come. She believes that you have forgotten her, and are betrothed to a lady in Inverness, in the Pretender's train. I took care to bring her good proof of it; and she has given her promise to my son.

"The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when I had seized her again, with the grasp of a tiger. 'Devil! devil!' I exclaimed, 'it is false! it is false! You lie, woman, she believes no such story.'

"'She believes it all,' returned she, struggling to free her shoulder from my hand: 'Idiot! let me go. She *does* believe it; as surely she believes it, as you are a rebel, and shall die a rebel's death; and as surely as the last words your father spoke were a curse upon your head for a disobedient son.'

"'A curse, woman, a curse!' My very brain was whirling. 'Unsay the words! unsay them, or—'

"'Never!' she replied, 'they are true. The curse of a father cleaves fast.'

"I flung her from me—I sprang to the bed—

I threw myself on my knees beside it, and I caught the pale chill hand that lay extended on the coverlet. 'Father,' I exclaimed, in a tone of agony, while I gasped for breath, and the big drops rolled over my forehead — 'Father! you did not curse me—you did not curse your son, father? Hear me! for God's sake hear me, father! Look up, and hear me.'

"The hand of death let go its hold for a minute. My father opened his eyes. Yes, yes, I am sure he knew me. I felt sure the curse was revoked. I had but a moment to look upon his dying face. A sound was heard; a step upon the stair, and Comhal leaped up, and howled till the roof rang again. The woman flung open the door as I sprang to my feet, and darted forward. There, within two steps of the landing-place, I beheld Wardlaw ascending the stairs, and behind him I descried the figure of a soldier, while other voices sounded below, as if also about to ascend. I planted myself firmly at the top of the steps; the caitiff sprang up and seized me by the shoulder, when, with one effort, I shook myself from him, griped him in my strong arms, and hurled him down the narrow stair. He bore down the soldier in his fall. A vigorous leap placed me on the ledge of the window behind me; I dashed out glass, frame, and all, at a blow, and without a moment's hesitation sprang from it, followed by my gallant hound.

"I alighted on a heap of newly cut grass, which

broke my fall; and in another minute Comhal and I were diving into the very heart of the wood, and away for the hills. My perfect knowledge of the ground, and the darkness of the night, gave me a vast advantage over my southron pursuers, and before day-break we were beyond the reach of immediate danger.

"In short, not to weary your lordship, after a few more weeks of hiding and difficulty, I succeeded in effecting my escape by sea, and reached this country; where I was ill enough off for a while, till I fell in with some of my old friends. But in all my hardships, poor Comhal stuck fast by me; and in the worst days of privation and trouble that we underwent, I shared my last morsel with him. He lay in my bosom among the cold hills at night, and kept me warm; and all the day he walked by my side, and looked up in my face, as much as to remind me, that I still had one friend left. Yes, my lord, I have never heard another word of home since that fatal night. I am an exile in this strange land. I have lost all—mother, father, mistress, house and home, name and property. There is not a living thing on this earth that would mourn over my grave, were I laid there to-morrow, but this poor brute alone: he has been faithful, when all beside were false. Little wonder then that I like Comhal."

Lord Ogilvie felt himself singularly affected by the narrative of the exiled soldier. The misfortunes of

Patrick Kerr were of that sort which admit of no remedy that friendship can devise; but his noble friend gave him all that he could give — kind words and sincere sympathy; and he had the pleasure of perceiving that these were not without a beneficial effect on the torn and desolate heart which received them. From that day a warm affection sprang up between them, which continued during the whole of their after lives; and from that day, the melancholy of Kerr, though not less settled than before, seemed to assume a gentler character under the influence of friendship and participation.

It so happened that considerably more than a month after he had related his history to Lord Ogilvie, Patrick Kerr was seated alone, late one evening, when he was informed that a man desired to speak with him. On this person being shown into the room, the young officer found him to be a servant belonging to an inn in the town, who told him that he had been sent by a stranger who had just arrived by sea, to request an immediate interview with the sous-lieutenant Kerr, of Lord Ogilvie's regiment. Kerr, while preparing to obey the summons, not a little astonished at its purport, demanded the name of the stranger. This, however, the garçon could not tell him. He had been out when the arrival took place, and only knew the message which his master had called him in to deliver. There was nothing for it therefore but to seek the stranger's presence, as speedily as might be.

They walked fast, and soon reached the inn, where Kerr was ushered into an apartment occupied by an elderly man and a lady wrapped in a large mantle. The former arose as he entered, and looked towards him. That look arrested him, as though it had been a sorcerer's spell—for in the venerable countenance and grey hairs of the old man before him, he recognised an intimate friend of his father, Elliot of Braidislee, the nearest neighbour to his family in their native country. The lady at the same moment more slowly rose, and raised the mantle from her face. Kerr stood for a second speechless with amazement and delight; then darted forward, and clasped her to his heart. It was Phemy Herries herself! Those only who have known what it is to lie sunk in utter hopelessness and sorrow, with not a gleam of light to shine upon the future—with their fate, as they imagined, irretrievably fixed for suffering — those only who have known this, and have been, in a manner that seemed almost miraculous, rescued from the depths of despair to happiness, can conceive the full transports of a meeting such as theirs.

The explanation of Phemy, related without the interruptions which it experienced from the questions of her lover, was a simple one. She had, indeed, been deceived by her uncle's cruel wife and her perfidious son; and led, by a thousand artfully contrived devices, to believe her cousin faithless to her; but beyond that

she had not gone. No entreaties, no persuasion, could induce her to consent to a marriage with Wardlaw, since Patrick had deceived her; if she should eventually find that such had been the case (for to the last she retained her incredulity), she would never know another love. But she had no redress, and no appeal from the daily persecutions by which she was assailed; and her seclusion was maintained more rigidly than ever. Of her cousin's message, on the day of his appearance at home, she had never heard a syllable. Overcome by fatigue in attending her uncle's sick-bed, she had lain down in her own apartment to rest, in the evening: she was awakened by the noise of a dreadful scuffle, and on flying to her door, found it locked on the outside; nor was it until hours afterwards that a servant appeared, and told her that one of the rebels had entered the house, and had severely hurt Wardlaw, and one of the soldiers in effecting his escape. The heart of Phemy told her who this rebel was; but not a person in the house would afford her the smallest intelligence to assuage her agonies of distress; nor was it till after many days that she received from Andrew Peddie the bitter narrative of that day, wound up by a report of which he informed her, that a dead body had been found, dashed to pieces at the foot of a precipice among the hills; and that, although the face was too much disfigured to be identified, the dress and height exactly corresponded with those of her unhappy lover. This

corpse of some other unfortunate adherent of the Stuart cause, too frightfully mangled to be removed far from the spot where it was found, was, in fact, buried by the country people, under the impression of its being that of Patrick Kerr. The dreadful news almost broke the heart of Phemy. She gave herself up to despair, refused to speak to her aunt or Wardlaw, now again able to walk about the house on crutches, and spent her whole time in devoted attendance on her uncle, who, strange to tell, began to recover from the effects of what had been deemed his death stroke. The mind of the old man was haunted by a vision of having seen his son Patrick, while he lay confined to his bed; and this idea, which his wife had constantly sought to discredit, Phemy could now confirm. Her tears and lamentations over the fate of her unhappy cousin, softened his father's heart; but he still continued too completely under the influence of his wife to dare gainsay her, although he so far exerted his authority as to prohibit, at his niece's earnest entreaty, any farther mention of the suit of Wardlaw. And thus matters continued for about a year; at the end of which time an accident put a period to the life of the child for whom the step-mother of Patrick had committed so much sin. Her little son fell into the river at its deepest part, and was brought home a corpse. The unhappy mother, conscience-stricken as it seemed, took to her bed, whence she never rose

again. She was seized with fever, and died in a few days. Just before her death, she confessed to her husband her hatred to his elder son; and to Phemy the falsehood of which she and Wardlaw had been guilty, in their assertion of Patrick's inconstancy. She told them of his visit; of her detaining him till the soldiers arrived, and of her telling him that his father had cursed him; — an assertion which was likewise false, and only made with the malignant hope of driving him to desperation. She expired in agonies of remorse; and left her stupified hearers in a state little less terrible. The first act of the laird was to command Wardlaw's departure from the house; his next, to institute some search into the fate of his unhappy son. But in those times of distress, proscription, and terror, the conduct of such a search was no easy matter; more especially as he was too old and feeble to take an active part in it. No Jacobite would venture to give up the name, or declare the fate of another; no Whig chose to avow his connexion with a Jacobite; and the thousands of unfortunate men who had perished in the field, or on the scaffold, or who had effected an escape in disguise, or under assumed names, presented an almost inextricable maze of confusion to any one seeking after a comparatively obscure individual. The laird died ere the search could be completed; enjoining his niece, with his last breath, to prosecute it, and to convey his

blessing to his injured son, should he yet survive. His will was found to have left his estate in trust to two friends, one of whom was Elliot of Braidislee, to be held for some years in behalf of his absent son, until it should be discovered what his fate had been; failing his appearance, it went to a relation of his own name. Phemy Herries, now of age and in possession of her own property, relaxed not in her efforts to trace out her cousin. The laird of Braidislee accompanied her to Edinburgh for that purpose; and just when they were beginning to despair, and Phemy recurred with anguish to the belief that the mangled corpse among the hills must indeed have been that of the lover of her youth, a letter from a gentleman at Paris, one of the Prince's suite, furnished them with the long-sought information. No time was lost in procuring a pardon for Kerr, with permission to enter upon his estate; and this, as Government began to be somewhat weary of its severity, was by no means the difficult negociation anticipated by Braidislee. The faithful Phemy only awaited its arrival, to put herself under the protection of her venerable friend, and with him to seek out her long-lost cousin. She would entrust to no other hands than her own, the mandate which restored him to his country and his home.

The reader will readily anticipate the sequel. More fortunate than many of his fellow-exiles, Patrick Kerr returned to the house of his fathers, and to the enjoy-

ment of her constant affection who had clung to him through evil report and through good report; and even when he imagined that all the world had forsaken him. The companion of his banishment and his sorrow, the faithful Comhal, accompanied his master home, and closed a long life beneath the shades which had witnessed its commencement. His ashes repose near the door of Braeside; nor were Patrick and Phemy Kerr ashamed of the tears which they shed over the grave of one whose mute fidelity might have put many of man's lordly race to silence and confusion. Let him who scoffs at the grief which mourns a hound, go and learn a lesson from that hound's unwavering attachment and unshaken constancy to his human friend.

TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT. DEC. 31ST, 182—.

I.

FARE thee well, thou fitful dream!
Yet an hour, and all is o'er—
And, to-morrow's rising beam
Shall light thy path no more.
Fare thee well! yet ere we part—
Ere thine hours have ceased to be,
Take thy tribute from my heart,
My blessing home with thee.

II.

Yes, my blessing! By my tears,
By my heaving bosom's pain,
Thou hast brought what future years
Ne'er can bring again.
And though 'neath the glorious flowers,
Lurked the sting that pierced my breast,
Yet, oh! yet, thy vanished hours—
I will call them blest.

III.

Calm and peaceful were they never—
Theirs was many an anguish sore;
Theirs it was a tie to sever
What earth unites no more.
Yet through mists of gloom and tears,
Dwelt ONE sunbeam on my breast—
Oh! beyond all other years,
I will call thee blest.

IV.

Words can never, never tell
Half the feelings bound to thee—
Half the thrilling dreams that dwell
With thy deathless memory.
Thine has been the power to raise
Burning spells to break my rest—
Yet, oh! yet, thy parted days—
I WILL call them blest.

V.

Hark! a sound! thou vanished year!
Now thy brief career is o'er:
Take, oh! take, my parting tear,
We shall meet no more.
Sleep in dust, mid ages gone—
There it rang, thy funeral knell!
But in my heart, while time moves on,
Shall live our last Farewell.

STANZAS.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

I.

Oh! never, never hand of mine,
Will wake the harp again,—
The viewless harp! the many voiced!
The long beloved in vain!

II.

Oh! never, never heart of mine,
Throughout its inmost core,
With thrilling tones and symphonies,
Will vibrate as of yore.

III.

On hand and heart, and spirit now,
A deadening spell hath dropt;
"The vision and the voice" are o'er,
The stream of fancy stopt.

IV.

'T was thus I mused, when suddenly
A strain of music stole,—
Like perfume on the night breeze borne,—
Into mine inmost soul.

V.

And lo! the living instrument,
The chords unswept so long,
Responded those mysterious tones,
And trembled into song!

THE PEDAGOGUE'S HOLIDAY.

The bliss of leisure to the toil-worn man,
None but the toil-worn man can ever know:
From care and clamour freed, how sweetly flow
To me the moments of my vacant span!
O'er head, a leafy shade which zephyrs fan,
A fresh and daisy-spangled turf below;
Of fragrant flowers around, a gorgeous show;—
'T is surely Paradise before the ban!
So neighboured, I in welcome ease recline,
And listen to thy music, busy bee!
What means this greeting? is it thy design
To rouse me to thy gainful industry?
I know the honey of each blossom thine,
But envy not—'t is holiday with me.

J. W.

LA BELLE CAUCHOISE.

Gentle Reader, have you ever been at Dieppe or Rouen?—If not, take my advice, and go there as speedily as possible, and I promise you you will see sights which will amply repay you for any thing disagreeable that you may encounter in the voyage.

At the latter end of the month of May, 1830, I became an invalid; and instead of following my doctor's recommendation of spending a month at Brighton, I determined at all risks to see something of life abroad; and taking advantage of the steam vessel, soon found myself at Dieppe. I was no stranger to the country itself; but I confess that had I been set down in Rotterdam, the appearance of the town and its residents could hardly have presented a stronger contrast than that of the people of Normandy, as compared with the inhabitants of the northern provinces of the same nation.

The peculiarity which first strikes a stranger in this neighbourhood, is the grotesque attire of the

greater part of the population, the form of which has undergone scarcely any alteration since the fifteenth century; indeed it is still the custom of the inhabitants of Normandy to transmit, from one generation to another, the rich cap of Flanders lace, with its accompaniment of gold ornaments, that adorned the heads of their respective families some hundred years before.

The first object that presented itself on my landing that I had an opportunity of particularly observing, was the person of a young woman, apparently the daughter of some small farmer. She was seated at the foot of the gigantic cross on the right hand side of the cliff, and seemed to be watching the world of waters, as though in the hope of catching the first sight of some expected sail.

She was dressed in the full costume of Normandy, with none of those attempts at modification which destroy the picturesqueness of the ancient without achieving the simplicity of the modern style of dress. Her petticoat was made of scarlet serge, gathered round the waist in as many plaits as the utmost ingenuity could extort out of the material; the body of the dress was brown, with sleeves closely fitting the arms. A scarlet fringed handkerchief covered her neck, and a bright purple apron completed this part of her attire. Let no hyper-critic call in question the harmony of colours thus displayed;—they were those chosen by

Raphael of old as fit investiture for his Madonnas; and certainly on the maiden in question they looked both attractive and picturesque. Her cap—but how can I describe the tower of stiffened muslin that she bore upon her head!—a framework of pasteboard was first erected, in form somewhat resembling a half-crescent; this was covered with blue silk, which was succeeded in its turn by folds of snowy muslin, richly garnished with the finest Flanders lace;—waving lappets, having something of the appearance of wings, rested on the shoulders;—and massive golden earrings, with rings on two of her fingers, and a cross and clasp of the same precious metal appended to her neck, completed her costume.

No sooner did she find that she was an object of remark, than she arose and left her seat, whilst I, on my part, availed myself of one of the many "recommendations" thrust upon me, and repaired to an hotel. I inquired of the garçon at what hour the inhabitants were accustomed to avail themselves of the advantage of their pleasant boulevards, and having been informed that my lucky stars had led me to Dieppe on a *fete* day, and that all the beauty and fashion of the place would be congregated in its precincts between the hours of eight and nine in the evening, I determined to be present.

The sun had scarcely set when I arrived at the scene of festivity, and I have seldom beheld a more agree-

able spectacle. The air was loaded with fragrance, and the place was radiant with happy faces. The birds warbled, the music echoed, and a spring tide of enjoyment seemed flowing on the good Dieppois of all ranks. I looked around (I may as well confess it) for the fair Cauchoise,—she was nowhere to be seen, and I felt more disappointed than I cared to avow even to myself. I lingered hour after hour in the hope of meeting with her, and still she came not; at length when I was about to leave the spot, I perceived her sitting with a matron, at the extreme edge of the circle that surrounded the group of dancers.

I approached the spot with an air of nonchalance, and ventured a few commonplace inquiries of the old lady. She appeared gratified with the air of deference with which I listened to her replies; and when I solicited her good offices in procuring me the hand of her young companion as partner in the dance, she seconded my request with a great shew of earnestness. In due form I solicited the honour; but in vain. It was declined, civilly, coldly, and peremptorily. There was nothing of coquetry in her manner, and I did not therefore repeat the request. My ancient ally was not so soon to be discouraged; and she continued to repeat, "Now do, dear Madeleine, oblige Monsieur; he is a stranger." The nymph turned to me with the air of a princess, and fixing her large blue eyes on my face, in a few words begged me to believe, that if she had

intended dancing at all, she would at once have availed herself of my politeness; but added she in a low voice, "I shall never dance again!" Her large eyes filled with tears as she spoke—she then arose, and taking the arm of her companion, left the spot.

There was nothing particularly flattering in this; yet, I confess, that the air with which these few words were uttered, changed the whole tenor of my feelings towards her. I repented of the style of levity with which I had allowed myself (not to address), but to think of her;—from a frivolous admirer, those few words had converted me into her sincere friend. I returned home, but could not get rid of her image—I sought her the next day at the crucifix—and on the boulevard, but she was not to be seen. I then visited the churches; and at length discovered her in the one least frequented by strangers. She was leaning over the balustrades of one of the lesser chapels so common in Catholic churches, her rosary and her mass book in her hand; whilst two tapers burned before the image beside which she was sitting.

Having completed her devotions, she left the shrine, and hastened towards the door, at which she was about to make her exit, when with a feeling of unfeigned respect, I ventured to present the holy water for her use. She appeared to hesitate for a moment, as to whether it would be proper to receive such a mark of attention at my hands; and then, with a movement

of thanks, availed herself of it. She passed out of the church; I did not follow her, for I felt that I had no right to subject her to attentions that appeared to be distasteful to her. I returned to my hotel; but was unable to shake off entirely the spell that possessed me. I was not in love with her; of that I assured myself at least ten times a day; and I resolved, from mere curiosity, to ask my landlady if she knew her, and who she was. Several times I summoned a voice of indifference to propose the "casual" inquiry; but somehow, I don't know how it was, the right words never presented themselves at the right time; and thus a week slipped by, and I was as ignorant of her name and station as when I first beheld her. At length a chance occurrence enabled me to propose the long meditated question. My landlady happened to be in my room (on her daily tour of inquiry, whether every thing was *comme il faut*), when the maiden in question passed my window. I advanced towards it; and asked with as much indifference as I could affect, who the young lady might be, who had just crossed to the opposite side of the street? My informant stepped on the balcony for an instant, and returned with the long wished for intelligence—"It was Mademoiselle Vermont, the only child of a small farmer in the neighbourhood. Poor thing!" ejaculated my kind-hearted hostess, "she has never looked up since Pierre Vermont, her cousin, went away. Evil befall the hard-hearted father, who drove to desperation so noble a youth."

My heart sank within me as I entreated Madame de Louvois to be seated, and begged her to favour me with the history of the young man in question. Madame put her cambric handkerchief to her eyes, with true French sentiment, and proceeded to give in detail the history which I purpose to give in a few words. She told me, with much circumlocution, that Mademoiselle was the only child of her parents, who were well to do in a small way; that the brother of her papa, on his death-bed, had bequeathed to him his only wealth in the person of a boy, a few years older than his own child; that the young people had grown up together; and the love they bore each other in childhood had increased with their years. For some time all went on well. At length the parents of Madeleine received an offer of marriage on her behalf from a thriving notary of Rouen; and when it is remembered that the Normans are allowed to be the most litigious people on the face of the earth, the disappointment occasioned by Madeleine's calm declaration that she would have nothing to do with him were he as rich as Crœsus, may readily be conceived. Papa *sacréd;* mamma wept; and Monsieur *le Curé* was summoned: they scolded, and intreated, and cajoled—in vain; and at length the young lady added temerity to disobedience, by declaring that not only would she not marry the notary, but that she would marry her poor cousin! At this declaration they crossed themselves, and locked her up.

The next morning, on opening her casement, a note was discovered between the branches of the grape vine. It contained a few hurried lines from Pierre, to the purport that he could not bear to be the cause of disunion in a family to which he was so much indebted; that he loved her far better than life itself; that it was his intention to join the army, then about to leave the port of Marseilles on an expedition to Algiers; that if fortune favoured him he would return, and claim her hand; and that if not, she would never see him again!

It were vain to describe the consternation that followed this discovery. The maiden refused to be comforted, and at the end of the week the whole party were obliged to capitulate; a messenger was dispatched, and Pierre was to be recalled. The summons was, however, too late; the vessels had left the harbour, and had been long out of sight. "Since that period," added Madame, "Mademoiselle has walked about like a ghost, marring by her presence every spectacle to which her mother carries her. The only enjoyment *she* seeks, is to sit at the foot of the old cross on sunny afternoons, to watch the vessels that enter the harbour, and to search the journals for news from Algiers."—I thanked my hostess for her story, and bowed to her superior experience in love matters, when she added, in a whisper, "that such conduct proved Mademoiselle to be little better than an innocent."

I need hardly say, that after this story I discontinued my attentions to the lady—save in the single instance of presenting the holy water. This pleasure I could not deny myself; until it seemed an understood thing between us, that I should offer, and that she should receive this courtesy at my hands. At length the beginning of July arrived, and I was thinking of taking my departure from Dieppe. Mademoiselle had disappeared from church. A rumour reached us, that a part of a fleet had arrived at Marseilles, crowned with victory from Algiers. The news was confirmed,—the Gazette announced that Pierre Vermont had distinguished himself so highly during an engagement, that he was specially recommended by his superior officers to his majesty for promotion.

I delayed my departure from Dieppe a fortnight longer, and had the pleasure of dancing with Madame Vermont, on her wedding day.

Since my return, my taste has been flattered by the discovery that I am not the only Englishman to whom the fair Madeleine has proved an object of attraction. Unless my memory strangely deceives me, I recognize her portrait in the Cauchoise Girl of Newton, which adorns the magnificent collection of Colonel Hugh Baillie.

Z.

THE SIN OF EARL WALTER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

PART I.

Earl Walter rode to the holy house,
With a hundred men at his side;
'T was a summer's day, in a time of peace,
And the gate stood open wide.

They raised a shout as they entered in;
They laughed and they loudly sang;
Till the silent courts of the holy house
With the lawless revel rang.

They turned out the mules to stable their steeds;
And they laughed at many a jest,
As they gave them to eat of the provender
Which the holy priest had blessed.

They entered the hall with mailed feet;
And a wild discordant din
Came to the ear of the abbess old
As those rude men entered in.

By an evil chance it happed, that morn,
That the aged priest had gone,
To meet with the prior, at break of day,
In the town of Abingdon;
And the holy house was without defence,
And the nuns were all alone.

In pallid fear they hid themselves,
When they saw the Earl come there;
For they knew that he was a robber rude,
Who to pillage their house would dare;
Because that the king was sworn to him,
And had of the booty share.

They hid themselves wherever they might;
In chests and chimneys too;
All, save the fearless abbess, who staid
To note what the men would do.

She heard them pile on the mighty logs,
And blow up the plenteous fire;
And she wished that her eyes might see them all
In devouring flames expire!

From the larder she heard them fetch each dish,
Whereon she loved best to dine,
And set on the table both fowl and fish,
The venison and the chine;
And she wished that the venom of toads and asps,
Had savoured those meats so fine!

She heard them fetch up the good old wine!
And she heard them pour it out;
And she heard how the cups of the good old wine,
Went circling round about.

She heard them pledge Earl Walter's name,
As their louder mirth begun;
And she wished there were poison in the cup,
To poison them every one!

She heard Earl Walter bid his men
Go search where the wealth was stored,
And bring in the chalice and candlesticks,
To set on that banquet board.

She heard them bring in the candlesticks,
And set them all in a row;
And set down the chalice, of good red gold,
And the golden plates also;
And she prayed to the saints, that this sacrilege
Might hasten his overthrow.

She heard them pour unholy wine
Into the holy cup;
Then pledge the nuns of Our Lady's shrine,
Before they drank it up.

And then she heard them name her name,
While drunken oaths they sware;—
The angry woman had heard enough
Of their evil doings there.

The abbess was old, and withered and lean,
And her hand was bony and thin,
And she waved it o'er her palsied head,
As the hall she entered in.

Earl Walter he was a bold young man,
As brave as man could be,
But he looked aghast for a moment's space,
And so did his company.

"Thou hast done a deed, base Earl," she said,
"And the king thy master, too!
Ye have done a deed, that the judgment-day
Will sorely make ye rue!"

Earl Walter anon regained his mood,
And he took up a cup of wine,
Saying, "By my faith, there were goodly things
In this fair old house of thine!"—

Saying, "'T were a sin, thou lady fair,
If the sisters be fair like thee,
That ye never were met, before this day,
By me and my company!"

"Thou heathen dog!" said the abbess then,
"Thou shalt rue that ever we met;
For the lip that never spake curse in vain,
On thee a curse shall set!"

Then she banned him here, and she banned him there,
Wherever his foot should stray;
And on him, and all who should spring from him,
An awful curse did lay.

And lastly she said, "I curse this man,
In the field and the bridal feast;
And death and dishonour shall be with him,
When he deems of them the least.

"And all that he loves shall pass from him,
The young, the kind, the brave;
And old—the last of all his race,
Shall he go to the grave!"

PART II.

Earl Walter went to the battle-field,
But sickness laid him low;
And every knight had won him fame,
Ere he had stricken a blow.

Earl Walter wedded the fairest dame
In all the kingdom wide;
She bore him a son and daughters three,
And then she drooped and died.

His son grew a fierce and desperate man,
And died a death of shame;
The darkest sorrow Earl Walter knew,
Was the blot upon his name.

His daughters all were beautiful,
And their souls were pure and true;
Earl Walter wept when he looked on them,
And his sin did sorely rue.

The first she wedded an aged lord,
And a cankered soul had he,
Though rich in land, and rich in gold,
And noble of pedigree.

But hard was that youthful lady's fate;
Yet she told her woe to none;
But drooped and died in her silent grief,
Ere the first twelvemonths were gone.

The second, she loved a gentleman
Below her own degree,
A brave man, though not a golden piece
Nor a rood of land had he.

"Thou shalt not wed thee to my shame,"
Said the true young knight and bold;
"I will cross the sea, and gain me fame,
Shall serve instead of gold.

"I will bring me back a noble name,
Shall serve instead of land;
Then will I claim from thy proud sire,
Thy fair and gentle hand."

He crossed the sea, and he won him fame,
By his good broad-sword and lance—
He won him fame, but he lost his life
In the bloody fields of France.

Woe, woe to the gentle Isabel,
That she lived to see that day!
For the tidings came like the lightning's stroke,
And her senses went away.

And for many weary months she lived,
A mournful, moping thing!
Sitting beneath the forest trees,
Or by some sylvan spring;

And singing of the wars in France,
And of the gallant men,
Who fighting for their ladies' sakes,
Would soon be back again.

And never did her sense return,
Until the day she died,
When her young sister Margaret,
Sate singing by her side.

And then she gazed with thoughtful eyes,
And her slumbering senses woke,
And she died in Christ, the truest heart
That ever for love was broke.

Three years went on—and then a knight
Sought gentle Margaret's hand;
A knight renowned for gallant deeds,
And rich in gold and land.

He loved fair Margaret in the hall,
He loved her in the bower;
And their young. ardent passion grew,
As grows the summer flower.

All gazed on them with joy and pride;
He brave as she was fair;—
And again Earl Walter's soul was glad,
In looking on that pair.

But when the bridal morn was come,
Dim grew each look of pride,
And musing went the wedding guests,
And strove their thoughts to hide.

For some had dreamed a dismal dream,
Some seen a fearful sign;
And others knew that the bridal bread
Would be broke with funeral wine.

'T was in the cheerful month of May,
When white was the flowering thorn,
And every sunny slope was green
With the young blades of the corn,
That the feast was set, and the guests were met,
Upon the marriage morn.

"Sweet Margaret, haste!" the bridegroom said,
"In the hall thy maidens stand;
And the priest is at the altar now,
And the book is in his hand!"

Fair Margaret sate in her chamber still,
Before her mirror fair,
Alone, save for the aged nurse,
Who stood behind her chair.

And aye she combed her long dark hair,
And laid the graceful curls,
And braided with each drooping tress,
White roses wreathed with pearls.

"Now nurse," said she, "come to my side,
Thou wont so glad to be;
Oh weep not thus behind my chair;
And my benison bide with thee!

"Tell me once more, before I leave
My pleasant home for aye,
The last words that my mother spake
On her death-bed when she lay.

"Come talk about my sisters dear;
We all played at thy knee;
Thou loved'st us all—and thou wast kind
To all, but most to me!

"Thou hast been a mother unto me,
My blessing on thee bide!"
The old nurse kissed her lady's cheek,
And wiped her tears aside.

But now beside the chamber stair,
The bridegroom spake again,
"Come, dearest Margaret, why so long
Delay the wedding train?"

Fair Margaret, all in her wedding dress,
As pure as the virgin snow,
Was mounted upon a milk-white steed,
That proudly moved, and slow.

And slowly she rode to Our Lady's church,
With an Earl on either side;
And four-and-twenty maidens fair,
To wait upon the bride.

There were garlands hung from tree to tree,
And flowers strewn all the way;
And people came from the country round,
To gaze on the rich array.

That day there was song and revelry,
Loud mirth, and noble cheer;
The next alas! there was wail and woe,
For the bride lay on her bier!

They laid her upon her bridal bed,
Like marble, deadly pale;
With the wedding ring upon her hand,
In her long white marriage veil.

The youthful bridegroom by her knelt,
In woe none might beguile;
And after that sad morning broke,
He was never seen to smile.

For her soul's peace he gave his lands,
His goods to the poor he gave;
And he died a knight of the Holy Cross,
Beside the Jordan's wave.

Earl Walter passed both out and in,
With a firm, unfaltering tread;
But his brow grew wan, his cheek grew thin,
And his eye was heavy as lead.

He met the guests, he sate at meat;
But his was a joyless hall—
The hawk was never off the perch,
Nor the steed from out the stall.

All said his was a grief of soul;
And he slowly wore away,
Like an oak upon the rifted rock,
Long struggling with decay.

At length, when he was worn and bowed,
With grief and years grown old,
It chanced that his tale unto the king,
By a noble knight was told.

The king he sent that noble knight
Unto the Pope of Rome,
To humbly pray his Holiness,
To abrogate his doom.

The Pope gave absolution good;
And this to him was read,
As, in his ninetieth year, he lay
Upon his dying bed.

Earl Walter raised his aged eyes,
And gave great praise to heaven;
And by these tokens all men knew,
That his sin had been forgiven.

SONNET.

MILTON VISITING GALILEO, BLIND AND IN PRISON.

Behold, how long, and with what earnest eye
He gazes on that venerable face,
And forehead up to heaven. Doth he trace
In that calm symbol of serenity,
And sorrow mastered with a loftier grace,
The shadow of his own high destiny?
Virtue contending with the pride of place,
And deathless fame, for present misery.
Yes, ye are like, though time not yet hath marred
One of those sunbright locks; nor sorrow prest
The signet of her silence, cold and hard,
Upon those lips so lovely in their rest.
Yes, ye are like, as morn is like to even,
Or trance of summer noon to winter's frozen heaven.

A. T. De V.

RETROSPECTIONS

OF THE

LIFE OF SECUNDUS PARNELL.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

He belonged to those upright men who are indispensable to the bad: the deceiver calculates on their honesty.

SCHILLER.

DID you ever fill for an early friend the office of executor? If not, you have not yet learned all the vanity of life. It was sometime ago my lot to perform this most melancholy duty. I had been actively engaged during the day in discharging the many claims it had brought upon me; and, late at night, when every other soul of my family was sunk in sleep, and the silence was solemn and undisturbed, I sate down to examine a multiplicity of papers. My friend had, in the long, lingering hours of his decline, evidently employed himself in making every arrangement of his

manuscripts that could facilitate the distribution he desired. I found every thing assorted, tied up, and labelled; and accompanied by catalogues and directions which led me, as by a clue, through what would have been otherwise an interminable chaos. The sight of his well-known hand-writing—a hand-writing that I had been accustomed to behold in the joyful, hopeful days of youth, in letters full of gaiety, affection, and intellectual aspiration, here laid before me, when that glorious but delusive season was gone by—when the hand itself that traced these lines was in the grave —when the spirit which had dictated them, had passed to its mysterious abode,—covered me with a nameless awe, and subdued me into the deepest mood of sorrow and of love. The many thoughts which I here found and recognized as having witnessed their warm up-welling in some hour of happy zeal and animation; the many others which bore impressed upon them the clear character of his mind, but were to me perfectly new; the various speculations of his days of health, and sanguine pursuit of human objects; the more melancholy cogitations of his disappointments and declining days; the last feeble tracings of a trembling hand,—of a trembling heart,—of an eye that, turned by the warnings of a dissolving nature from earth, looked steadily, but awfully, into the depths of an unknown existence;—these wrapped me in a sympathy, and touched me with feelings, that I never knew before.

But what arrested my attention perhaps the most, was his extensive correspondence. The great mass of the letters of his friends was arranged in the nicest chronological order, tied up, and labelled; and a paper of instructions pointed out my duty. Some were sealed up, and addressed to the writers, still living; or to their children, with strict injunctions for their being sent to them unopened; others were to remain in sacred confidence in my hands, till the survival of those whom they might concern was ascertained; but there was another quantity which my friend requested I would, at least partially, peruse, and then destroy.

When I opened these, what a new world was unveiled to me! Though I had been acquainted with my friend in my youth, it was not in *his* youth,—if that man can be said to be old whose heart never quits its youthful tastes, and the enthusiasm of its youthful affections. But his years were far more than mine; his head had already grown grey; and the friends of his early life had nearly all descended to the tomb before him. These were their letters. They were the living thoughts of a race departed—to me utterly unknown: and when I made myself acquainted with their many natural notions; their playful humour and buoyant fancies; their frank, cordial, and overflowing love; their many unfoldings of glad hopes; of unlooked-for troubles; their tidings of deaths and marriages, and joyful returns from foreign regions; and their allusions

to family occurrences, and personal touches of good fortune—all now buried with them; and called to mind that all these personages who thus lived, and loved, and poured their thoughts around them, were again as though they had never been; that earth could not produce them from her many millions; that they had scarcely a memorial, excepting in these pages preserved by their friend, and now about to be destroyed for ever;—the sense of the mystery of life came strongly upon me, and I could not help exclaiming—"What are we?" But if my heart was ever knit into sympathy with humanity, it was then. I saw how superficially we look upon our fellow-men. They pass us daily in the walks of life as so many automata; we know no more of them; yet, around us in a thousand and a thousand streams, their spirits are flowing in thoughts and passions and affections, in their own hidden circles of friendship—in their own hallowed retirements of domestic love; and we go through the world blaming its coldness, and cursing its cruelties and its crimes, but all unconscious of the vast wealth of joy, and intellect, and affectionate attachment which hem us in on all sides, and overflow continually into the eternal sea. Well! thanks to an all-gracious God who has caused them to flow!

It was when I was thoroughly imbued with this spirit that I came upon a small manuscript volume, which I found to contain some retrospections of my

friend's own life; and so much did they interest and affect me, that I shall venture to lay them before the reader without curtailment.

To comprehend them fully it is only necessary to know that he was a man with a fine taste; an inextinguishable love of nature, strengthened by having passed his youth in one of the most beautiful districts of England; of great simplicity of character; of a most conscientious spirit; a man, in short, such as Schiller has described in the words of my epigraph—"he belonged to those upright men who are indispensable to the bad: the deceiver calculates on their honesty."

When to this disposition we add, that he had an honourable desire of leaving a fair inheritance to his children, we see at once the whole source of his troubles; we see that it was impossible for him to escape them.

1760.—It is time that I determine on a plan of life. I am two-and-twenty years of age. In this my native place I spent many years of infantine and boyish delight, and made mental associations which give to this spot greater charms than to any portion of earth beside. But then, those years were spent in the bosom of parental love, in the sunny circle of a happy and soul-united family. I rambled the fields and forests with my father and brother; with my brother and play-fellows I sported in the green lanes, and fished,

and bird-nested, and ran, with a keen relish through all the sports and pursuits of boyhood. Those times are past. My parents are dead; my brother is removed by his profession far from these scenes; and with my small patrimony, I must now set seriously to work. It is the maxim of a great writer, that to be happy, and even honest, it is necessary to be independent. He is right —let me seek independence. My father, worthy man, has left me a pleasant cottage here; a home after my heart's desire, and in a beautiful country; he has put into my hands a good profession; he has left me the heritage of a good name, amongst all the best families of the neighbourhood—methinks there is a fair and honourable field of action. It is true my tastes are changed. I do not find so much delight in the society of this place, as I might in that of the city in which I have for some years dwelt; but then—are there not beautiful fields, and wild glens, and the old, old forests, and ever-flowing, ever-sounding streams? With the soul of nature breathing around me, can I be solitary? And have I not two friends after my own heart? Two! That is more than many a gifted soul has found in a long, long life. Yes, my dear young companions, Mundy and Broughton, I am full of thankfulness when I think of you. Oh! many a time in the hot, close city have I thought of our Sabbath rambles in the forest, as of days of heaven. Can I forget the time that we sate together beneath the spreading boughs of the

wood; while before us all was a scene of sunshine and summer beauty,—the bees humming, the larks caroling in the air, other small birds flitting to and fro amid the heath, and along the high shaggy banks of the forest, as the wind waved the long grass and fern, and the fresh odours of the unploughed turf, and of a thousand flowers, came coolly towards us? Here we sate, and read with intoxication, and not without a degree of emulation, the works of a young poet which appeared like a garland to adorn his tomb. How have I thought with rapture on our long walks, when the heath was all one crimson glow of bloom, and the fair forest streams ran clear as crystal in the sun, with a freshness and a voice that belongs only to water, living water! How we strolled along in gladness! how we talked and speculated on a thousand topics!

And now those days are once more mine. I have again trod with you those pleasant scenes. They are glad as ever; and you, as full of buoyancy of heart, are yet more strong and intelligent in spirit. Yes! I must sit down here to the business of life;—and methinks our existence here will be a simple, a spiritual, and not a useless dream of enjoyment.

1768.—It was on a sweet day in April that I thus reflected and resolved, as I sate in the old forest of Arden. The wild-cherry shone here and there all glowing white in its profusion of blossom, though the green leaves had yet but half unfolded on the hedges

and wood-boughs; the flying showers, so common at that season, gave to the earth a vivid freshness, and seemed to impart to the air a balmy elasticity; the cuckoo had just arrived with its wild, dreamy note, full of the memories of our youth; and the odour of violets and primroses breathed upon me, as I passed; unlocking the heart to those tender impressions and recollections which Spring awakens in us. Yes! I said, in these scenes will I live!

How little do we know what is before us! That very day, when I returned home, I found a letter from my brother,—my only brother, who had like myself been educated in the principles of the Society of Friends, of which our ancestors had been members from the time of its origin; but, while he retained a firm attachment to its great leading doctrines, he abandoned its singularities of language and dress as unworthy of thinking men; as well as some of its customs, deeming them but as the offspring of times of fanaticism and strong excitement; or of those times, in which the original enthusiasm subsiding, there had been, as is always the case, a clinging to forms and traditions rather than to the fervour of first love. He had stepped at once out of the narrow circle of his educational prejudices, and embraced the profession of the law. In this he soon acquired considerable eminence, practised in the Midland circuit, and pleaded in the chief town of his own county with great éclat: and now he informed me, to

my sorrow and surprise, that he was appointed an Indian judge; was about to embark; and begged me to accompany him. He represented how much it would reconcile him to his lot could he have my company; with what delight he should entertain the prospect. He bade me reflect that to me, a person bound by no particular ties to England, and possessed of a strong love of observation, and of a poetical feeling, how advantageous it would be, in the very opening of life, to see so much of the world as this scheme promised; and added that, in point of interest, there could be nothing in my prospects for a moment to be compared with it. It was in his power to secure me a speedy opulence, without the anxiety, labour, and slow accumulation that awaited me in England.

At the first view of so sudden and so mighty a step, I was startled and filled with fear; but, as I revolved it in my mind, fraternal affection, and the natural ardour of youth became the determining impulses; and in less than a fortnight, I, who had deemed my lot one of quiet country life in England, was rolling on the waters of the great ocean, amid the novel scenes of an East-Indiaman and the sublime solitude of the sea. The new and noble scenery—the shores of Africa—the Cape—the wonders of the Indian Ocean—the magnificent cities—the wide plains—the glowing climate—the palms—the pagodas of Indostan, and the infinite varieties of people and customs which I witnessed in this

voyage, would be full of delightful interest in my memory, had there not come behind them a cloud of darkness that no future sunshine could dispel. My constitution would not bear that fiery climate. I was compelled to leave my brother, and return. To this hour my soul is full of anguish at our parting. I see him now, as I saw him when he had accompanied me to the ship which was to bring me to England; when the anchor was weighed, the farewell cheer was given, and I saw him sitting at the stern of the boat which carried him back to the shore;—sitting with his face reverted and fixed on the vessel all the way; saw him, when the boat arrived, step ashore, and walk aside till the other people had disappeared; then sit down on a stone, and there remain the solitary living object, till he lessened, and lessened, grew indistinct, and was lost to me—for ever! For ever! yes, for ever! Scarcely had I set foot in England, when another vessel brought me from my beloved Edward—his chest—his books!—all his effects!—his will!—made in the brief hour of a rapid disease. He was dead! and before me, thunderstruck and shaken to the very centre of my being by this unlooked-for event, were his last few written words, and the sum of his already acquired wealth!

I had no heart to look on these melancholy relics of the last of my kindred,—far less heart to use that money. But solitary thought soon became intolerable to me;—I sought for action, to escape from myself. I

had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman who returned from India in the same vessel with me, and who, fond of mercantile speculations, had pressed me to join him in a trade to South America, which he represented as both pleasant and highly profitable. I now embraced his scheme, and performed in our own vessel several voyages to Para, whence we imported India-rubber, capivi, and other drugs. Our affairs were prosperous; and my partner now, leaving me to the care of the counting-house, went out himself. It was about the time of the expected return of our vessel: for a week it had been my daily business to look out on the quay, and to consult the telegraph. As I returned one day from this employ, and was about to enter my office, I beheld a plank from the prow of a vessel reared up by the door, on which the name of our own ship, and the private mark which had been made by my own hands, were visible. This had been picked up at sea: ship—captain—crew—all had perished!

In eight years have all these transactions taken place; and once more friendless, for my two early friends died during my absence on the Indian voyage,—and penniless, except for the little heritage of my cottage, I have, at thirty, the work of life to begin.

1773.—This was a cheerless, a disheartening period; but I set firmly to work at my profession. Those who had called themselves my friends regarded me as an

unsettled person. Around me were cold looks. By day I was a solitary traverser of fields; by night a solitary dweller in my little house. I expended little; I carefully accumulated my gains; and I soon found that if a happy life was not before me, I might still hope for an independent one. I went on steadily working; seeking no society; but adding to my capital. The prospect of better things arose. I made acquaintance with a worthy family: I felt a growing attachment to an estimable young woman; the zest of life returned into my heart, and the prospect of a cheerful and affectionate fire-side began to dawn upon me. But at this crisis I met one day, at the house of my betrothed, a man who claimed some degree of consanguinity with me, but who had long ceased to show me any kindness. On this occasion he assumed an air of rough frankness; seized my hand and shook it vigorously; and thus accosted me:—"Well, Secundus, I am glad to see things growing better with thee. Thou hast been a rolling-stone to be sure, but it is a long lane that has no turn. Thou mayest do yet. I like to see thy diligence;—it makes amends for past remissness: and thy sober demeanour—it is a good sign after much lightness; and above all, I am glad to see thee here. A good wife is a good security against relapsing into vain courses. I know, Secundus, thou art poor; and if a loan of a hundred, or so, will help thee,—furnishing is expensive, Secundus,—if, I say, it would do away any little difficulty—why come to me."

God! didst thou set it down to me as a crime, that this rude oration, in the presence of my intended wife and her parents, should have acted as a blasting and instantaneous mildew? That I should have felt myself degraded; and should not have had the courage to tell the ostentatious meddler, that I wanted not his aid? But, be it as it may, I did not! I could not! I felt my soul seized as with a frost within me. I was uneasy, and saw that Lucy was uneasy; that her parents were uneasy too. The officious counsellor went carelessly away, and left us in torturing silence. I would have flung off the sense of sudden evil that had seized me, but it clung to me as an iron band. I made a painfully fruitless effort, and withdrew.

If I wronged that young spirit, which I know was pure as the mountain snow, God forgive me! Thou knowest that I sought to renew our intercourse. I met her alone, and she burst into tears. I would have poured out my soul to her as aforetime—but I knew not how,—there was a chill, a benumbing spell upon me.—I could not break it; and Lucy again giving vent to an agony of tears, said, "Secundus, it is all over!—Henceforth our paths lie far apart."

Had the fears of my instability shaken the faith of the gentle creature? Had the more calculating fears of her parents imposed upon her their commands? Had the viperous words of that frank and boisterous counsellor acted alike upon us all, snapping the fine

band of our confidence, not yet grown strong enough by time and mutual knowledge? I know not; but from that day our acquaintance died away. The father of Lucy, and myself passed each other with a cold nod; and Lucy seized with that disease, whose name tells of its character, but not of its cause, was soon a quiet tenant of our little burial-ground.

1780.—The wound given to my spirit by the breaking up of my affectionate hopes, and by the death of Lucy, made me a sadder, a more solitary man: but the wound given to my pride by the malicious candour of that friendlike-looking enemy, made me suppress all softer feelings; and with tenfold ardour and perseverance follow on the track of accumulation. Business flowed in upon me; but for a long time I employed only one little boy to carry my chain; and through the long days of summer,—ay, from three and four o'clock in the morning, to ten and eleven at night, I was traversing the fields and hills; and through the winter I was equally sedulous on my plans. The lamp in my little office was rarely extinguished. Late at night it was burning. I snatched a hasty meal as I sate beside my desk, and pursued my labour still after midnight.

Many and many a time did I lie down in my clothes; and again, though not without an aching head, a throbbing heart, a confused and sadly reluctant frame, did I rouse myself in the dismal, dark, and freezing

winter mornings. I often arose after scarcely more than an hour's sleep, and long before even the cock crew, ere the parish apprentice was urged from her slumbers by her mistress, or the blacksmith, the earliest riser of the place, had set his forge a-roaring, and hammers clinking on the anvil. But this could not last:—my health failed,—terrible visions and feelings began to haunt me: I even dreaded madness; and, though with less terror, death. I got assistance, and still went on accumulating money. My wishes were crowned. I was comparatively rich. My neighbours again smiled upon me; my society was courted; and the rude counsellor would have given me his coarse hand, and his advice: but I turned doggedly away from him—relative as he was. I had not Christianity enough to forget the past; I could not, though my own soul must have been the forfeit, have then forgiven him.

At this crisis, I was sent by a nobleman to survey an estate in Wales. An opportunity of engaging in a mining concern, which appeared highly promising, here offered itself. I entered it, and settled down amongst the hills by the sea-side in my new pursuit. The tide of good fortune seemed flowing in a strong current. I was offered a share in extensive iron-works. I embraced it: and found myself on the high-road to opulence. The first year, I netted a clear thousand pounds; and as the concern could employ all the capital

I had to invest, there was a prospect of an almost unlimited growth of my fortune. To crown my prosperity, I now found and secured the affections of a woman who realized all the praises of Solomon,—her price being far above rubies. Three years of such happiness as earth has rarely to give, were mine. My income was abundant; my prospects brilliant; my house enlivened by the wife of my heart, and by two lovely children. I walked from day to day in joy and thankfulness; and I trust in God, without forgetfulness of others; not in pride, though in gladness of heart.

Yet my felicity is not at this moment without a little cloud. My partner's brother, who is engaged in other iron-works, would fain prevail upon me to exchange concerns with him, to allow him to join his brother. I would not willingly keep brother apart from brother, and his works are represented as even more prosperous than ours; but I have a fear, an inward warning, that I would not slight; a voice that cries "thou art well!—hazard not change; tempt not fortune too far."

My partner has himself mentioned the scheme to me within these few days; he and his brother have become pressing: but I am resolved; they might as well ask me to cut off my right hand!

1797.—God, how weak are all thy creatures! how incalculably weak in the hour of prosperity! Within a week after I had made the vow recorded above,

I had given way to the importunities of my partner and his brother; I had made the exchange, and found myself a fool and a ruined man! The works of the brother were on the verge of bankruptcy,—this had occasioned his importunity. No sooner did I get into possession of the concern, than I discovered that all was lost; and had but just time to extricate myself from the firm and save my good name. But who may tell, who may comprehend my feelings? My good opinion of men was shaken to atoms. From the day of my connexion with my partner, to that of leaving him, I had seen nothing in him but open honour, and scrupulous honesty; yet he could thus deceive and ruin me! I had lost my all. My capital, so hardly scraped together by labour, anxiety, and waste of health and comfort, was all gone. I had even mortgaged my little patrimony to the full for this golden scheme. My family was at once plunged from the summit of prosperity and happiness, into beggary. God! it was not the least of thy mercies, that I had been educated in principles of peace, of forbearance, and endurance; that I had been put under the power of a healthful conscience, and did not, therefore, take bloody vengeance on the author of my ruin!

But there was no enduring inaction. In the agony and bitterness of my feelings, I rose and set out for my mines in Wales. I set out on foot, on a journey

of a hundred miles. My horses, my carriage, I had already disposed of, to meet just demands. I would not expend an unnecessary sixpence. I went on my way in the most absolute wretchedness that can afflict a mortal; now blaming my own folly, now execrating the villany of my deceivers. On the third day, at evening, I reached the little mountain village, near which my mines lay. Wearied, and sick at heart, and full of the most gloomy prospects of my future life, I went to bed in the wretched inn, or rather cottage, in which I took up my sojourn. At midnight I was awakened by the most terrible confusion of sounds: a tempest had broken in upon the place, such as is imagined only to visit the tropics. Wind and thunder mingled in stunning uproar,—lightning that showed the darkness doubly deep,—darkness that swallowed up the lightning in a moment. The crazy dwelling rocked, and creaked, and trembled in the furious blast; the rain poured in torrents through the roof; and without, were such cries as thrilled through my soul. The village was situated in a desolate glen of the mountains that overlooked the sea; it was November in all its wildness. I opened a casement, and amid the raging fury of the winds that roared and rushed upon me with stifling vehemence, I could learn that the sea had broken into the glen, and swept away the lower dwellings. Its roaring was terrible; and the shouts of the people

coming fitfully amid the tumult of wind and waters, seemed like the last cries of the drowning. I threw on my clothes, and hurried out; but the violence of the wind was such, that I could only stand by holding by a post, or tree, and could not, without difficulty, breathe. Nothing but the intense peril and distress of so many people, could have enabled me to persevere till I had reached the lower region of the glen; and there I could only witness a wide scene of woe, without much power to assist. The poor creatures were some busy endeavouring to save themselves, their children, or their furniture, from the fury of the waves; while others were wringing their hands, or were seated on the strand in a stupor of despair. Many of the women were running to and fro with streaming hair, and eyes fixed wildly on the fishing-boats, that in the dark and raging ocean were dashed hither and thither, and, ever and anon, were flung on the beach with their drowned masters. Heaven and earth seemed to my gloomy and desponding soul to be coming to an end. I helped my wretched fellows as I could; and, as the morning dawned drearily, returned, wet and spiritless, to my poor inn. The woe that surrounded me was too much for me; I hastened away to the mines. Here the infection of my ill-fortune seemed to have extended itself. I found that sixty pounds were the whole of my property in them—the whole that I had in the world!

Yet out of this I could not depart without leaving something to still more unhappy beings. I placed in the hands of the curate, ten pounds for the sufferers, and went on my way.

I thought in my prosperity that I had no pride; but I found it now! I had to return to my native place, to my original profession; it was my only resource. I who had, but four years before, left it with growing fortunes and splendid hopes, must now return a ruined man, and with a wife and children to bear with me the contempt of poverty and misfortune.

I shall never forget that day. We delayed our approach so as to enter the place at night, and took up our abode in our little house. The next day was the Sabbath: we issued forth to meeting. We had seen and spoken to no one; we had announced to no one our coming; but as we went up the street we could see that the story of our disasters had come before us. The poor looked out of their windows with pity; the rich with looks and even smiles of contempt. We sate down in our place of worship—that place where all should be as children in the presence of a father; amongst a people who inculcate doctrines of meekness and benevolence, and have called themselves by a name of amity. Cold and curious looks were cast on us; and when we arose at the breaking up of the meeting, colder hands received the grasp of

ours; nay, some even shrunk from them, as from the touch of a viper, and hurried away as from a pestilence. It was a cutting dispensation; and I believe I should have sunk under it, had it not been for my noble-minded wife. She bore it with wonderful fortitude; bade me think nothing of it; that it was well to learn who were our friends, a lesson which only poverty could teach. She strengthened me, and encouraged me to go on with my business in hope—but it was a dark time. Other people had taken up the profession I had laid down, and occupied my place;—employment came slowly in.

I had two cousins in the town, who had, in my prosperity, shown me much good will. I called one day to request their interest in procuring me the survey of an estate of a friend of theirs. There I found my maliciously candid counsellor. I would have withdrawn, but he seized me by the coat, clapped the door behind me, and gave me an harangue to show me how he had predicted years before, the misfortune which had overtaken me. He stopped not here. He poured out an abundance of abuse on my wife, as a proud, extravagant, and fine-lady body, whom I had been weak enough to suffer to ruin me. I rose to seize him in my wrath, and hurl him from the house; but he exclaimed, with his usual candour, "Nay, nay, Secundus, don't get into a rage, man. I only wished to tell thee my mind; and if I don't

please, I am going." He drew the door after him, and was gone.

I turned to my cousins; they stood silent. "And do you believe these assertions? The justice of this abuse?"

"No!"

"Then why did you not interfere? Why not testify your disapprobation?"

"We thought thee very capable of defending thyself."

"I trust I am," I replied with warmth; "but is it thus you suffer a man to speak of a female in your house; of an innocent woman—of one of your own relatives, and are silent? I would not hear the meanest of her sex abused without expressing my abhorrence of the unmanly outrage. But your relative! my wife! and in your own house!"

I sprang out, and thanked God that I had been saved from the mortification of asking a favour at their sordid hands.

We had been accustomed to attend the monthly meetings of our people, which are sometimes held at the distance of ten miles from my native place, in our gig: but now, I did not allow myself the time from my profession; and my poor wife in her devotion went alone on foot. It was through a wild country; on a hilly and fatiguing road; yet she went and returned in one day. Worthy woman! she had

the spirit of a martyr;—for those with whom she went to meet, with whom she sate at one common table on these occasions, and who had often sate smiling at mine, drove past the weary walker with cracking whips and smoking horses, and deigned her not the occupance of a vacant seat in a carriage—nay, not even a look. God! make me humble and forgiving! for when I think of these things, my heart grows hard, and full of bitterness.

When I looked on my meritorious wife, uncomplaining in adversity; on my thoughtless little children, playing on the floor and in the cottage garden; and thought to what a state I had brought them, I was overpowered by my regrets; but my pride again strengthened me, and I followed my profession with the ardour and penurious diligence of former days.

At this time came a crisis of the greatest interest. The neighbouring forest of Arden was about to be enclosed; whoever was chosen to survey it would secure a fortune; but alas! there were many powerful competitors ready to canvass for the appointment. I was poor, friendless, and with a character for instability, and for visionary schemes. I had therefore little apparent chance of success. I would have sate still in despair; but my wife bade me be bold, and put in my claim. I *might* succeed; I could not lose anything. With a prayer to God, in whose hands are the hearts of men, I wrote my application and sent it off. Oh,

the weary time till the day of election came! All that day my wife and myself sate on the hearth thinking and wishing, but hardly daring to hope. I could not set about my work; I could not even bear to walk out into the garden; so there we sate and sate till midnight, when we went to bed, but not to sleep, for we were full of anxious expectation of that decision which was already made, and which would be known in the morning.

As we lay thus, full of absorbing excitement, we heard a horse gallop up the street; it stopped beneath our window; we heard some one say, "What news?" for we ourselves lay as still and as helpless with the intensity of the moment's interest, as if we had been dead — "What news?" and the horseman replied, "Mr. Parnell is appointed surveyor of the enclosure!"

At that word we both started up, and with hearts that seemed to burst into one mighty gush of tears, poured out thanksgiving to our gracious God. I rose and flung the man a guinea, bidding him come in the morning for further testimony of my thanks.

Who may now conceive the state of my feelings—the felicity of my lot? A certain independence was before me. From this day a new life begun. The clouds of care were rolled away: there was spring abroad—there was spring in my heart. I set about reconnoitring and planning in my mind the dissection of

the forest. Some parts, the property of the crown, were still to retain their woodland aspect, but to be opened with ridings; some were to be laid out in woods, and wildernesses, and pleasure-grounds surrounding villas; some to be cut through with roads leading amid extensive farms. As I laid out the various parts, my children accompanied me, playing amid the heath, and under the mighty and ancient oaks of the old woods; and making acquaintance with nature's wonders, that would be sure to live in their hearts for ever, and tend, as the spirit of nature ever does, to keep them simple, and healthful, and pure. They were wont too, to partake my meals in some cottage, where we received the assiduous attentions, and heard the little histories of their inhabitants. It was a blessed time! and left me finally beyond wishes for myself, and fears for my children.

When our children are young, and playing before us, how little are we impressed with the anticipation of the misery which their fortunes or conduct may bring upon us in after years; and yet, how many families are scattered asunder by the explosion of the passions that agitate manhood; leaving the parents who have brought them up in love, and in delicious hope, stunned, and even annihilated, on the spot; how few escape without one scathed member, which tinges its kindred lives with everlasting gloom. It seemed to me a strange exclamation, which I once heard a poor

woman make to her husband, as they stood in a crowd to witness an execution:—"John! John! how thankful we ought to be, that we have reared thirteen children, and not one of them has been hanged!" Yet now that singular apostrophe seems less ludicrous than sorrowful. I have this moment returned from the funeral of my daughter,—God forgive me, if I say, my favourite daughter. She had grown up, however, not my favourite alone, but the favourite of the family. The flower of the flock,—to use a common phrase; the lovely, the gay, the affectionate, and the witty; her charms had drawn the love of a youth, not wealthy, but with all those qualities which seem to render the acquisition of wealth sure,—a handsome person, a bright and cordial temperament, a frank and yet insinuating address, and abilities that made him the honoured of all circles. For my part, I regarded him as one likely to bring to our house both goodwill and good fortune; and, notwithstanding that my wife did not participate in my confidence, but rather had fears, and gave me warnings of the youth's instability, I did not so much sanction their marriage, as strenuously promote it. I even took the young man into partnership, and pleased myself with the prospect of casting the burden of life from my shoulders on one so able and ready to bear it. What then was the shock and astonishment of my mind, to find that, when sent out on a journey of high trust, he had fled, with the full

half of my property in his hands. To us all it was a thunder-stroke; to his high-minded wife, all but death. For some time she violently repelled every suspicion, every charge against him,—but the truth soon came resistlessly, and she sank.

Many rumours came, from time to time, of his deeds and misdoings; his wanderings, his revellings, his abiding with strange characters. At length, his wife rose up, as if inspired with a spirit of desperation, and determined to seek him out, and, if possible, to reclaim him. From so hopeless a project we strove in vain to dissuade her,—she departed. For two years of inexpressible sadness she was absent; writing often, at first, in sorrow and in much love, but with little, and then less, and less hope—till we heard no more.

For six months there had been a total silence, and we feared that she was dead; when a hasty letter, in her hand-writing, summoned me, in terms that fell like liquid fire upon my heart, to visit her in the gaol of our own county-town. I flew on the wings of paternal love; and oh! Father of men! what a scene was it mine to witness! There I found my child,—my poor, worn-down, heart-wearied, and half-dying child, seated on the straw of the prison floor, resting on her lap the head of her wretched husband. Had it not been for her presence, and her words, he might have remained by me unrecognised. Sin, consuming riot, devouring passions, and more devouring remorse, had changed

him from beauty to ugliness; from youth to sudden age; from strength to the last stage of mental feebleness. His shagged and lank hair,—his unshorn beard and large whiskers, already stricken with grey, half burying his thin, sunken, and ghastly features, and the haggard, yet dim glance of eyes in which terror and remorse were fearfully mingled, made my heart tremble within me.

I found, from the relation of my daughter, that for a long time he had laughed at her remonstrances; then grew enraged with her affectionate importunity; then horrified her with the wickedness of his language, and even treated her with a ferocity of cruelty in which he seemed to have a savage delight. But when his resources failed, when his companions in riot fell away, her unwearied love at length sunk him to silence—long a sullen silence—which eventually broke into tears, into tremblings, into bitter repentance. In this mood they had travelled towards home, hoping for forgiveness, yet daring not to ask it at a distance, when one whom he had defrauded at the same time with myself, accidentally beheld him, and cast him into prison.

We hastened to remove him, but he died; and my poor daughter, exhausted by the labours of a miserable, yet magnanimous love, lingered awhile,—lay passively, amid the embraces and the tears of her own dear family, and then expired.

1810.—What wait I for? The wheel of existence has run its round; and has left me where it found me. On the very spot where I was born; in the very cottage—almost my sole patrimony—I sit, poor as when I exclaimed, nearly sixty years ago—"It is time that I determined on a plan of life." I am poor as then—for I have divided my property amongst my children—I am as solitary: but how different are my views,—how different are my feelings,—how different am I altogether! On my head are the snows of age, and in my heart the profoundly tranquil feeling of a satisfied existence. Yes! I have done my day's work. The fire which urged me along, as a meteor is urged through the air, has spent itself; and I live;—but with a far different life to the young. Strength has forsaken my limbs; and desire my bosom: my wife has long gone down to the dust; my children are running the race of life as I once ran it, in distant places, with all its cares and passions in their bosoms—with their children around their knees. For my part, I sit in the sun before my solitary house, and say, "What wait I for?" And yet, said I, not that desire had forsaken me—that my spirit was profoundly tranquil! It is not so! A new thirst has seized me; I long to enter on the mysteries of a more mighty and invisible existence. I see the lark rise into the sky with a rapid wing, and a soul of triumphant music, and then sink again silently to the earth, and I

exclaim, "thou art like me! Fain would I soar up into the infinite universe, but this heavy body drags me down." I see the sun rise and set, and I cry, "Ah! thou art like me! Thou goest away only to reappear on the earth. Thou canst not travel in thy strength through the fields of thy kindred stars, nor can I follow my fellows into the spiritual regions." My heart is like a balloon, that once was bound to earth by many bands; my bands were friends, possessions, the affections of a wife; the endearments and prospective cares of children.—One by one, they have been loosened, a single cord detains me, and a tenfold impatience of departure has seized me. I tug at the restraining line with an angry impetuosity, and ask, "What wait I for?"

I see it! I feel it! It is to learn the last, hard lesson. It is to gather the last great pearl of human life. It is to win the last great victory—victory over the desperate wilfulness of nature; to put on the meek strength of invincible patience, that I may be borne into the last great life pure and passive, as becomes a child of eternity!

TO A PHANTOM.

I.

Away! depart! I called thee not;
Quit, quit me, and be gone!
I did but seek this quiet spot,
Where I might sit alone,
To watch the last and loveliest ray
The sun on summer's parting day
Flings from his westering throne;
And art thou here, still standing by,
With marble brow, and glassy eye?

II.

I came to scent the dewy flowers,
That 'neath the silent even,
Send richest fragrance from the bowers
Up to the twilight heaven:

I came to taste the soothing balm,
By this blest hour of rest and calm
To wearied bosoms given:
And art thou here, my thoughts to chain
Unto earth's bitter cares again?

III.

Oh! leave me. In that pallid shroud
Thou 'st tracked me many a day:
I 've met thee in the festal crowd,
Where all around was gay;
In busy street, in lonely wood,
Alike 'mid throngs and solitude,
Thou 'rt by my side alway:
May I not find one little hour
Of respite from thy withering power?

IV.

One hour to float on fancy's stream,
Unheeding of to-morrow!
One hour to think the past a dream!
One hour a draught to borrow
From that still fount, the cold, the deep,
That lays the haunting thoughts to sleep
Of bygone pain and sorrow?
I ask no more. In vain! in vain!
Thou ne'er wilt quit my path again.

V.

Time was, 'neath summer's evening star,
These very bowers among,—
Light, than its beams more glorious far,
Was round and o'er me flung;
And fragrance, than each dew-sprent blossom
With richest perfume in its bosom
More sweet, on all things hung;
And life looked young, and glad, and fair,
For thou, the star of life, wert there!

VI.

But now, but now there is a spell
Upon my spirit lying;—
Thou did'st not take a last farewell
In thy dark hour of dying;
Thou didst not leave me to the rest—
The stillness of the deep's hushed breast,
When winds have ceased their sighing!
That dead, cold calm of heart and mind,
I ask, I seek, but cannot find.

VII.

Thou 'rt with me still, by day, by night,
My star of life no more,—
Thy spectral presence casts a blight
All earthly beauty o'er;

Thy chilling power a darkness flings
On nature's best and loveliest things,
  On all it cheered before;
There 's not on earth a single spot
Where I may turn and meet thee not!

VIII.

Thy grave is in my aching breast,
  I dug it long ago:
Return, return, and take thy rest,
  Where Hope is lying low;—
With quenched torch, beside thee sleeping,
And Memory sits, a sad watch keeping,
  No eye to note her woe;
There lie thee down, and come not back,
My lone and loveless path to track.

IX.

There lie thee down,—a single star
  On that lone path is beaming;
It tells of morn, to rise from far
  O'er this dark night of dreaming;
It bids the pilgrim burst the chain
That binds him to a world so vain,
  So full of hollow seeming,
Adore the pang, and kiss the rod
That raised his trust from man to God.

Σ.

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

I.

The world of fairy, wreath, and song,
And elfin heaven of pearly ray,
Oh, not to night alone belong
Visions of beauty fair as they!

II.

They come by morn, they come by even,
Where'er the young heart's pulses bound;
Where love in love has found its heaven,
There is the spirit's magic ground.

III.

Where souls are mingling into one,
Life's flowers young foreheads garlanding;
Where truth's sweet lyre awakes its tone,
There is the spirit's magic ring.

IV.

The treasured wealth of blissful dreams,
The rich and glorious gift of youth—
Oh false are they who say its beams
Fade in the morning light of truth!

V.

Beyond Telesmé's* haunted shade,
And wizard stream, whose sluggish flow
Murmurs from out the darkness made
By leaves the day ne'er shines below;

VI.

Far in the east, where oaks have frowned
For ages o'er untrodden wastes,
Where human step ne'er prints its ground,
Nor human lip its waters tastes;

VII.

A mountain rises, dark and lone,
And 'mid its rocks, so legends say,
Where nothing but the wild air's moan
Is heard through all the dreamy day;

VIII.

There springs a fount whose waves are nought
But drops of spell-encircled dew,
That gives the drinker's brow and thought
The glow of youth's unfading hue.

IX.

Go search thy heart, a spring is there
Whose hidden wave that spell will be—
Go seek it, if thou would'st youth's fair
And holy lights should burn for thee.

* For a description of the enchanted mountain Telesmé, from which the word *talisman* is derived, *vide* Beauchamp.

X.

Drink deeply of the sparkling fount
Of passionate feeling, strong and true;
Gather its waters as they mount
Like moonlit drops of charmed dew;—

XI.

Cherish it—youth's fair world of dreams!
Cherish it even by love's excess;
And feed its warm and rosy beams
With trusting, faith, devotedness.

XII.

Cherish the vision lest it part,
And bind it by affection's chain;
Ay! lean upon a kindred heart
Too trustingly—'t is not in vain.

XIII.

For it will shed o'er years to come
The rosy glow of life's first light,
And in its glad and guarded home,
Will keep the lyre of feeling bright.

XIV.

Then tell us not the dream will fade;
Youth's fairy world, with its glowing sky—
Go drink the wave in the heart's deep shade;
And life's romance will never die.

CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

He that would see the Castle of Heidelberg aright, and to the best advantage, should view it from the opposite bank of the Neckar, late in the evening, at that hour of gloom which follows upon sunset.

It stands, handsomely embosomed, upon a wooded cliff above the city. The pile of building is vast, vacant, and in ruin. The rain of heaven pours down upon the grass-grown pavement of its silent halls, and the winds of winter rush unobstructed through countless vacuities, where in former times, from the pleasant windows, many a bright and many a melancholy eye has looked out, in rapture, or for soothing, upon the rich and romantic valley of the Neckar, and upon that fine plain which is bounded by the noble Rhine. The like rapture and the like soothing may still be shared by the traveller, who looks out upon the same glories from the terrace of the castle:—the lower castle, as it is called, though the only one to be seen. In the day of the Roman, there stood another, upon the more commanding site above; and as early as the twelfth

D. Roberts. pinxt. J. T. Willmore sculpt.

HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

century the Count Palatine, Conrad de Hohenstaufen, fixed his strong and lordly dwelling upon the same lofty rock.

Of the old Roman castle, not a trace remains: that of Conrad was burned to ashes a century after its erection; and though another fortress was soon raised upon its ruins,—within fifty years,—that also was soon destroyed. In one of those terrific storms which, at mercifully long intervals, visit the habitations of men, its tower was struck by lightning,—the powder in the arsenal exploded,—and with a swift and sudden shock the strong walls were overthrown, and the very foundations laid bare.

The description of that wild and tempestuous hurricane has passed down to us from the pen of an eye-witness.

"It was upon the afternoon of a day in the pleasant spring-time,* that this dark and angry visitation came upon Heidelberg: the houses of the city were speedily unroofed,—the doors were beaten off their hinges,—the casements fell down into the streets, or were driven into the trembling chambers,—ancient and sturdy oaks were uptorn by their deep roots,—and large and fertile portions of the hill-side, with all the fair promise of their summer produce smiling upon the surface, were precipitated to the vale; bearing down a like ruin, and tumbling in the same confusion, as the appalling ava-

* April 25, 1337.

lanche of the Alps. Commingled rain and hail poured fiercely down,—the Neckar swelled of a sudden, and rushed like a flood over the valley,—thick darkness enfolded all things; and *men*, terrified, helpless, *feeling themselves atoms*, waited imploringly for the light of heaven, and the pity of God. Again these mercies came,—and the mournful survivors, from among the dead and the burried, looked round upon their broken and desolate dwellings, their perished flocks, and their desert fields, and remembered their sins."

A succeeding generation saw the fine site of the ruined castle again crowned with a large and beautiful edifice, called the New Palace; and then, as before, the cheerful guide who conducted the wayfaring knight into the valley of the Neckar, would stop suddenly, and point to it, from afar, as something fair, and grand, and pleasant to a wanderer's eye. But, it is not even upon this building, or any vestige of it, that the traveller of this day can look. The Upper Castle has totally disappeared.

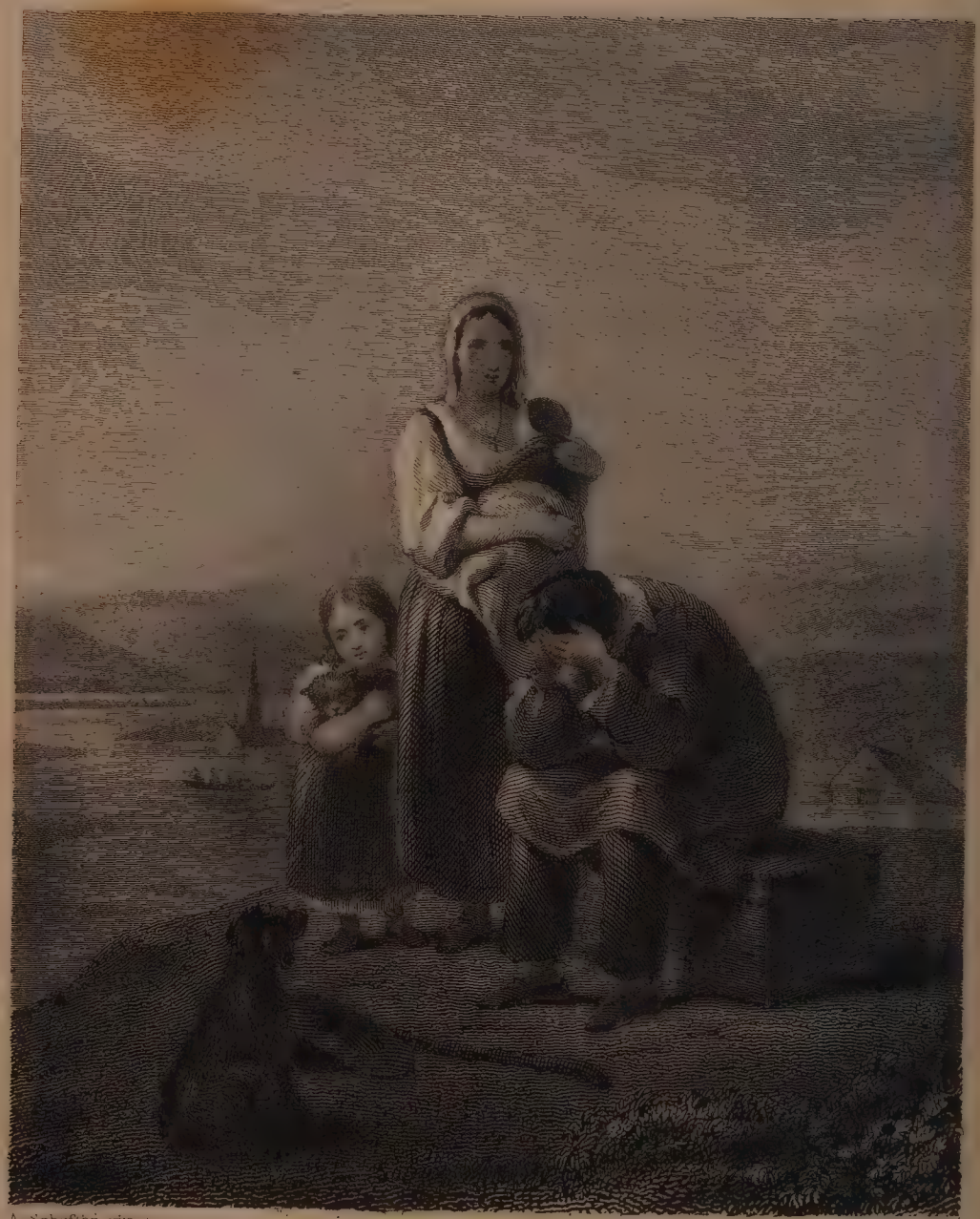
The oldest part of the ruin now to be seen is that constructed by Robert III., who died emperor in 1410. Successive masters both extended and embellished the buildings. Frederick I. erected here a splendid chapel, and so richly endowed it that it was considered in his day the first in all Germany; and Louis V. brought hither from the palace of Ingelheim on the Rhine columns of marble, which Charlemagne

himself had caused to be transported from Rome and from Ravenna, to adorn that once famous seat of his memorable court. From this period, the Castle of Heidelberg was almost always the electoral residence; and it was often repaired and enlarged by different princes, with little attention to any original design, or to the common principles of good taste. Hence, with many bits of detail (considered the master-pieces of sculpture and decoration in their particular day), before which the architect would linger with pleasure, and which he sketches gladly upon his tablets,—with a few relics, which delight the antiquarian,—and with many associations which deeply stir and affect the contemplative traveller,—the Castle of Heidelberg, as now seen in the glare of noon-day from the banks of the Nekar, is a huge, naked, and rather an unsightly fabric, and wants altogether the dark dignity and venerable grandeur of a brown and ancient ruin. It is, however, impossible to walk about its spacious and lonely halls without solemn and interesting emotions; and if the story of its princes be known, and the manners and the costume of other days be familiar to the fancy, he that muses there a few hours alone, will come down a better and a happier man. By an Englishman it should be known that a princess Elizabeth of England was brought here as a bride by that magnificent young prince Frederic I.; and by all it should be remem-

bered, that this building has been besieged, bombarded, taken and retaken many times during the various angry wars (especially that of the thirty years), which have shaken and devastated the beautiful province in which it stands.

But he who walks upon its noble terrace in the rich lustre of a summer morning, or sits there late in the red light of a summer evening, and looks out upon the scene below, rich in the same created loveliness which has fed the gaze and gladdened the hearts of countless generations,—he cannot but praise God for the beauties and blessings of this green earth, and its goodly trees, and its living waters; and he cannot but discover in the *unchangeable nature* of these beauties and these blessings, the patience, the long-suffering, and the love of that Almighty Father, who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Claverton, September 19, 1832.



A. Scheffer, pin.:

THE INUNDATION

FRANK LYGON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

THE age in which we live, in spite of its lofty pretensions, is not likely to be ranked by posterity in the class of the heroic. Chivalry, with all its gorgeous pageants and incredible exploits, has long been a dream of romance,—the age of sentiment which succeeded, a theme for philosophic derision,—and the very words "hero" and "heroine" have derived from the associations of the Minerva Press, a tinge of the ludicrous, which it will require centuries of retrograde civilization altogether to remove.

Yet heroes and heroines, and genuine ones too, of the good old romantic stamp, are yet to be found, thinly strewn over the surface of our disenchanted planet; and actions are performed and sacrifices made (though rarely) in boudoirs and drawing rooms, which the lists of knighthood or the bowers of Arcadia need not have been ashamed to witness.

"*Tout pour la dame,*" was the motto of the *preux*

chevalier of old—and gallantly did he exalt the ladye of his love, at the expense of his own blood, and that of others; wearing her badge on his heart, and her image within it, till with the last life-drop alone it faintly ebbed away. But to tear it from that heart, in the full pride of manhood and success, at the cold whispers of duty or principle—or even the more potent bidding of paternal affection, is an exploit which, to the lover of old, would have appeared as idle and visionary as the battles of him of La Mancha in the eyes of scoffers of our degenerate day.

It is in our day that acts of such quiet unostentatious martyrdom are still to be detected beneath the iron surface of polished society; and it has fallen to my lot to number among the friends of my bosom a privileged being, who with the cup of long-cherished happiness mantling at his very lip, could calmly and unfalteringly remove it thence for ever, at the suggestion of feelings which some might deem chimerical, and at whose shrine the world's "honourable men" would laugh at them for sacrificing felicity.

Frank Lygon, my hero, had arrived when I first knew him, at the age of five-and-twenty. I think the most animated, and joyous, and exulting creature, that ever the smiles of prosperity cheered without elating. He reminded me always, with his beaming countenance and intense capacity for enjoyment, of a favoured sapling luxuriating in some sheltered nook, where

blasts never come, and where it has nothing to do but expand its broad tender leaves all day to the kindly sunshine, and recruit their vigour by night with refreshing dews.

He had nothing of the world's hard arid look about him. He was every body's *enfant gâté*, and yet—to use an expressive nursery term of commendation, he was one that "would not spoil."

A Benjamin's portion of parental love, had, for affecting reasons hereafter to be mentioned, been his; and while from the same cause, enjoying much of the importance, privilege, and independence of an elder and only son—there existed one, to whom all these legitimately belonged, and who might at any moment, rise, as from the dead, to assert his right to their possession. And cheerfully would the resumption have been borne by the disinterested young soldier, on whose bright path the almost hopeless mental malady of his elder brother cast its only shade of gloom!

It is true that this brother, the offspring of a juvenile and ill-assorted marriage, was so much older than Frank, as to be dimly and indistinctly remembered, and that only as one whose grave unsocial deportment had sunk deep in the memory of childhood. It is true that his long seclusion, and apparent contentment under it, together with the less promising features of his early character, had gone far to reconcile even a parent to see in Frank the eventual heir to his title

and estate. But while these alone were at issue, the generous boy would at any moment have hailed as a boon the removal from his house's history of the dark cloud which rested at times, even on his joyous spirit, with ominous weight and pressure.

Year after year, however, it continued to shroud from the sight, and at length nearly from the memory of the world, the unfortunate Walter Lygon; and Frank, at five-and-twenty, was looked upon, to all intents and purposes, as heir of Cheveley Hall. His father died;—unable, from the strictness of the entail, to provide to any extent for his favourite younger son; but in full persuasion of, and acquiescence in the decree of Providence, which would ultimately give him all. He had purchased him up as liberally in the army as his youth would permit, and left him with a troop of dragoons, and two or three thousands saved out of his income—only regretting that the sudden inroad of death had prevented his sanctioning the completion of some matrimonial arrangement, by which the delay in Frank's succession, might be, in the mean time, compensated.

Frank had saved him the trouble, or rather the united caprices of fortune and an heiress, had anticipated parental solicitude and youthful solicitation, by bestowing the decided partiality of one, accustomed to please herself in every thing, on the young and handsome dragoon; who alone (precisely because he saw

everybody else courting the smiles of Miss Grosvenor) shrunk from enlisting himself among her avowed admirers.

He admired her not the less, in secret, however. He had fallen oddly and romantically in love with this beautiful and fascinating creature, in a chance *rencontre* in the caves of Derbyshire; where, as she did not carry her heiress-ship written on her forehead, and there was no one to play the office of rumour by publishing it—the spontaneous devotion of an agreeable young man could be attributed to nothing but disinterested admiration.

The party met to explore this singular district was enlarged. Frank, and a brother soldier (whose name, like his own, was a sufficient introduction), were invited to join it; and the unrestrained association of a few delightful days of rambling and romance did more to give birth to mutual feelings of partiality, than weeks of more formal intercourse.

It was not, however, immediately followed up. Frank, who had often been told that he *ought*, in his peculiar situation, to marry an heiress, had just that dislike to the measure which such prescriptions are sure to produce; and when he heard that Emma Grosvenor would have ten thousand a-year, half wished he had never seen her, and rejoiced (or thought he did) that he was not likely to see her again. Emma's parents were known to be proud and ambitious; and

the idea of being tolerated by them as a suitor, on the sole ground of his brother's misfortune, was too irksome to be voluntarily encountered. No!—though thinking a great deal more than he chose to allow—even to himself—of Emma Grosvenor, it was not till sundry intimations had reached him, of *her* recollections of the meeting being, at least, equally lively—that he yielded at length to love's sweet promptings, and consented to meet her at a county ball.

There was something in her reception of him so unambiguously flattering—its frankness seemed so amiably designed to make him forget the heiress—while to all beside, the character was supported with abundant *hauteur*—that a heart less prepossessed, and a disposition less susceptible than Frank's, must have been enthralled at once.

Emma Grosvenor, at eighteen, was in truth the prettiest little sylph that ever appeared on the surface of our earth, to flutter its clumsy gnomes out of countenance. Her features were so faultlessly regular, that if larger, they could hardly have escaped insipidity; but there was in her eyes a diamond sparkle, which would have sufficed to illumine a "boundless contiguity of shade." A glance at her foot would have saved Cinderella's lover a royal edict and a world of trouble; and when her fairy fingers rested on its surface, an ordinary-sized guitar seemed designed for Glumdalclitch. Her *tout ensemble* was that of one of

the Lilliputian exotic roses, which, lost in the parterre, suit so exquisitely the refined atmosphere of the boudoir or drawing-room. And this form of fairy-land was animated by a spirit of playfulness quite in keeping with its exterior. Others danced,—but Emma floated like a zephyr; and when it was with Frank Lygon, her very slippers (as a less fortunate by-stander remarked) seemed instinct with life.

And thus she danced, and sung, and smiled herself into the heart of my poor hero; who, having entered on the game, with a debt of spontaneous admiration already incurred, had fearful odds against him, in beauty, and grace, and *determination*. For this was a word, familiar from childhood in Emma's vocabulary; and, as she told her companions first, and ere long, her parents—she was *determined* to have Frank Lygon!

The encouragement—courtship it might almost be called—being thus decidedly on the lady's side, and (tacitly at least) sanctioned by her parents, Frank now felt that to address the heiress, could no longer be ascribed to puppyism or fortune-hunting. In fact, Emma's fortune was, in his eyes, as the envious thorn which prevented his now thoroughly engaged affections from luxuriating freely around their idol. He would have preferred her a thousand times with a pittance like his own; not because he was a fool, or a philosopher,—but because he was a lover, and a proud one. His future expectations were, however, fully a match

for hers; and these, though distant, reconciled him to the present disparity.

So they did her parents; who, in consenting with a good grace (instead of a bad one, as they must have done), to their wilful girl's marriage with *poor* young Lygon, the future baronet and owner of Cheveley Hall —just made sacrifice enough of ambition to their daughter's happiness (Anglice—good pleasure), to round a neat period in letters of announcement to dear friends, and justify a sigh of sentiment in confidential gossipings with half London.

Frank's love now became, like himself, open, joyous, and confiding; his happiness unsusceptible of increase, and incapable, he fondly dreamt, of change. Whence, indeed, could aught to impair its exquisite perfection arise? Emma had distinguished, nay, singled him from among hundreds more highly gifted—had loved him for *himself;* and he—were friends, fortune, nay, even beauty to desert her to morrow—felt, that to him she would ever be the Emma of Matlock—who, amid Cimmerian darkness, and all that was dismal and fantastic in external nature, had, like the "Ondine" of romance, conjured him out of his heart by her sportive witcheries.

Thus thought and felt my hero; and thus at least spoke Emma Grosvenor. That she ever thought or felt deeply on any subject there were those who doubted; but not as yet Frank Lygon! Who, indeed, while

gazing at a thing so bright and sparkling, could pause to examine whether it was a planet or a meteor?

Matrimonial arrangements meanwhile proceeded with the usual aristocratic routine and legal deliberation. Mamma and daughter fluttered like butterflies amid silks and jewels—papa and counsel plunged fathom deep in deeds and settlements,—and Frank—exiled thither by long procrastinated business—took refuge, late one evening, in the joyless solitudes of Cheveley.

There was something ominous to a young lover, and young heir, in thus arriving as a hermit and an interloper in the untenanted house of his fathers, held sacred to gloom and desolation by the guardian spectre of insanity. He had not crossed its threshold since he left it to lay in the dust the head of the kindest of parents; and the first object that met his gaze in the hall was the picture of his father, where the breathing original had so often given him affection's smiling welcome. Opposite hung his brother, a boy of ten years old;—in exploring whose mild unruffled features, the softened image of their common parent, a pang shot across the kind heart of Frank, that he who bore them should be an outcast and an alien.

He rushed up stairs—but it was to shrink from the chill aspect of the once well-known library; and in the uncertain blaze which the damp logs reluctantly yielded, he could have mistaken the tall thin figure of the old servant who glided noiselessly about, for that of his long exiled brother.

To get rid of the idea, and break the spell by a tangible misery, he forced himself (at all times a painful task) to inquire of the old steward what late accounts had been received of the unfortunate abroad. Old Edwards who, like every one else, had well nigh lost sight of poor Sir Walter in the brighter prospects of a younger favourite, answered, "I ought to be ashamed to say I don't know, Mr. Frank, when there's a letter in the house with the half-yearly report from Lausanne. It was directed to my dear master that's gone, and came just after his death; and I blame myself for not sending it to you at the time. But I didn't like to vex you then, and since that you've been too happy to be troubled; and it's just a mere form—always the same thing over again—Sir Walter will never be better!"

"I fear not," said Frank, mechanically perhaps, but sincerely; yet he started as if he had uttered a falsehood when he felt with what callous indifference he could open the record of a fellow creature's hopeless aberration of intellect. Poor Frank! narrow was the escape his own senses made as he read, without well comprehending it, the astonishing announcement of his brother's unhoped for amendment, and possible restoration to his place in society, after thirteen years of unvarying alienation of mind!

It was not, under existing circumstances, in human nature to be glad, nor in Frank Lygon's to be sorry; indeed he was neither at first,—only stunned, by so

decided an annihilation of the now "baseless fabric!" of his wedded happiness. He felt with the unerring instinct of misfortune, that the letter in his hands, would, with Emma's parents, have all the effect of a papal interdict of old. With *their* consent he could no longer hope to call her his; and the fearful question now arose, would she—all determined as she had shewn herself—wait three long years for the right to become a poor man's wife? A competent fortune would then be at her disposal—but would she risk the forfeiture of a splendid inheritance and her parents' favour, for obscurity with Frank Lygon? Yesterday he would have said, nay *sworn*, it,—to-day, in the strong light of reality and calamity, he *doubted*. Not of her love—for none ever loved as he did without conviction "strong as Holy Writ," of the mutual attachment of the object of such true devotion. But Emma was young, very young; and three long years of parental persecution, and lovers' importunities, and the world's smiles, and the ordeal of absence! none could love as he did and not tremble.

I need not remark that Frank, without being a greater villain than half the "honourable men" who walk this equivocating world of ours, might have thrown the letter into the fire that blazed so temptingly before him, or into his late father's writing-table drawer; where it would have lain very snug till after his marriage *that day month* with Emma Grosvenor,

or till the next half-yearly bulletin from Lausanne, or perchance, till the arrival of poor Sir Walter himself (like the living ghost of some long wept Crusader) to mar the mirth, and scare the wedding guests with "most admired disorder."

But Frank was a man, and a hero (at least, so I set out with asserting), and amid such "pangs as flesh is heir to," when hearts are rended, and hopes crushed, and joys self-immolated on the altar of principle—he enclosed the Swiss pastor's letter to Mr. Grosvenor, with a hurried postscript, bearing that after three days' inevitable detention at Cheveley (days pleaded for by love to give time for a word from *Emma!*) it was alike his duty and intention to proceed to Lausanne, to verify the truth of the report, and atone for the delay occasioned by the old steward's culpable negligence. The letter was signed, folded and sealed, with the haste of desperation; and Frank went to bed, to sink at length into slumbers of exhaustion, and start from them in hideous struggles with madmen, among precipices of the Alps.

Next day was passed by poor Frank in voluntary exile from the house (where he now felt doubly an intruder) amid the woods, whose refreshing coolness he invoked in vain. He strolled towards evening into his nurse's cottage on their skirts, and endured—as best he might—the congratulations on his approaching marriage. "I shall never be married, nurse," said he, despond-

ingly; "my brother will be back among you, and who then will care for poor pennyless Frank?"

"I 'll care, sure, dear," said the affectionate creature, "and there 's one will care twice as much as ever, else she 's no bride for Frank Lygon!"

"No bride indeed for him, nurse! you 've spoken but too truly!" exclaimed poor Frank, glad to escape even from sympathy; and a restless night ushered in another day of wretchedness.

Business—that grand panacea for mental misery, happily enabled Frank to exist, till the return of an express late in the evening, from the post town five miles off, *might* bring letters from Emma and her father. There were none! Whoever has measured the intensity of another's affection and exertions, by his own possible, nay in the same circumstances, indubitable energy, and found them wanting, can best estimate his disappointment. This night his dreams were fantastic rather than horrible. The marriage of Emma with his brother, formed their principal and constantly recurring feature.

The third day—the last pride or duty would allow him to devote, was wasted in hope deferred; but deferred only—for that night's post brought a letter from Mrs. Grosvenor (her lord was too cautious to commit himself), highly approving of the journey to Lausanne, and tacitly postponing till its result should be known, all matrimonial allusions whatever. From

Emma too, there were a few precious lines, which, though her mother declined enclosing, she was too independent, and, to do her justice, too much in love, to suppress. They were full of incoherent regrets at so important a discovery, and professions of girlish attachment, mixed up with hopes that all would yet end well, *videlicit*, in the continued illness of poor Sir Walter! But Frank, to whose lips the letter had been pressed often, ere he had leisure to remark its deficiencies—sought in vain for that "sober certainty of waking bliss," which a calm yet energetic assurance of unshaken constancy, *under all circumstances*, would at once have communicated. It was signed, however, "your own Emma;" and the talisman contained in these three words, nerved him for a journey, melancholy at best in its object, and probably fatal in its issue to all his dearest hopes.

The tenth day from the reading of Monsieur Epernay's letter, found Frank Lygon on the summit of the Jura; looking across to the stupendous panorama of the Alps, and downward on the Eden of the Pays de Vaud. His first genuine feeling of sympathy for his brother now banished more selfish emotions. To see him awakened to the enjoyment of a scene like this, after years of unconscious abstraction, would indeed be worth coming so far, and risking so much for. And to gain a brother might, perhaps (so wondrous are the ties of nature) make amends for the peril of losing

even a bride! But this was too painful to be dwelt on; and Frank, by a strong effort, roused himself to admire the lake of Geneva, as he skirted its lovely margin on his way to Lausanne.

It was in a sequestered valley, stretching northward from that most picturesquely situated of towns, that the parsonage lay which had been for thirteen years the asylum of the fever-stricken young Englishman. A *coup de soleil*, followed by imprudent exertions among the mountains, had produced brain fever, and that had subsided into apparently incurable insanity. His father, on being summoned to his son's bedside at a mountain *auberge*, found it attended with brotherly kindness by a young Swiss divine—the accidental comrade of his wanderings; and when, after more than a year's painful suspense, recovery became worse than doubtful, the healthy climate, bracing air, and retired situation of the *presbytère* of Charmey, marked it out as the most eligible residence the now harmless patient could inhabit—the pitying pastor having imbibed, from his own Christian attentions to the sufferer, a deep interest in his fate.

Here the days of the handsome and highly born Walter Lygon had ever since rolled on—unmarked by any gleam of reviving capacity for the business of life, though (except at seasons of unusual depression) the society of the family seemed a tacit enjoyment, and the cultivation of flowers a decided amusement.

The first symptoms of dawning intelligence which (after an alarming attack of bodily illness) drew the attention of those around to a change in his mental condition—was the mention of his little brother Frank, for as such he evidently still remembered him; and a proposal to send him some favourite rose trees from the invalid's own garden. It was in vain for some time to persuade him that the child, whose amusement he wished to promote, was a gay and gallant soldier, as tall as himself, and familiar with battle and glory; but by degrees he comprehended it, and then began to express ardent, though short-lived longings to see and embrace this newly recovered brother.

Several times were the good Epernays on the brink of writing, to follow up the first report they had hastily transmitted of their patient's returning consciousness; but a relapse had ensued, during which he seemed to forget his brother, and they regretted having tantalized old Sir William with apparently delusive hopes. Accounts of his death in the mean time reached them, and this event seemed likely to afford the most decisive test of the degree of renovation of mind to be expected from his heir.

A suit of deep mourning was substituted for his usual mountain garb; and the family, out of respect, as well as to strengthen the impression, assumed the same dress. "So poor Frank is gone! poor, poor Frank!" said the unconscious baronet, glancing at the sables

around him; just when I hoped and thought he would have come to see me."

"It is not your brother who is gone, *mon ami*," said the kind Madame Epernay, observing an expression of unusual intelligence on her patient's countenance; "but your worthy father, whose death leaves you a great name, and a princely inheritance,—might it please God to restore you to enjoy them."

Walter gazed on her with the anxious look of a child trying to understand a difficult lesson; sighed, shook his head, and no more passed. At dinner, the family studiously addressed him as "*le Chevalier;*" a change which he appeared to notice, though not entirely to comprehend. He continued restless and thoughtful for some days, and then suddenly said, "I hope Frank lives at Cheveley now, and keeps open house, as my poor father did before him."

"No one has kept open house at Cheveley, dear *Chevalier*, since your illness threw a damp on every thing there! and no one has a right to live there now but yourself, should you not like to do so?"

The heir of Cheveley looked up in his Swiss friend's face, with a momentary blush of excitement; and then, shaking his head as before, said, "No! I shall never see Cheveley again! But I must and will see Frank,—let him be sent for, before I go to my poor father."

But tidings of Frank's intended marriage in the mean time reached Lausanne, and all there felt re-

luctant to intrude on his happier prospects, with the often-intermitting sorrows of one, who, when he came, might perhaps not be able to recognise or converse with him. The letter (now five months' old) found at Cheveley, spared them all responsibility, by bringing Frank, unbidden, to Charmey; and it was just as Sir Walter, after one of the severe attacks of bodily illness which left him weak but collected, was reiterating his inquiries when his brother might be expected, that Frank, looking little less haggard and exhausted than him he came to see, stood in the vine-clad porch of the *presbytère* of Charmey, before the eyes of its astonished inhabitants.

"How is my brother? will he know me?" were Frank's really agonised inquiries, all personal considerations fairly swallowed up in the approaching interview.

"He has been very ill in body—so ill, that we must be cautious in announcing you; but he has asked for you twenty times this very day."

"Asked for me? Thank Heaven I came," ejaculated Frank, in uncontrollable agitation; "let me see him for God's sake!"

Madame Epernay led the way silently up stairs, and knocked in her usual gentle manner at the invalid's door. "Come in, *Frank!*" was the unexpected answer, in a voice low indeed from exhaustion, but perfectly clear and distinct. Frank caught the sound;

and wholly unable to command himself, rushed into the room. The supposed maniac, the unshaven, "unkempt," dishevelled looking creature of his dreams and his imagination, was nowhere to be seen. Reclining on a sofa, carefully dressed in his deep mourning habit, lay a mild-looking gentlemanlike man, who received his brother, as one long expected, with a calmness of paternal welcome, more overcoming than excess of agitation, or even utter unconsciousness.

"This is kind of you, Frank," said he, pressing his brother's hand with both his own to his heart, "very kind. I knew you were coming, for Madame Epernay told me you could not keep open house at Cheveley without my leave, and I told her to send for you on purpose. I wish every thing to go on there as it did long ago, when we were both boys."

"God grant we may both be there again together, ere long!" said Frank, fervently.

"No, Frank, no!" answered Sir Walter, with the mournful shake of the head habitual to him, "Where the tree falls it must lie! Don't carry me to England. Alive it will never be — and dead, it is worse than useless. Lay me here among my roses; Madame Epernay will water them night and morning."

All this was truly trying to Frank, whose imagination had ranged from the two extremes of raving madness and absolute sanity, without being at all prepared for the affecting incoherence of a mind, flut-

tering on the confines of the latter, but never, perhaps, destined to pass beyond them.

Two things alone were certain—viz. that Sir Walter was in a situation of possible amendment, which precluded his being set aside as incurable; and that Frank's leaving him at so interesting a crisis, was wholly out of the question. He transmitted—after a few days of this affecting fraternal intercourse—its leading features to Mr. Grosvenor; while to Emma he poured out every interesting particular, with a lover's minuteness, forgetting, absolutely forgetting, in the enthusiasm of new-born brotherly affection, the unfavourable effect his sanguine expressions might have on his own dearest hopes. Even to Emma, he could bless God that he had left her at the call of duty; even to her, express heartfelt wishes for his brother's final restoration. In the exaltation of his own feelings, he forgot to conceive the possible existence in others, of selfish or interested motives. He felt worthier than ever of Emma, and could she fail to think him so?

She did not. Her letters overflowed with a tenderness which would have delighted Frank still more, had it not seemed uncomfortably blended with carefully gathered opinions from medical authorities, of the improbability of Sir Walter's ultimate recovery. It was, they asserted, a last rally of nature, not uncommon before dissolution; and on this she dwelt, till Frank, who was ransacking heaven and earth for exactly oppo-

site prognostics, could have quarrelled even with his beloved, for founding her happiness on another's woe. Mr. Grosvenor, too, spoke disagreeably of his return to England, *when all should be over*, as if (failing that deplorable contingency) all was indeed "over" between him and his daughter. "Let them talk and act as they like," said Frank to himself, indignantly, "while Walter lives and knows me, my post is by his couch. I may suffer for it, but repent it—never!"

Change of place and scene was an expedient from which the sanguine mind of Frank expected much; and it was tried, but with slender success. Sir Walter continued to hang on for nearly two years, subject to periodical attacks of bodily disease, but awaking from each with clearer perceptions, and more intense enjoyment of his brother's almost filial attentions.

Frank meantime, however, was suffering in health and spirits, from protracted anxiety, and the worse than dubious state of his own cherished hopes. Emma, whose letters had long been "few and far between," ceased to write. Rumour represented her as the cynosure of the gay world; and poor Frank began to fear, that come when they might, wealth and honours would be too late for happiness.

Madame Epernay, to whose maternal bosom he had at length confided his secret uneasiness, took upon her the responsibility of peremptorily ordering him home, to look after the interests of his love; and the kind

office of reconciling his brother to a temporary absence of him, in whose presence he literally seemed alone to live.

"If I had a favourite rose tree, dear *Chevalier*," said she, "down in the garden, infested by insects, and exposed to dangerous blights, and which I was fearful of losing, would you not spare me gladly to water and look after it?"

"Yes! that I would, *ma bonne!* and regret that I could not go with you to help you in your task, as I used to do when I was stronger."

"Well, *mon ami*, Frank, when he came so hurriedly to see you, left a *belle fiancée*, a pretty little English girl, to wait till he was at leisure to come home and marry her."

"He shall go directly and do it," said Sir Walter, interrupting her hastily.

"No, *mon cher*, that he cannot do; for she has a *villain papa* who forbids it. Till she is twenty-one, a full year hence, she cannot make your brother as happy as he deserves to be. But it would make him easy in the meantime to go to England for a few days, and look after his rose, and see that no one plucks it in his absence, and leaves him nothing but the thorns. Don't you think he should do this,—you who know all about roses so well?"

"About roses? Yes!" said the invalid, with his melancholy shake of the head. "About roses well!

about love, nothing! But Frank does, and that will do for us both. Oh, let him go directly, and bid him come back soon. I shall not want him long. Before his 'full year' is out I shall have done with him."

Sir Walter was now uneasy till his brother's departure; and how uneasy till his return, kind friends spared Frank the additional pain of hearing. Enough of that awaited him in England. He found Emma, as sad forebodings had presaged—faithless! Tired of the tantalizing fluctuations in Sir Walter's health, which all around her were interested in representing as likely to be indefinitely protracted—spoiled by the adulation of the great world, and unfitted for existence beyond its sphere—piqued at Frank for preferring his brother's sick bed to the personal cultivation of his interest in her heart (though his letters and conduct would have cherished a holier flame into imperishable brilliancy), the attractions which had at first captivated her fickle fancy, faded into oblivion before objects less worthy far, yet perhaps more congenial.

Anxious to transfer to her parents some share in the blame of her own inconstancy, by marrying before the period of independence should arrive,—yet wilful as ever, even where the heart had little to say in the choice—she preferred to marry a more eligible suitor, a *roué* peer, of decided fashion, but broken fortunes, doubtful character, and dissipated habits, to whom her parents (and no one pitied them) would – ere the knot

was actually tied—have in the bitterness of their hearts a thousand times preferred the pennyless, nay even prospect-less, Frank Lygon!

When Frank heard this,—and it met him in the public prints on the very threshold of his country—his first impulse was to re-embark, and abjure it for ever. But a second and manlier feeling determined him to complete the sacrifice he had already made to duty, by a painful but necessary visit to Cheveley; from whence—from that very library where he first gave, by an act of heroic sincerity, the death-blow to his youthful dreams of happiness—he dated their final renunciation in a few cold lines to his once "own Emma," inclosing all the letters thus subscribed by a hand, since profaned by coquetry, and about to ratify its own eternal degradation. This done, he returned with a saddened, yet relieved heart, to Lausanne; and, after watching for another year the gentle and almost simultaneous extinction of his brother's malady and life—he landed with his remains in England, about the very period which made Emma Grosvenor twenty-one.

It was on the day when—with a bridegroom whom a year of wedded life had sufficed already to unmask—the heiress went down to take possession of estates, of which she already found herself a mere burdensome appendage,—that the long funeral train bound for Cheveley, crossed, by a strange coincidence, the bridal

pageant from Grosvenor Hall. The bridegroom bit his lips, the bride sunk back in the carriage. What she felt through a few short years of wedded martyrdom, few can tell,—but she died young; and amidst the horrors of a decline, which opium was said to have soothed but to accelerate — held sad and disjointed converse with the absent, but never forgotten, Frank Lygon!

SONNET.

MILTON VISITING GALILEO IN PRISON.

Art thou the mighty reader of the skies,
With thy Saturnian aspect, stern and cold?
Oh great Philosopher! and did those eyes,
Now vacant as the eyes of flowers, behold
The maze of heaven's star-ciphered mysteries?
And do they dream that they have thus enthralled
A soul of those enormous energies
That heaven's eternal hollow could not hold?
Look up, look up, great Prophet, and rejoice,—
Not Plato in the academic grove
Possessed an ampler state; not Sovran Jove
Holds on his peaceful lips a mightier voice
To chill an impious age with sudden fear,
Than those large open orbs of stony hue austere!

A. T. De V.

THE EARLY-LOVED.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

What moving incidents occur in the most quiet and uneventful lives! Did we but know upon what ground we tread in our youthful gaiety, methinks it would arrest our thoughtless merriment. I have met with an early friend!—but it was at her grave.—PRIVATE DIARY.

I.

Away! away!—release me!—
I thought there had not been
A power on earth to raise again
The spirit of this scene!

II.

And have you, have you truly
Here made the bed of rest—
Mid the opening leaves, the budding trees,
'Neath the sod her young feet pressed?

III.

I lift my eyes, and round me
What an old, familiar spot!
In a moment—years have passed away,
And the present time is not.

IV.

That house—these pleasant gardens—
Walls—walks beloved so well—
'T was thus they looked in the buried years!
'T was thus the sunshine fell!

V.

And here, mid friends and fortune,
In life's first, faëry truth,
Dwelt the daughter of a house beloved,
In the brightness of her youth.

VI.

Yes! yes! and in that season,
When the soul was full of glee,
I have stood with her on this very spot,
And laughed right merrily.

VII.

Behold! behold!—you have brought her
Back to her native ground;
And her grave is open at our feet,
With her children gathered round:

VIII.

With her weeping, trembling children;—
With the partner of her lot;—
Fill up! fill up!—let us turn away!—
For the soul can brook it not.

IX.

For me, I have tasked my spirit
In a quest severe and high;
And have gazed perhaps too much on life,
As a pageant fleeting by.

X.

Yet in my home's seclusion
Are numbered things of mine,
It were hard, even at the gates of heaven,
For its glories to resign.

XI.

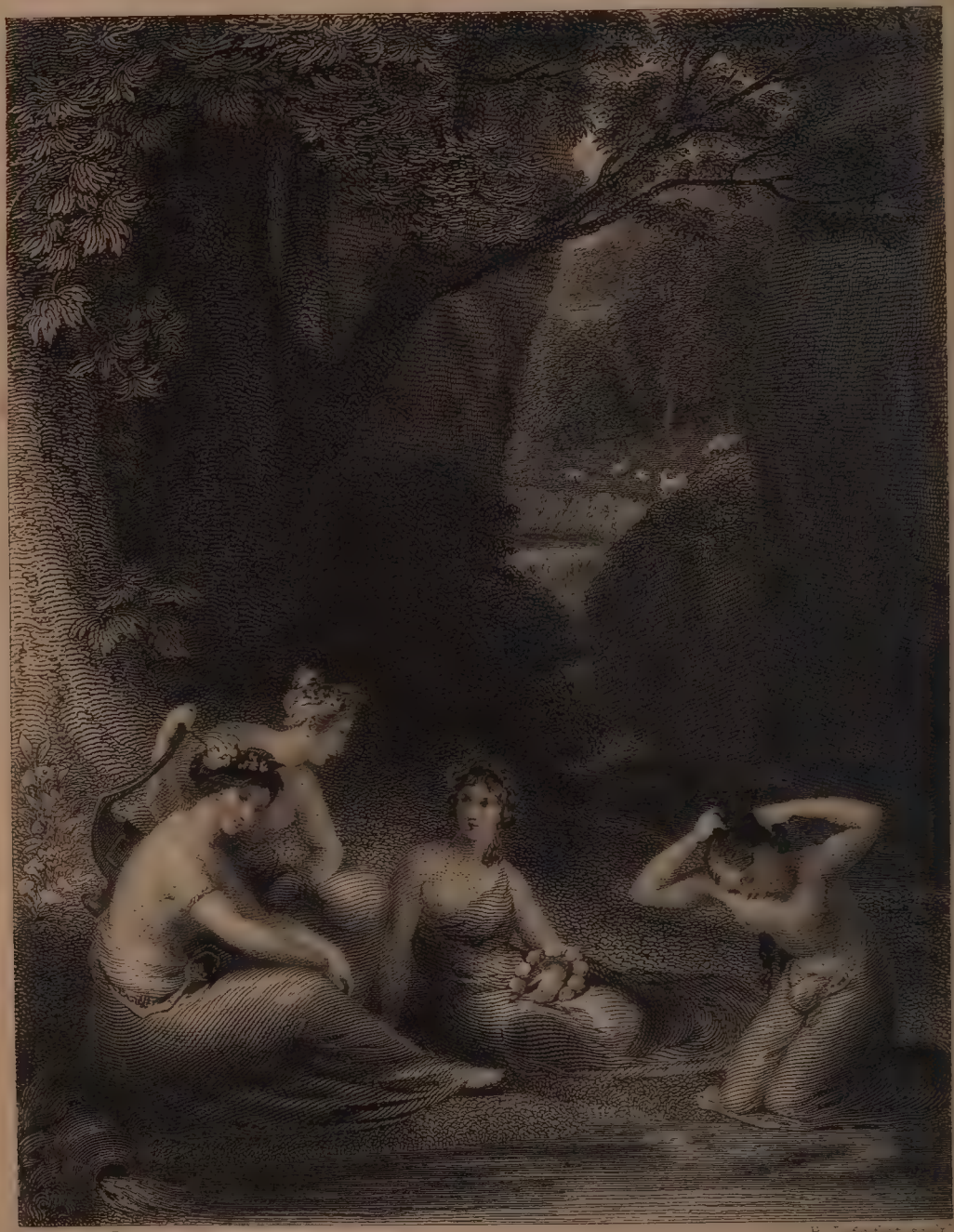
And I turn back to life's morning
With a fond and lingering gaze,
And fain would stem the stream of time,
And regain the perished days.

XII.

Yet wherefore?—for all objects
That round about appear,
Cry—"follow!" for the souls beloved
Are risen—"they are not here!"

XIII.

Then onward!—spread the canvas
To time's impelling breeze!
Let us follow to the isles of rest—
In the wide, eternal seas.



P. Lafond et sculp.

NAIADS

THE NAIADS.

FROM AKENSIDE'S HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

You Nymphs, the winged offspring, which of old
Aurora to divine Astræus bore,
Owns; and your aid beseecheth. When the night
Of Hyperion, from his noon-tide throne,
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They ask: Favonius, and the mild south-west
From you relief implore. Your sallying streams
Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart.
You, too, O nymphs! and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confess; and still prepare
For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands,
Oft as the Delian king with Lyrius holds
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the god
Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
Your genial dews to nurse them in their prime.

The Muses, sacred by the gifts divine,
In early days did on my wondering senses

Their secrets oft reveal: oft my raised ear
In slumber felt their music: oft at noon
Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
In field or shady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preserve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful
mind
And offerings unprofaned by ruder eye,
My vows I send, my homage to the seats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaste companions they admit
Through all the hallowed scene: where oft intent
And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful! yielding gratefullest repose
To their concerted measure.
With you,
O Naiads! far from the unhallowed rout
Must dwell the man who e'er to praised themes
Invokes the Immortal muse. The Immortal muse
To your calm habitations, to the Cave
Corycian or the Delphic Mount, will guide
His footsteps; and with your unsullied streams
His parched lips will bathe. Hail! honoured nymphs,
Thrice hail! For you the Cyrenaic shell
Behold I touch revering. To my songs
Be present ye with favourable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

THE SLEEPER'S SHRIFT.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

It was one of the darkest afternoons of winter, immediately after New Year's day, that the young heiress of Wanderstein caused an unusually good fire to be kindled in her dressing-room, and summoned her old attendant, half nurse, half confidante, to assist her at her toilet; giving herself up to its cares with that comfortable deliberation, which is at once a token of abundant leisure, and the exquisite effects intended to be produced therein.

"Nay, Richilda," said the fair Lady Jane, looking in the glass, "undo this stiff structure of curls; thou hast made my head look like a field-marshal's peruke. I will have it,—let me see,—no, not braided,—how was it on my birth-day?"

"The day on which Count Seltzermann was here last?"

"Have done, Richilda; or rather do not begin."

"Well, then," returned the confidante, peevishly, "I do not remember; how should I, if I am not allowed to talk about it?"

"Thou art as combustible as a dry pine branch, Richilda," said the lady; "and I must be my own tirewoman: come out, you stiff cannons of curls! I will be simple to-night, with only a ribbon, or a small knot of pearls."

The young lady, who, in her way, was as spoiled as her attendant, shook her head from under her hands, and began in some heat to demolish her work.

"Well, well, child," said Richilda, "I see that thou wilt only make thyself a fright, instead of a fairy; if thou combest thyself in such a temper. I will do as I am bidden, and say as little as the dumb hair-dresser of Erfurt, whose history thou lovedst to hear when thou wert a child."

"Now thou art vexed, dear old nurse," replied her charge, "vexed at my conceits; a truce then—we will fret each other no more; thou shalt dress my hair in a simple taste, and I will talk as much thou likest of Count Seltzermann. Come, where shall we begin?"

"O spoiled girl!" said the old woman, relenting, "as if I did not know that thou lovest to speak of him better than any thing else in the world. As if I had not seen thee in a sweet fit of absence, embroidering his name on thy house-wife-case, where thine own should have been. Well, he comes to-night, that is certain; I hope, to fix the day of the wedding; for remember, I am to go with thee."

"Wedding, Richilda? we are far from that yet;

remember that I have had my doubts and dreams; I am not sure that he loves me; I mean, properly, as my husband must do."

"What dost thou mean by properly?"

"I mean as I love people whom I like! superlatively—then, if he should look hale and ruddy when he comes, I shall think that he has not felt our separation."

"Yet thou art ruddy, if not strong."

"Have done now, you teazing Richilda. Well, I mean,—I cannot say what I mean,—I only wish I could find out. O for a fairy telescope, to spy into that stout shut-up heart of his, and there to see one's self sitting as in a little shrine! Sweet Richilda! you know every thing, cannot you help me to *one* peep? Is there no way, think you, by which I can steal the knowledge I wish?"

"Ask him when he is asleep!" said the old woman.

"How?"

"Hast thou never heard, that if you ask a sleeper a question, he must answer truly, whether he will or no?"

"Is that indeed true?"

"Yes; but you must speak low, not to awaken him."

"O, charming! I'll put him to his confession to-night! But how to catch an opportunity?"

"Perhaps," said Richilda, "he may fall asleep in his chair after supper, as your papa does."

"Out upon you, for an owl yourself!" cried the Lady Jane; "I would never speak to him again if he did: I'll find out some way, that is certain. Well, I like my new head. Yes; that loop of pearls shows well upon my forehead. Your servant, sweet Lady Jane! and now, Richilda, for my purple cramosy."

In such talk as this, the toilet was performed, though it lasted two hours and three-quarters, fairly told by the conscientious hall clock; and then followed a period of waiting, and listening, and looking abroad into the dim night. At length, after long expectation, a hoof-tramp was heard at a considerable distance; in an instant more it was at the castle gate; in another instant the rider of the steed had alighted, was up stairs, and his lady in his arms.

"Ah! idle Philip! to be so long, so very long in coming."

"Nay, sweetest, see what haste I have made! my spurs are an inch thick with mud, and I am far fitter for the stable than your withdrawing-room. Lights and water to my chamber! I will be with you again in an instant."

"Suppose," whispered old Richilda, when Count Philip had been absent for a few minutes, "that Count Seltzermann should spend as long a time over his toilet as some folks I know."

"Hush, what nonsense! Richilda, he looks very pale and thin?"

"There you are with your fears again;" retorted the gouvernante, impatiently: "when I had a lover, I took good care never to trouble myself with such forebodings. But, hark! I hear his step on the stairs. Well, that is very meritorious. I'll withdraw and keep your papa in talk, while you discuss your own private affairs;"—and very good-naturedly, she went and seated herself close to the ear of the deaf old baron, who saw little, and understood less, of what passed around him.

Meanwhile the lovers, seated closely side by side, were deeply engaged with each other. At length Richilda, who very soon talked her companion into a nap, and was now making good use of her ears, heard Philip say, "Then you have no fear of becoming the wife of a poor man?"

The answer was a murmur of denial, with one shade of gentle reproach at the possibility of such a supposition.

"If that stupid cousin Ausler of mine, were but a jot less avaricious, he might help me forward a little; but he grows worse and worse every day. He accompanied me the greater part of the way, on his road to his castle near Vienna. I wish he may have found it in ruins! it would only be a proper punishment for his churlishness, when I asked his help."

"Hush, hush, dear Philip! don't let that disturb you."

"It *does* disturb me," replied he, angrily: "he knows that half of what he has, is mine by right; though a law-quibble gave it to him,—and still he refuses me even the least friendly assistance; not that I shall need it though, while I have my sword, and you are willing to wait."

"Well, let us not think of it!" said the Lady Jane, soothingly, and endeavoured to beguile away her lover's vexation; but even her arts of consolation were attended with indifferent success. The evening meal, however, was an interruption; and the lady comforted herself with the hope, that much of this depression must be caused by fatigue, and that he would be better after a night's sound rest; so, much sooner after supper than was her wont, she withdrew, with a gentle recommendation to poor Philip to betake himself to bed, which he seemed disposed to adopt.

For her own part, she never felt more vigilant than on that night. She peremptorily dismissed Richilda, and instead of undressing herself, opened a book: it would not do. Then for awhile she stood in her window, watching the vaporous clouds as they floated heavily across a moon three quarters old, now beginning to show a feeble glimmer above the wood-tops. Then, she suddenly recollected that she had left below stairs a small ring, which Philip had that evening given to her: of course it was not to be ex-

pected that she could sleep without it on her finger, and opening her chamber door very quietly, she descended to the dining-room to seek it.

This was a spacious chamber, wainscoted all round with black-oak; a wood fire had been burning upon the hearth, but it was now very low; close to this, Count Seltzermann had thrown himself into a large easy chair when her father had retired, and overcome by fatigue, had fallen asleep after supper, as Richilda had hinted. His lady-love, however, did not become aware of this, until she had advanced far into the room; the table on which, as she believed, she had left the ring, being in the opposite corner. Her first impulse, on perceiving that Philip was there, was to step back hastily; her next, upon seeing by his relaxed yet fixed attitude, that he was asleep, to attempt to regain her treasure (for she knew herself to be as noiseless-footed as a spirit); her third was, to remember Richilda's advice, and to *question the sleeper*.

You must remember that the Lady Jane was motherless, and a beauty; whence it follows, that she was only ruled by her own sweet will, and rarely stinted herself of the gratification of any fancy. One slight misgiving, however, crossed her mind on this occasion; but this was succeeded by an intense eagerness to try the experiment recommended by her nurse; and, as she stood irresolute in the middle of

the floor, her heart beat so violently, that she could hear its pulsations as distinctly as the flapping of a bird's wing. It was midnight, or rather past, and a sensation of awe mingled with her curiosity. Deep sleep is so like death, that it seemed to her as if she were about to pry into the secrets of the grave. And then the answer that would come! she felt that she *must* put the charm to the proof,—and approached, pale and trembling, close to the chair where her lover had reclined. While she bent over him, ere she could frame a word, she was alarmingly struck by the haggard paleness of his brow, and the care that sat heavily upon his firmly compressed lips. She paused but a moment; and then, in the most hesitating tone of her musical voice, spoke—though her speech was at first abortive and imperfect—she could only say one word, and that was—"Philip!"

Was there a spell in that adjuration?—The sleeper raised his head, unclosed his large dark eyes, and looked full upon the affrighted girl: but she knew by the stony composure of his countenance and attitude, that he yet slumbered. It was very fearful to see such unconscious consciousness, and still more to hear his answer, in low but steady words, totally different, both in tone and articulation, from his speech when awake:—"Well, Jane, what do you ask?" Terrified as she was by the success of her inquiry, she was still entirely fascinated as by some spell of power;

and therefore, with a strong effort of self command, to maintain the quietness of her attitude (a very slight motion would have made her touch, and in all probability awaken him), she continued in her purpose, though she dared not come at once to the question she longed to ask. "What have you been thinking of all this day?" said she, tremblingly. His second answer did not come as quickly as his first, and when it came was broken and indistinct. She only caught the strange, and to her, incomprehensible words—"*Money*," and "*Murder*." These passed over her ear as of no consequence: she wished for another reply, but still durst not inquire for it directly. "But what are you thinking of now?" asked she.

"I shall not be found out; I hid him carefully in the chestnut wood," was the answer.

"What do you mean?" continued the breathless girl, horror-struck at the promptitude of his replies, and their hideous import. "My cousin Ausler," returned her lover, steadily, in the same unnatural tone, "*I have murdered him!*"

It was well that the Lady Jane had a stout spirit; otherwise she would have shrieked aloud with amazement and terror, upon hearing so dreadful a story as that set forth in the answers of the sleeper. With the idea full upon her mind, that she had extorted a horrible secret from her lover,—corroborated, too, by recalling, as she did, all his anxious looks and

troubled words, it required no small measure of fortitude to withdraw without daring another word, or awakening the sleeper, and charging him with his spontaneously avowed crime. This however, she did, and managed to reach her chamber without detection. Once there, the awe of the hour, and the dreadful communication she had extorted, totally overcame her, and she fell upon her bed, fainting, and half senseless.

It was no uncommon thing for the heiress of Wanderstein to arise betimes in the morning, even at that bitter season of the year, and to walk abroad. She was a keen lover of nature, and had from her infancy been accustomed to disregard cold and storm. But it was not to look at the icicles of the waterfall, or to watch the sun coming up red behind the snowy hills, that she went forth on the next morning, wrapped in her warm, furred mantle. She stole out as silently as though she had been going to adventure some charm, the success of which depended upon the secresy of its performance. One imagination had engrossed her mind all the night, and she hastened onwards with feverish speed, despising all the difficulties and weariness of a long forest walk. It was hardly perfect daylight, and the complete stillness of the icy woods, would have been fearful to her in another state of mind, but she did not heed it then. She reached the chestnut wood, and gasping for

breath, went on. A bye-road crossed this part of the domain, about a hundred paces distant from the spot where she stood; and a thick underwood of briers filled up the interstices between the huge leafless trees. As she hurried on, looking to the right and left, she was struck by some brighter colour in one of these thickets, than the hue of fallen leaves, or late ripened berries. Gasping for breath, and in spite of the speed at which she had walked, as pale as fallen snow, she approached nearer to the object of her suspicion; when she discovered, thrust up among the underwood, the body of a man clad in the fragments of a scarlet mantle. It was turned half upon its face; and except the cloak, which was much rent, had little other covering. A livid mark was round the neck, as though the unfortunate wretch had been strangled. The shape of the head, the form, and as much of the unpleasant, and now distorted features, as could be seen, hardly admitted of a doubt; but she tore away the briers wildly, and drew closer to the corpse, to make assurance certainty. The words of the slumberer were verified, there lay the lifeless form of the avaricious and surly Herr Ausler!

To her dying day she could never tell how she reached her own home again. One solitary idea possessed her, born of the strong promptings of a woman's love,—it was, to hide the tremendous crime which had been so mysteriously revealed to her. She

knew that the knowledge she possessed, must for ever place a gulf between her and her betrothed. The idea of wedding a murderer was hateful,—was impossible; and to meet him, full of the consciousness of his guilt, and yet with the composure requisite to ensure its concealment, would be to impose a restraint upon her feelings, which she felt was at present too mighty to bear. She therefore pleaded a violent head-ache, as an excuse for confining herself to her chamber all that day, and remained totally alone and silent behind the closely drawn curtains of her bed. In vain did the kind Richilda endeavour to discover some reason for this sudden malady; and Philip came at least a hundred times to her door, to inquire if she felt herself better. The sound of his step made her shiver. Then, the wind, howling around the old castle, and the hoof-tramps of passing horsemen, were all so many new causes of fresh dread and misery. The murderer had been discovered,—and they were coming to drag the criminal to justice. So did she torment herself with terrible musings all that long day; but she kept her resolution, and told to none the cause of her sufferings, which, as night came on, seemed as though they would increase to an agony she could no longer bear. She had never looked on a dead person before; and the image of the murdered miser, multiplied into a thousand distorted forms, seemed to stare upon her from every side, and filled

her dreams, when, at length exhausted by the conflict of spirit for so many hours, she slept.

Another morning came; the pretext of illness could no longer be maintained, and at a late hour she descended to the breakfast parlour, with a tolerably composed brow. Philip was there, apparently expecting her appearance with considerable impatience; he was walking hastily to and fro, and when he saw her, he greeted her eagerly. The Lady Jane shrunk back from him, and replied in a cold and confused manner to his affectionate words.

"You look ill yet, my love!" he said; "and I grieve that I must leave you so soon,—my horse and servant are, I see, already approaching the portal."

"I thought," stammered she, "that you were going to pay us a longer visit."

"Fie upon you!" whispered Richilda, who stood close behind her; "how constrained you are, and capricious; and poor Count Philip notices it too."

The cavalier did, in truth, seem greatly troubled in mind, and at a loss to account for the uncertain manners of the young lady. "I am indeed sorry," said he, "to leave you thus; but tidings have reached me within this half-hour, which call me away imperatively; but I pray you to believe that I shall return in another week, when all obstacles will be done away with. I can explain myself no further."

"At these words, unintelligible to every one else,

the young lady turned deadly faint, and would have fallen, had not Count Philip caught her in his arms. "What can this mean, Richilda?" said he, much distressed: "she is very ill, her forehead is as cold as clay, and her pulse is almost gone."

The Lady Jane endeavoured to rally herself; and feebly disengaging herself from his embrace, "I am indeed weaker than I thought," said she; "but, if you *must* go, farewell! and —"

"There, again!" cried Richilda, in high displeasure; "as if you were the proper person to put him in mind of his hurry; what is the matter with you? You are as chill as marble this morning."

"Nay, peace, good Richilda," said Philip: "she is really very ill, and shall not be scolded; take care of her until I return, and I will bring you both good tidings. Farewell, sweetest! I must go:" and folding her in an embrace which she had no power to resist, he left her in the arms of her old nurse, who first wondered, and then wept, at the unaccountable events of the morning. "Such a doleful love-visit as this," cried she, "was surely never known: Count Philip gone, the saints know whither! and my lady in this miserable hysterical way: heaven take away the evil spell that is hanging over us!"

It was about noon, when the cause of Count Philip's departure, which had made a great commotion in the neighbourhood, became known at Wanderstein.—

The murder of Herr Ausler had been discovered by some labouring woodmen, and a band of notorious forest thieves had been apprehended, in whose possession such valuables were found as a traveller on horseback would be likely to carry—arms, a portmanteau, and many articles of clothing, all readily identified as having belonged to the deceased. His horse, too, had been found loose in the forest, at the distance of a few miles from the spot where the deed of violence had been committed. Richilda flew open-mouthed with the news of this to her lady, who heard her tale and shuddered: "I shall, then," she said to herself, "bear my dismal secret with me to my grave."

"And O, my sweet lady!" continued the talkative old woman, "now that Count Philip will doubtless succeed to the estates of his cousin, you will be married immediately; that is, as soon as a decent time has elapsed; though I don't suppose that any one will think of mourning very long for that wicked old gentleman, although his end was so unlucky; and we will have the gayest wedding imaginable."

"Pray, dear Richilda, have done; you know not how you distress me."

"Nay, my sweet child, if you weep, I have done; but I do not half understand you. I must go and tell your papa, at least, for I am sure that no one else will have patience to explain to him the whole story properly."

"Any thing!" said the unhappy girl to herself, as the door closed upon Richilda; "any thing rather to bear than her vociferous joy;" and burying her face in the cushions of her couch, she lay for many hours without speaking or moving.

* * * * *

And now three months have elapsed, and the scene of my legend is changed from Castle Wanderstein to the venerable city of Prague: here, in one of the oldest houses of one of its widest streets, lay the Lady Jane, ill, as was believed to death, of some grievous internal complaint. Her lover had re-appeared at the end of the week, as he had promised, and, declaring himself heir to the vast possessions of his cousin Ausler, as stated in a will, entreated her to seal their long-plighted compact by becoming his. But the Lady Jane, at once, totally and decidedly refused to fulfil her engagement. Every word he uttered—his exultation in the possession of wealth—the natural manner in which he seemed already to have arranged his affairs for the present and future,—were to her confirmation deep and fearful of her worst forebodings. It mattered not that the nominal murderers had been brought to justice; they had died protesting that they were guiltless; she held the real key of the mystery in her hand, and was firm in her purpose. Yet more, to strengthen her suspicions, with an impetuosity far different from the patience of his

early love, he almost *commanded* her to explain the cause of her change of sentiments; reproaching her with an air of fierceness, which she could only ascribe to a recent familiarity with desperate actions. She *would* have explained herself—she *would* have told him what she knew; but a lurking and undefinable feeling restrained her utterance. The possession of wealth had obviously made no change in his love for her; nay, it was, perhaps, for her sake that he had loaded his soul with the guilt of murder; and though she resolved that she would never, never become his wife, she loved him in spite of his crime,—she loved him, and was silent in return to his vehement wrath: seeing the total inefficacy of which, he left her; tokens were returned, an eternal farewell exchanged, and the lovers parted to meet no more.

What wonder was it then, that the Lady Jane drooped day by day, till her life was pronounced to be in danger, and it was judged expedient to send her to Prague, for the benefit of better medical skill than their desolate mountain residence afforded. She was attended by Richilda, whose love bore up cheerfully against all the petulances and changes of mood of the invalid, and in only one point neglected her wishes. She would talk of Count Seltzermann: "the fault was all his, she knew it was; but so it was, that money always made young gentlemen quarrelsome and changeable; and now, not content with having

half killed her lady, he was going to marry a counsellor's widow, twice as poor, and not half as pretty, merely because she had nursed him through a fever. The audacious woman! as if *she* were fit to stand in her sweet mistress' shoes!" All which information was as true in substance as if it had not passed through Richilda's keeping to the ear of her feeble and quickly waning charge.

Count Seltzermann *had* had a fever; and a pretty counsellor's widow, a neighbour, and an intriguante, *had* contrived to insinuate herself into the house, for the purpose of nursing him. "Poor soul!" she said, "he sadly needed a kind and careful woman to see after him: and she never took infection." As she spoke, so she acted; and she tended the youth to such good purpose, that in his delirium, he promised he knew not what; only that she contrived to remind him of it immediately upon his recovery. What will not an angry man do? and what cannot a persevering woman manage? In short, the wedding now only waited the arrival of his steward (who had descended to him with his estates) from Vienna, with deeds, etc., etc., and he was expected almost daily. At last the morning was fixed. Richilda, however, knew it not. One fancy possessed her. She would feast her mortification and her curiosity, by beholding her lady's rival; and after many plans, considered and rejected, the fortunate accident of the

change of a servant, gave her an excuse of calling upon that odious woman, the widow Limburg.

Had her mistress known her purpose, she would doubtless have prevented it; but it was far too trifling a matter wherewith to trouble the poor dying girl, who only prayed for a quiet passage to the grave. Early one morning, before she awaked, Richilda bent her way towards the widow's house. Many and great were the signs of preparation and gaiety. Musicians, cooks, clergymen, and gaily-attired guests were thronging into the house; among whom our dear old woman entered, only for one peep at the bride, and one bitter word to the bridegroom,—that she *would* say, if she were to be sent to the pillory for it on the instant; and was she curious?—no, indeed, how should she be curious! Thus settling her plans, she allowed herself to be swept along with the company into the state apartment, where the gentleman, lady, and guests, were assembled, and a splendid collation had been prepared.

The crowd round the principal personages was very great, but Richilda could see that Count Seltzermann looked deadly pale and anxious, and that the bride-expectant was no more to be compared to her mistress, than a sun-flower to a rose. There was some stir soon after she had entered,—the demolition of the feast being concluded; and Count Seltzermann, starting up, cried out, "Here comes old Schreivogel at

last! Well, sirrah, what excuse have you to give for your long delay, and neglect of my repeated letters?"

The person in question, an old, spectral-looking man, made no reply to any of these high words; but gazing wildly round, he said, "Is there any monk or magistrate here, who will receive my confession; and to whose trust I may deliver the will of my late master, the Herr Ausler?"—as he spoke, producing a sealed packet from one of the ample pockets of his grey riding coat.

"What dost thou mean?" asked a counsellor, looking up from a deed of settlement which he had just completed; "the will lies beside me."

"Are you drunk or insane?" cried Count Philip, impatiently; "what foolery is this?"

In the mean time the officious man of law had snatched the packet and broken the seals; and the old man repeated solemnly, "I declare this to be the last will of my master, drawn in Vienna, six months before his decease; and that this is as true and substantial a fact, as that *I murdered him*, this day four months ago; which crime I am now come hither to confess, and abide its punishment."

"Can this be?" said one to another.

"This, at least, is a valid document;" said the counsellor. "I know these signatures well to be those of the leading lawyers in Vienna; and," continued he, raising his voice, "it sets forth that the Herr Ausler,

being displeased at the importunity of his cousin, Count Philip Seltzermann, had bequeathed all his possessions of land and money, to the holy fathers of the church in Prague and Vienna: a portion of the same to be applied to the purchase of masses for the repose of his soul."

"What?" shrieked Madame Limburg.

"Pious man!" ejaculated all the ecclesiastics at once.

"It is even so!" repeated the counsellor; "shall we proceed with the ceremony, or examine yonder old fellow first?"

"Ceremony!" exclaimed the widow; "wretched, duped woman, that I am! What, throw myself away upon a beggar? Never, never!"

"Stick to that," mumbled Richilda to herself, "and all may come right yet; and, by Our Lady, Count Philip bears the loss of lands and lady easily enough. I'll get upon this bench, and see what comes next."

Upon inquiry, it was discovered that one of the witnesses to this document was even then in Prague, and while a messenger was dispatched to summon him, the remainder of the old man's story claimed examination; and it proved, on minute inquiry, to run in this wise.

The steward Schreivogel had been deeply trusted by the murdered miser, and in fact, was one of the three who had witnessed this last will; wherein, in his

spleen, he had cut off his gallant young cousin from deriving any advantage from the immense wealth he left behind him. But they had often violent and secret disagreements; and on the recent occasion, the Herr having dispatched him to Vienna on business of importance, was seized with one of those suspicious fits so common to avaricious people, and resolved to follow him, and watch if he were indeed as faithful a servant as he seemed; for this purpose he set out a few days after his steward. Schreivogel, never dreaming of such a freak, even on the part of his eccentric master, had taken his own time for the journey; and in fact, had visited an old companion in iniquity, who lived in the woods near Wanderstein, and who allowed his comrade the use of his house, as a place of deposit for the gain which, with his superior cunning, he contrived to wring from his flinty-hearted master.

It chanced, that upon the noon of the day on which my story commences, the steward had encountered Philip, who was riding along in no pleasant frame of mind, smarting under the cold-hearted and peremptory unkindness of the Herr Ausler. Schreivogel, whose malicious spirit was chafed by the remembrance of some recent quarrel, joined the young soldier; and, after some greeting, they began to talk. The old man had always shown kindness to Philip; and knowing that his disorderly habits could not much longer be concealed from the scrutiny of his miserly master, had

many times conceived the idea of getting rid of old Ausler, and laying a foundation for the acquisition of new importance and wealth, by putting Philip in his place, and if possible, acquiring an ascendancy over him—by making him participate, if not in the crime, at least in its concealment. Many times had he hinted the subject to him, but without success; that day, however, he allowed himself to be thrown off his guard, and proposed the murder in language not to be misunderstood. He represented to Philip, that his frequent residences at Wanderstein, would afford him numerous opportunities of surprising his ungenerous relation: he even pointed out the identical chestnut wood as they passed it, as a place where the deed might be committed without a chance of discovery. Philip was young and irascible: he had borne that day, the taunts of all others the hardest to bear, the insolent assumption of the rich and mean, over the poor and high-minded; but he cast back the temptation with disdain. "What, become a murderer!" said he, vehemently; "get thee behind me Satan!" and they parted abruptly. As the lover spurred his steed through the forest, it may be, however, that the temptation recurred to him more strongly than he dared to confess. Before him, lay wealth, prosperity, love,—the deed was in his power. It was an act of justice towards one who had committed such glaring injustice; of mercy, towards one who had so little enjoyment of life. Torturing himself

with these sophisms, he arrived at Wanderstein, as we have seen, disspirited and perturbed.

Schreivogel in his turn, rode on his way in great alarm that his master was in pursuit of him. It boded ill for the continuance of that course of fraud in which he had so long rioted: with the daring of one used to contemplate desperate designs, he resolved to perform the deed himself, and to rely upon his long-tried craftiness for maintaining an ascendancy over the new heir. He loitered on the road till nightfall, when his master came up. The Herr Ausler, as usual, addressed violent and provoking language to his steward, who, on this occasion, lost his self-control. From words they came to blows, and then followed a more deadly strife:—the steward was the stronger man of the two; and whilst his victim lay prostrate upon the ground, he seized him suddenly, and winding the long sash which he wore around his neck, put an end at once to his existence, and stood beside the body of his patron and master, a murderer.

The wicked man retained self-possession enough to remember that these woods were notorious as the hiding-place for banditti; and perceiving the facilities that this circumstance would afford for his escape, disposed of the body as I have already described; stripping it—turning the horse of the dead man loose, and scattering his property in frequented parts of the road, knowing that a band of officers was then in pur-

suit of the robbers; and that if, as he doubted not, they should presently find the dead man's property, the tale of its acquirement would meet with little credence. Fortune stood his friend in this instance: a notorious gang of robbers did pass that way; appropriated the prize which had been thus left in their way; and, as we have seen, were the next day discovered by the ministers of justice, who passed, and executed a summary sentence of death upon them.

Schreivogel fled to Vienna, to secure the will, which he knew to be deposited in the escrutoir of his deceased master. He saw at once what his only sure game was to be. He would keep this last will suspended *in terrorem* over the head of the young man, for his own purposes; never doubting but that Philip would willingly join in its suppression,—and he remained at Vienna, to pillage as much as he dared the wealth of the new heir, so as to secure a certain fund whereon he might retire, in case his last stratagem should fail. He resolved, to increase Philip's difficulties, to allow the marriage to take place before he revealed the extent of his power over the property; and for that purpose remained till the last minute at Vienna, purposing to arrive at Prague, seemingly by accident, the day after the ceremony. All this while preserving, in his letters to his new master, a happy mixture of profound respect and attention to his interests, by which he hoped to efface from his mind the

remembrance of their interview in the forest;—and so well did he wear the mask, that Philip could not but be satisfied by the zeal and alacrity with which he devoted himself to his service. Had he not been weakened by illness and grief, it is likely that the task of deceiving him would not have been so easy.

But the Almighty has his own ways of working upon the vilest; and the wretch felt uneasy and restless when left alone at night, at the thoughts of his sin. It chanced too, that an accident which happened to the public conveyance, compelled the passengers from Prague to Vienna, to proceed on foot through the chestnut wood; and that it was night-fall when they entered it, deepening the dreariness of the place as they walked along, by the details of many acts of atrocity, formerly committed there. Schreivogel trembled like an aspen leaf, and gave back when the sound of a horse's feet approaching, broke the conversation. It was ridden by a man of stern and cruel face, clad in a scarlet mantle. The features of the rider, dimly seen through the gathering twilight, were unknown to all, save the murderer. It was possibly only the phantasm conjured up by a guilty conscience, from the coincidence of dress and situation. But on him it acted with all the hideous reality of an apparition from the grave, and seemed to glare upon him as it passed. And the steward, whose superstition only equalled his guilt, finding the weight upon his conscience

an intolerable burden, resolved, at the end of his journey, to make a full confession of his crime, and to endeavour, with his ill-amassed wealth, to buy from the church, peace for his soul.

He had scarcely finished his story, when the messenger returned with the notary who had drawn the will. And now, for the comfort of those who hate a long story, I will finish mine in three paragraphs.

First—The widow Limburg, as she could not marry the gold, rejected the gallant, who made good Richilda's remark, by seeming to care marvellously little for the loss of either.

In the second place—and how it was brought about let every fair lady settle as best pleases her—before an hour was over, Count Philip was at the Lady Jane's feet.

In the third—For the credit of the Catholic church, let me recount one good deed: the heads of the monasteries in Prague and Vienna, on its being represented to them that much of the property of the deceased, did in equity really belong to Count Philip, bestowed a handsome dowry upon the aforesaid Lady Jane on her wedding day.

THE SKELETON DANCE.

AFTER THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I.

The warder looked out at the mid-hour of night,
  Where the grave-hills all silently lay;
The moon-beams above gave so brilliant a light,
  That the church-yard was clear as by day:
First one, then another, to open began;
Here came out a woman—there came out a man,
  Each clad in a shroud long and white.

II.

And then for amusement, perchance it was cold—
  In a circle they seemed to advance;
The poor and the rich, and the young and the old,
  But the grave-clothes impeded the dance:
And as no person thought about modesty there,
They flung off their garments, and stripped themselves bare,
  And a shroud lay on each heap of mould.

III.

They kicked up their heels, and they rattled their
bones,
And the horrible din that they made,
Went clickety-clackety—just like the tones
Of a castanet noisily played.
And the warder he laughed, as he witnessed the cheer,
And he heard the Betrayer speak soft in his ear,
"Go and steal away one of their shrouds."

IV.

Swift as thought it was done—in an instant he fled
Behind the church portal to hide;
And brighter and brighter the moon-beam was shed,
As the dance they still shudderingly plied;—
But at last they began to grow tired of their fun,
And they put on their shrouds, and slipped off one by
one,
Beneath, to the homes of the dead.

V.

But tapping at every grave-hill, there staid
One skeleton tripping behind;
Though not by his comrades the trick had been played—
Now its odour he snuffed in the wind:
He rushed to the door—but fell back with a shock;
For well for the wight of the bell and the clock,
The sign of the cross it displayed.

VI.

But the shroud he must have—not a moment he stays;
Ere a man had begun but to think,
On the Gothic-work his fingers quickly he lays,
And climbs up its chain, link by link.
Now woe to the warder—for sure he must die,
To see like a long-legged spider draw nigh,
The skeleton's clattering form:

VII.

And pale was his visage, and thick came his breath;
The garb, alas! why did he touch?
How sick grew his soul as the garment of death
The skeleton caught in his clutch—
The moon disappeared, and the skies changed to dun,
And louder than thunder the church bell tolled one—
The spectre fell tumbling to bits!

C.

THE SHIPWRECK.

I.

Evening!—and stillness mourns her lost dominion
O'er the vexed legions of the realm of waters;—
Evening!—and Desolation's vulture-pinion
Flaps in dark triumph o'er a host of slaughters.
And there are shouts upon the mocking blast
That rushes by, and sweeps their sound away;—
And planks and cables on the billows cast,
To cheat the gaping eddies of their prey;—
And all the turmoil of a deadly strife—
Man with the Ocean battling for his life.

II.

But Ocean hath the mastery!—and the gale—
The faithless gale—that brought the good ship home,
Bending the mast and howling in the sail,
Shrieks to the mariners—their hour is come!
There rise the cliffs that guard their father-land,
Sheltering the roofs they ne'er may see again!

One brief half hour had brought them to the strand—
Long-sought—long watched for; sought and watched
in vain!
They have but ploughed the round world's waters o'er,
To strike—to perish—on their native shore.

III.

Sinks the red sun in anger on the deep;—
They shall not see him gild to-morrow's wave!
Yet friends and kindred throng yon craggy steep;—
They would be safe,—could mortal effort save.
But vain all human power. Oh agony!
To stand—and watch them struggling—sinking down;
Shout—and be answered by that rending cry
That the wild echoes of the tempest drown;
Ere aught more certain to the ear it bear
Than a vague sense of horror and despair.

IV.

They toil—they strive—and then each raging wave
Bears from the wreck some relic o'er the sea;—
Some empty treasures from the deep they save,
But not her living prey,—that keepeth she
Fast in her secret chambers. Yet one billow
Seems crested by a form that heaves on high,
Tossed by the surging of its restless pillow,
Midway aloft, betwixt the sea and sky.
Flung on the beach it lies—beneath the hill;—
Bursts from the spot one shriek—then, all is still.

V.

Still—and a woman on that spot is kneeling,
By the pale burthen that the wave hath left;
As pale and cold,—of every earthly feeling
Save the mute sense of agony, bereft.
She lifts his head;—she parts the matted hair
From the blue features fixed in death below;—
Another shriek!—to tell the unconscious air
The unutterable might of woman's woe.
No ear can catch it—all alone is she—
Far from the rest. What then?—So would she be.

VI.

Why should another eye behold her sorrow?
Could others comprehend it? No—not one.
No eye beheld her when from early morrow,
Till in the western waters set the sun,
She sate within her cot, and watched the light,
Counting the hours till he should come again;—
No eye beheld her rise, at dead of night,
O'er the dark sea a longing gaze to strain,
Watching till dawn above the waves broke dim;—
She could not rest or sleep for thoughts of him.

VII.

No eye beheld her, when at morn and even,
Duly she bent her knee in humble prayer;
And never raised a suppliant's voice to heaven
But still her husband's name was uttered there.

No eye beheld her—none could mark her love—
Save *His* to whom nor slumber comes nor sleeping;
That eye alone be on her from above—
Her watch of utter desolation keeping
O'er the unconscious dead. All—all is past!
Hope—fear—are stilled———and *he is come at last.*

VIII.

And she—alone on earth. Yet no!—another,
Fearful and trembling, to her side draws nigh;—
A child's soft voice is calling on its mother,
Broken by sobs of childish agony.
That voice hath loosed the fetters by Despair
Bound tightly o'er the fountain of her tears;
All gentler feelings come—outbreathing there,—
Memories of love and bliss in former years.
" God help thee, orphan! "—thus her anguish speaks;
And her heart's dew rains on her infant's cheeks.

IX.

Weep on, thou mourner!—there is consolation
In the blest tears that ease thy dark distress.
Yet is it known—thy bosom's desolation—
To One with whom dwells no forgetfulness:
And He *will* help thee—lift thy weeping eyes!—
He by whose feet the raging wave was trod!
Yes—on Grief's midnight shall a light arise,
Sent from the widow's and the orphan's God.
He marks thee—kneeling by the lonely sea;—
Man cannot help—but *He* will comfort thee.

MAIDENLY SORROW.

CANZONET.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

I.

"Mine eyes are filled with tears!"
"And wherefore is it so, thou foolish maiden?"
"Fond love is always full of fears;
And therefore are mine eyelids wet with tears,
My heart with sorrow laden!"

II.

"My rosy cheeks are pale!"
"And wherefore is it so, thou simple maiden?"
"Fond love doth all too much prevail;
Therefore the roses on my cheeks are pale,
My hopes, like flowerets, faden."

III.

"My lips are silent grown!"
"And wherefore is it so, thou timid maiden?"
"Fond love is loath her tale to own;
And therefore are my lips so silent grown,
They fear to be upbraiden!"

IV.

"Loose is my virgin hair!"
"And wherefore is it so, lamenting maiden?"
"Fond love, repulsed, taketh no care;
Therefore dishevelled is my raven hair,
My brow with shame is laden!"

THE MORNING OF MY LIFE.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

The morn of life with me was full of gloom
And dreariness, that never would depart;
And melancholy clung around my heart,
Like willows over-shadowing a tomb:
Too oft in secret places tears would start,
And bodings, terrible in darkness, come;
Phantoms, that through the mental twilight loom,
Awful as Death with his uplifted dart!
Oh gentle Hope! breathe on me once again,
So shall I hail thee in the haunts of men,
And nature's solitude; and feel thy light
On the wave's bosom, through the leafy glen,
O'er sunny hills, in the clear moon of night,
And glance of woman's eye, so exquisitely bright!

THE NOBLE REVENGE.

BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

The incident on which this ballad is founded, is on record as having occurred during the period of the Moorish wars. The lady was the wife of Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz; and the cavalier who exercised such noble revenge, was Don Juan de Gusman, Duke of Medina Sidonia.

1.

The sun was shining brightly on the Darro's silver stream,
And the cork-trees on its margin were rejoicing in his beam;
Bright flowers, which are the smiles of earth, were glowing 'neath its ray,
And the birds above were singing, as though all kept holiday.

II.

There was joy upon the mountain, there was joy within
the vale;—
There was triumph in the stately court, and beneath
the cloister pale;
For a king was feasting royally—and monks *te Deum*
sang,
And Spain from its remotest bounds with the voice of
conquest rang.

III.

But wherefore rose those shouts of joy that echoed
o'er the plain?
"Our God hath given victory to the holy arms of
Spain!
The Moorish town Alhama hath become the Chris-
tian's prey;—
The Infidels are vanquished on St. Ildefonso's day!"

IV.

Then wherefore is the lady sad, whose lord the strife
hath won,
And wherefore is her eager eye bent toward the setting
sun?
Is not that fervent faith enough, enough those match-
less charms,
All distance to annihilate, between him and her arms?

V.

A single horseman scours the plain, hope whispers
" It is he ! "
Her eye hath pierced the distant cloud ere other eye
could see ;
It is a well known form,—but not the form she pants
to greet ;
A moment more, his faithful Page is kneeling at her
feet.

VI.

" Lady, thy lord is living still! he greets thee well by me ;
But evil chance hath this day happed, that keeps him
far from thee ;
Oh ! summon all thy courage now, and nerve thy
heart for pain,
A prisoned eagle pines thy lord—the noblest knight in
Spain ! "

VII.

A frozen statue, horror-struck—her ear can drink no
more—
Anon, the stiffened nerve relaxed, she sinks upon the
floor :
She bows to earth, a bruised reed ; but ere the storm
be past,
She riseth up a stately tree, ay, strengthened by the blast :

VIII.

"Return, return thou gentle page—and tell thy lord from me
If other aid availeth not, this hand shall set him free!
Enfranchised from his Moorish cage, I 'll hail my bird alive,
Or crushed beneath its crumbling walls, his death I 'll not survive.

IX.

"Duenna! mother! rouse thyself, for much I counsel need,—
Oh! I must do a daring act, and that with swiftest speed;
Duenna! mother! rouse thyself, for quickly wanes the day;
Rise up, rise up, good mother, we must work as well as pray!

X.

"Oh! in this dire extremity, where can I look for aid?
His noble brother far away—his uncle sore dismayed:
He 'd vow a golden candlestick—he could do nothing more;
St. Mary aid thy votary now, and thou shalt have a score!

XI.

" A sudden thought hath fired my brain,—rise up my maidens all,
And don for me a stately robe, of purple and of pall;
Quick! maidens all, arise, arise! my gems in order set,
And deck me in right brave attire—I'm not a widow yet.

XII.

" And summon hence the fleetest steeds—Duenna, come with me,
For I must ride abroad and thou must bear me company;
Oh! do not stay to question where—all, all my hope below
Is centred not in lukewarm friends, but in a noble foe."

XIII.

They rode all night—and ere morning light they neared a castle high,
And the wondering peasants crossed themselves as the train swept proudly by:
The wardour was challenged ere they drew near, and he let the drawbridge fall,
And the fairest of Spain's daughters stood within the foeman's hall.

XIV.

" Few words need pass 'twixt thou and I—in me thou dost behold
The wife of thy stern enemy—of Ponce de Leon bold;
Within a Moorish dungeon deep, I have had tidings sure,
That he who crouched not e'en to THEE, lies fettered by a Moor.

XV.

" Oh, by the love of chivalry, and by thine ancient name;
Nay, by the memory of thy hate, vouchsafe the meed I claim—
I cannot as a suppliant sue, or bend the craven knee;
I say—thy FOE is now in chains, go thou and set him free!"

XVI.

A moment's space he silent stood, surprise had struck him dumb—
His foe was in the spoiler's net whose wife to him had come,
Sure of his honour, as a knight, to set the captive free;
He bowed his lip upon *her* hand, and sank upon his knee.

XVII.

" Oh! not because thy form is fair, or that thine eye is bright;
But for the noble soul thou bear'st—fit mate of such a knight!
Oh! shame it were to chivalry, and base the tale to tell,
That such a knight had vailed his lance to a proud infidel.

XVIII.

" Oh! hie thee hence thou lady fair, and ere three days be o'er,
Thou shalt have tidings of thy lord, or none shall see me more.
Ere three days space, within thine arms thy loving lord shall be,
If there be truth in heaven above, or faith in chivalry!

XIX.

The first day on her silent couch the noble lady lay,
Salt tears swam in her fawn-like eyes—for him so far away.
The second day—she roused herself, although her cheek was pale
As the first opening rose of spring, chilled by a timeless gale.

XX.

The third day,—and the lady rose, and called her maidens fair,
And bade them straight a banquet proud, for noble guests prepare;
And ere the day had worn away, or set was the broad bright sun,
The guests were there, the feast to share, and the prize, the prize was won!

XXI.

They sat beside the blooming bride, right willing guests, I trow—
Three days ago sworn mortal foes, sworn brothers are they now;
And twice ten golden candlesticks illumined the Virgin's shrine.
For all agreed that the mighty deed, was achieved through her aid divine.

HIMALAYA.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

I.

Ye worlds of mountain snow, that are of earth
Nearest to heaven, from whose defiance proud
Shrink Alps or Andes, vainly of your birth
Would man inquire; for time and doubt enshroud
That hour in night. How gleams amid the sky
Each far-seen summit, like a lucent cloud
Into the dome of ether mounting high!
Mortals, avoid: those peaks the blast alone
Inhabits, where the sun-beams powerless lie,
And the fierce Tropic yields to Polar cold the throne.

II.

Say, from that frost-realm by what channels flow,
Through what a length of subterranean deep,
The waterers of the Continent below,
Ganges and Brahmaputra? Forth they creep,
Scarce yet unshackled of their icy chain;
But, once emerged, with still-augmenting sweep
Of inundation pour along the plain
In widely-sundered pilgrimage, and roll
Their strength indomitable to the main,
And freshen ocean's wave, and ocean's might control.

III.

Behold them in the stream! but who shall mount
Up to the glacier of perpetual snow,
Where from the primal and deep-buried fount
Which morn shall never pierce, their torrents flow,
Impatient to forsake that dismal womb,
And bask them in the firmamental glow
Of Indian day? Rush not into the gloom
That hovers o'er the wilderness deform
Of everlasting winter: tempt not doom,
Amid the shades of night and demons of the storm.

IV.

Nor only the presumptuous foot withdraw
From yon dread barrier; but let heart and mind
Pause also, and with reverential awe
Jehovah's more immediate presençe find
In the wild grandeur of that mountain wall,
And hear His mandate in the mountain wind.
For in such solitude the Lord of all
Full oft by type, by miracle, or sign,
Hath given the revelation and the call
That to the chosen of God prefigured Truth divine.

V.

On Ararat, the failing deluge left
The sacred ark; whose slow subsiding frame,
Heaving and grounding in the rocky cleft,
At length stood motionless. Then went and came

The raven; then released, flew back no more;
While safety and deliverance to proclaim,
Her olive branch the dove returning bore;
The winds were hushed, the welkin smiled serene,
The spice-grove bloomed, the sea again had shore,
And high in air the bow, sweet mercy's pledge, was seen.

VI.

On Horeb the descending Godhead cast
Darkness and cloud of thunder round his throne;
Long, loud, and longer—louder yet the blast
Of trumpet pealed before the Holy One,—
The desert quaked—and Sinai, wrapt in fire,
Trembled, while Amram's son went up alone;
And Israel, blasted by the vision dire,
Fell on their faces: "Prophet, hear our cry!
Make intercession with the Eternal Sire:
For if that awful voice again be heard, we die."

VII.

Milder, but not less glorious, was the light
When the transfigured Son of God assumed
His majesty, and stood on Tabor's height,
While all the Mount with balm of Eden fumed,
And clouds came shadowing o'er the Apostles three,
With vision of the sanctuary illumed.
Then held the Incarnate Word his colloquy
With Moses and Elias; while the king
Of Darkness stood aloof, and groaned to see
Captivity led captive, death disarmed of sting.

VIII.

In mountain cave the Tishbite talked with God;
In mountain desert the Redeemer prayed,
Or underneath his feet indignant trod
The world with all its kingdoms—the parade
Of arts and arms—the pageantry, the din,
Fleets, cities, nations, by the fiend displayed
To catch the wandering heart, and move within
The workings of ambition. Turn and fly,
False tempter! offer not the lure of sin
Before the withering glance of that All-seeing eye.

IX.

From Pisgah, Nebo, Abarim, let us view
The region where on king or prophet fell
The Spirit of the Lord; where Abraham knew
Messiah's day; and Balaam's parable
Of Shiloh told. On each recorded theme
In never-wearied contemplation dwell,
And visit oft in emblematic dream
The hills delectable, where shepherds fold
Their flocks in pasture fair, by living stream,
And from afar the New Jerusalem behold.

X.

Or in the land of Beulah let us rove,
Amid the nard, the citron, and the vine,
List to the voice of turtle in the grove,
Grow half immortal in that air benign,
And in the field, the forest, or the bower
See glimpse of angel-visitation shine.

We sicken with delight: O for the hour
Of summons and departure! Why delay
The steeds of Israel? Come, releasing Power,
Roll on, irrevoluble orb of heavenly day!

XI.

Wide is the river, and the shadow of death
Sits brooding on its mystery: storm and cold,
The mist, the darkness, the bleak winter's breath
Freeze heart and limb. Yet courage, and behold
(If thou hast faith to see) what warders bright
The gates and doors of Paradise unfold;
While all the hierarchies of life and light
Sing jubilee. Pass over; and ascend
To where Immanuel, throned above all height,
All name, all vision reigns, in glory without end.

XII.

And may it be? hath privilege like this
Been given to man?—Joy, sorrow, days and years,
Sink into nothing; the celestial bliss
Hath swallowed all: the music of the spheres
Were clash and discord to the strains that swell
From choirs above, and bring to mortal ears
The rapture and the song in heaven that dwell.
Sire, Spirit, Mediator! one day with Thee
Is worth a thousand ages! who can tell
The unutterable boon of blest eternity?

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

I.

Flowers of the closing year!
  Ye bloom amidst decay;
And come like friends sincere,
When wintry storms appear,
  And all have passed away
That clothed gay spring's luxuriant bowers,
With garlands meet for sunny hours.

II.

When rose and lily fade,
  And later amaranths fail,
And leaves in grove and glade
Assume a russet shade,
  And shiver in the gale,
Or withering strew the chilly plain
With blighted hopes of summer's reign;

III.

'T is then when sternly lours,
O'er nature's changing face,
Dark clouds and drifting showers,
Ye come, ye come, sweet flowers!
With meek and touching grace;
And o'er the parting season's wing,
A wreath of lingering beauty fling.

IV.

The hare-bell, bright and blue,
That loves the dingle wild,
In whose cerulean hue,
Heaven's own blest tint we view,
On days serene and mild;
How beauteous like an azure gem,
She droopeth from her graceful stem!

V.

The foxglove's purple bell,
On bank and upland plain;
The scarlet pimpernel,
And daisy in the dell,
That kindly blooms again,
When all her sisters of the spring
On earth's cold lap are withering;

VI.

The bine-weed pure and pale,
That sues to all for aid,
And when rude storms assail
Her snowy virgin veil,
Doth like some timid maid,
In conscious weakness most secure,
Unscathed its sternest shocks endure.

VII.

How fair her pendant wreath
O'er bush and brake is twining!
While meekly there beneath,
Mid fern and blossomed heath,
Her lowlier sister's shining;
Tinged with the blended hues that streak
A slumbering infant's tender cheek.

VIII.

And there Vimiria * weaves
Her light and feathery bowers,
Mid russet-shaded leaves,
Where robin sits and grieves
Your hasting death, sweet flowers!
He sings your requiem all the day,
And mourns because ye pass away.

* A traveller's joy.

STANZAS.

I.

In early flowers of spring,
  Thy youthful charms I see;
In summer birds, that sing,
    Thy virgin glee:
As corn that waves in autumn's glow,
  Thy tresses unconfined—
  An emblem of thy mind,
    In winter's snow!

II.

A fount of tenderness,
  Pure, calm, and deep,
As thoughts, when mother's bless
    An infant's sleep—
Is of its overflow beguiled,
  When thou, with fond caress,
  Dost to thy bosom press
    A playful child.

III.

In thee receive their birth,
Sweet smiles, and holy tears;
Youth's hour of graceful mirth,
And maiden fears;
With "answers soft," that "wrath" disarm,
And yet cannot repress
Thy spirit's earnestness—
A blended charm!

IV.

Of old, the Vestal flame
Undying lustre shed;
By maids of spotless fame
The light was fed:
And thus may guardian souls be given,
To watch the purer ray
That gilds my lonely way,
And points to heaven.

E. E. GAUNTLETT.

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" The appearance of an engraving of this kind deserves to be commemorated with more than ordinary notice ; for it is a work likely to adorn many a handsome room, and to last as long as the arts are appreciated among us. To state that it is 'companion meet' for the Canterbury Pilgrims, one of the most popular productions of our time, might, however, be sufficient for criticism and eulogy. It is indeed, in its main features—shape, an oblong—just suited to crown the chimney-piece ; subject, a procession with horses ; treatment, displaying all the evergreen imagination and skill of our venerable Academician, every way worthy of similar favour and patronage. The curious old custom of giving a flitch

of bacon to any married pair who had neither quarrelled within the honeymoon, and eleven other moons superadded, is here happily embodied. The principal dramatis personæ, *the servants and the spectators, are charmingly grouped; and what with the picturesque costume, the strewing of flowers, the chaplet crowns, the musicians, and the glorious flitch itself, the scene is full of animation and interest. The style of the engraver is not only beautiful in itself, but extraordinary for the fidelity with which it has followed every trace of the original, while at the same time it maintains all the spirit of an unshackled composition."*—Literary Gazette.

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